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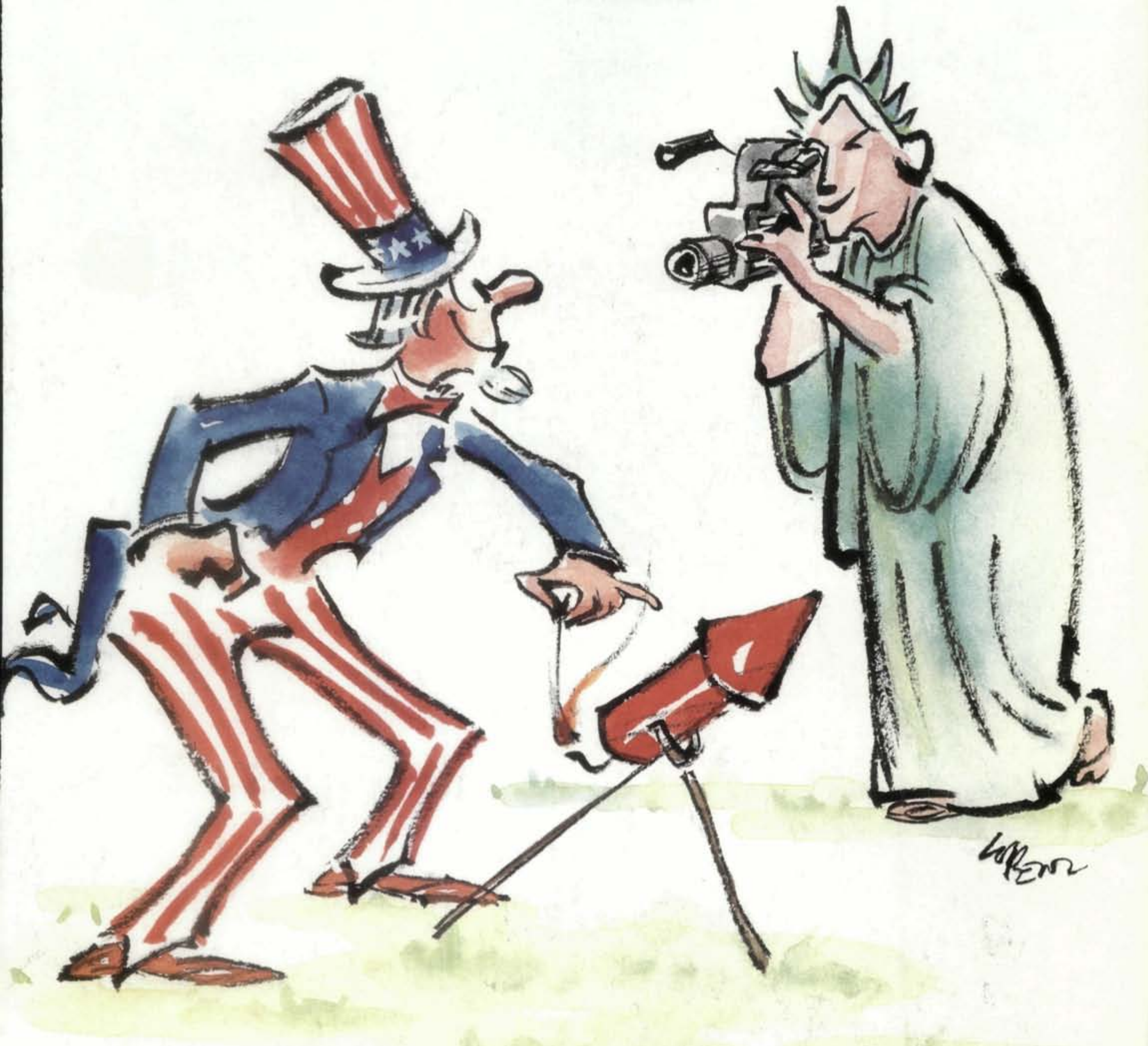

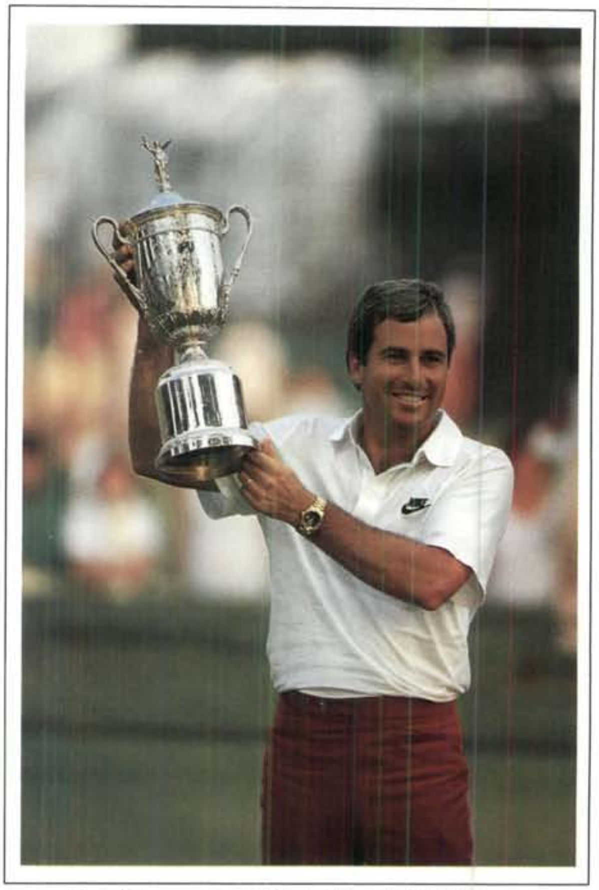

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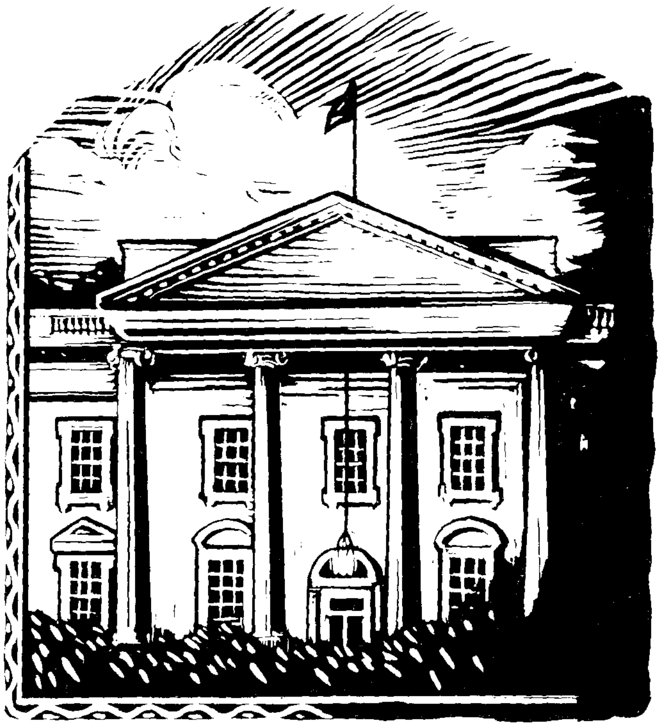

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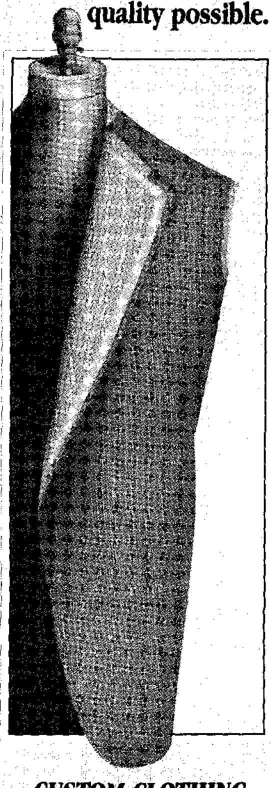

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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WE can't say how summertime starts in other walks of life, but in New York theatre it is generally thought to begin officially with Shakespeare in the Park. Of course, one of the drawbacks to the Shakespeare in the Park experience is that the big-name movie stars Joe Papp tends to cast often have little familiarity with the concept of Shakespearean character. The "Twelfth Night" that began previews last week seems even more heavily studded with stars than usual. With crossed eyes and fingers, we're hoping for the best. Meanwhile, one way of fortifying oneself against possible disappointment is to listen beforehand to more experienced Shakespeareans perform the play.

Of the two recordings we know, the one made by the Marlowe Dramatic Society in 1961 is probably the most readily available in record shops and bookstores. Directed by George Rylands, it has a cast of mostly university players, headed by Dorothy Tutin as Viola. There are also brief appearances by John Barton, who hosts the "Playing Shakespeare" series that's sometimes shown on WNYC (Channel 31), and Prunella Scales, who grew up to be Mrs. Basil Fawlty.

The Caedmon recording, made that same year by the Shakespeare Recording Society and directed by Howard Sackler—with Siobhan McKenna (Viola), Vanessa Redgrave (Olivia), Paul Scofield (Malvolio), and John Neville (Aguecheek)—is more difficult to find, but so much better as a performance that it's worth ordering directly from Harper & Row (1-800 638-3030). It's the difference between a mere reading of the play and a full-blown interpretation. The first recording thinks—like Orsino himself—that "if music be the food of love, play on" is poetry. The second recording thinks the line is pseudy and that the guy who would say something like that probably has a lot to learn.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

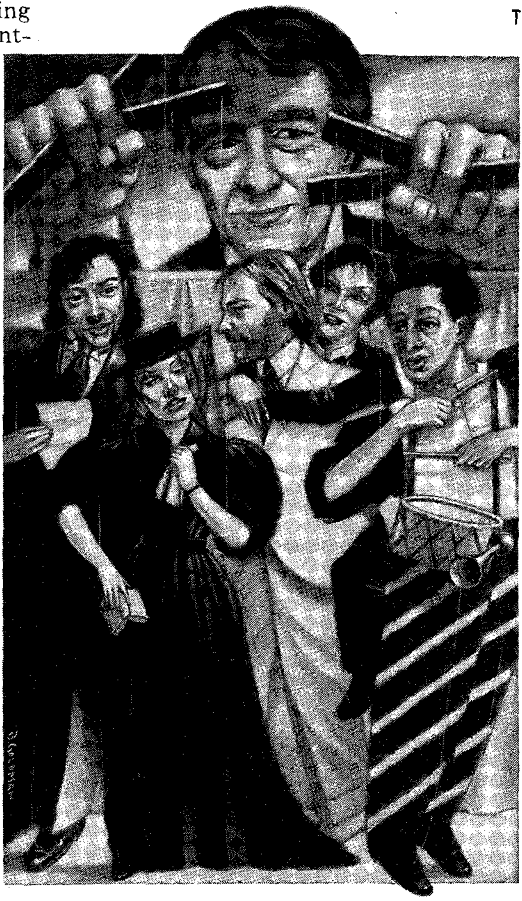
(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedules and ticket information.)

Twelfth Night—The first of two plays in the New York Shakespeare Festival's free summer series in the Park. The large cast includes John Amos, Stephen Collins, Jeff Goldblum, Gregory Hines, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Michelle Pfeiffer, Fisher Stevens, and Charlaine Woodard. Directed by Harold Guskin. In previews. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

NEW THIS SEASON

Aristocrats—Brian Friel's portrait of the family of Judge O'Donnell, of Ballybeg Hall, in Donegal, is witty, ironic, and loving. It is faultlessly performed by Niall Buggy (an astonishing actor, who got his start at the Abbey Theatre), Peter Crombie, John Pankow, Kaiulani Lee, John Christopher Jones, and Margaret Colin, among others, under the direction of Robin Lefèvre. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/8/89.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-0102.)

Arms and the Man—Daniel Gerroll, as Bluntschli—a Swiss mercenary in the Servian Army and the repository of most of Shaw's wit—gives distinction to a satisfying production of this satire on war and other matters. He is ably supported by Roma Downey, Christopher Noth, and MacIntyre Dixon, among others, under Frank Hauser's direction. (6/19/89) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes July 9.)



Joe Papp's "Twelfth Night"

Black and Blue—An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (2/6/89, under Dancing.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

The Cocktail Hour—A dramatist returns home to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more engaging. Under Jack O'Brien's direction, Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor and Keene Curtis do well also. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

The Heidi Chronicles—Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With a superb cast, led by Joan Allen and Boyd Gaines (12/26/88) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jerome Robbins' Broadway—A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. The evening is an orgy of family entertainment, a display of theatrical arts and crafts, and a canonization of Robbins and his era. Whether the fifties was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (3/13/89 under Dancing.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St 239-6200.)

The Kathy and Mo Show: Parallel Lives—Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Largely New York—It would be a mistake to assume that Bill Irwin's dance-mime extravaganza is fundamentally boring because it lacks words; in fact, it has the best "book" on Broadway. The piece is partly a sendup of theatrical technology, partly a comment on the ills that beset a pluralistic society, and partly a debate about art Irwin puts onstage all the conflicts, tensions, and antagonisms of modern city life and resolves them by means of an invented language. His solution is unrealistic—it obtains only in a theatre—but what makes the message so uplifting is that to understand it you have to learn a new idiom (5/15/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St 246-0102.)

Laughing Matters—This comedy revue by the team of Wallem and Tolan is so consistently unfunny that it borders on the offensive. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 564-8038.)

Lend Me a Tenor—The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Caroline Lagerfelt, Ron Holgate, Jane Connell and Jeff Brooks make up the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Lisbon Traviata—Terrence McNally's 1985 play about opera queens (revised here in a superb production by John Tillinger, with a cast that includes Nathan Lane and Anthony Heald) is every bit as bitchy and hilarious, in the first act, as one would expect it to be. The second half, which turns serious, goes a bit haywire ten minutes before the end; still, you won't find much better writing, acting, or direction anywhere Off Broadway this season (6/19/89) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes July 2.)

The Loman Family Picnic—Larry Block and Marcia Jean Kurtz in a new play by Donald Margulies. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes July 2.)

Love Letters—Staged readings of A. R. Gurney's new two-character play. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Metamorphosis—Steven Berkoff's one-act adaptation of the Kafka story, with Mikhail Baryshnikov in the role of Gregor Samsa. Spinach. (3/20/89) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Closes July 15.)

Only Kidding!—Jim Geoghan's comedy about standup comedians, in all their panic and desperation, has the ring of authenticity, and jokes that invariably pay off. (One monologue, about a Greek restaurant, is a knockout.) The characters are an aging Catskills type; a young comedy team, still scrambling for a foothold; a jumpy writer; and a beef-brained manager. All the actors do well, under the lively direction of Larry Arrick.

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THE THEATRE—*Cont'd*

(5/29/89) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Other People's Money—Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Kevin Conway can seldom have been better or funnier than he is as Bronx-born Lawrence Garfinkle, and Janet Zarish plays his adversary (with a difference). They are ably supported by Scotty Bloch, James Murtaugh, and Arch Johnson. The performance as a whole is a credit to Gloria Muzio, who directed it. An import from the Hartford Stage Company. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Rumors—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. It is acted to perfection by Ron Leibman, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Shirley Valentine—Pauline Collins gives a funny, beguiling performance as a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. Miss Collins is the only actor, and she is backed every inch of the way by Willy Russell, who wrote the play, and by Simon Callow, who directed it. Starting July 3, Patricia Kilgarriff will take over from Miss Collins for two weeks, until Ellen Burstyn steps in, on July 17. (2/27/89) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Showing Off—As comedy revues go, this one—written by Douglas Bernstein and Denis Markell—isn't at all bad. The winning performances by Mr. Bernstein, Donna Murphy, Mark Sawyer, and Veanne Cox often make the material seem better than it is, but ultimately they don't compensate for the over-all smugness of what is essentially life-style comedy. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

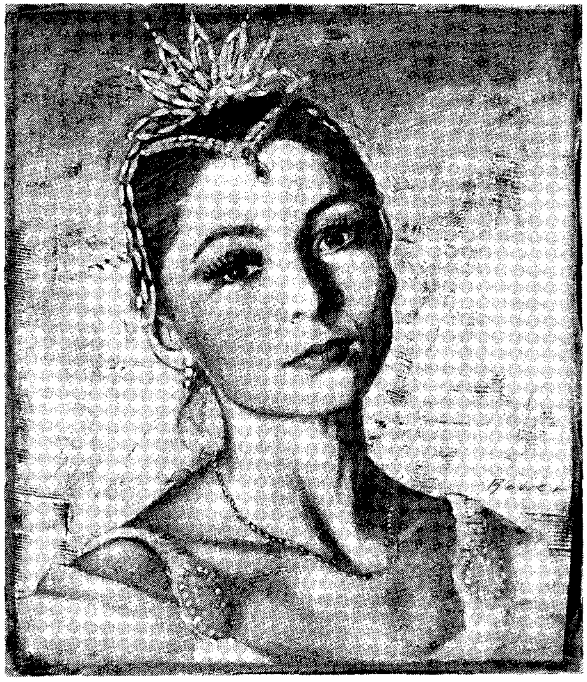
A Tale of Two Cities—Everett Quinton's over-the-top one-man version of Dickens' novel has Miss Pross hanging from the ceiling. Unfortunately, his performance is more spirited than it is consistently funny. Best is the word "BLOOD" scrawled on the bathroom wall. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Closes July 14.)

Ubu—Larry Sloan and Doug Wright's adaptation of Alfred Jarry's "Ubu Roi," based on a translation of the play by Jacqueline de la Chaume. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

anything goes: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Leslie Uggams, Bill McCutcheon, and Gregg Edelman, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction, and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **the fantasticks:** The longest-running long run recently turned twenty-nine. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **forbidden broadway 1989:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **into the woods:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful and funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. The cast includes Nancy Dussault and Chip Zien. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363.) . . . **m. butterfly:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with John Rubinstein and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **me and my girl:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **les misérables:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **the phantom of the opera:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **sarafina!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbogeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Closes July 2.) . . . **steel magnolias:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

DANCE



The Kirov's Altynaï Asylmuratova

When Francia Russell went to the Soviet Union last fall to stage Balanchine's "Theme and Variations" on the Kirov Ballet, she found a way of working different from what she knew in America during her years as a soloist and ballet mistress with the New York City Ballet, and, more recently, as co-director (with her husband, Kent Stowell) of the Pacific Northwest Ballet in Seattle. She learned that in Leningrad she could teach steps to one group of dancers one day, and meet up with an entirely new group of dancers in the studio the next; that the women don't practice on full point; that the principals rehearse apart from the corps, wit private coaches; and that nearl everyone is ready to offer a suggestio as to how Balanchine's choreograph might be improved. The worst battl she had was to keep the musical temp constant. (The Kirov tends to slo down the motor.) Yet, as Russell observed at the Dance Critics Association conference in San Francisco recently, this is a company with a gran style, and she thought it important t let the dancers be themselves in th Balanchine. She noticed, for instance that Kirov dancers will spend a lot o time marking steps with their hand but will invariably practice the fina pose full out. That, she decided, wa intrinsic to their style, and so it stay in her staging. "American dancers always finish with a posture that says 'Did you like me?' " she said. "Russians finish with a gesture that says 'There! I've just done something wonderful!' I couldn't take that awa from them."

The Kirov will bring its two Balanchine works (the other is "Scotch Symphony," staged by Suzanne Farrell) t the final performances of its three-wee run at the Metropolitan Opera House for the matinée and evening of Jul 22nd. Although the rest of the Petipa heavy Kirov repertory ("Giselle,' "Sleeping Beauty," th Kingdom of the Shade scene from "La Bayadère") will present th company as classica dancers, the Balanchin will showcase them i what we know as state-of-the-art classicism. Thei effort opens a new chapte in Russian dancing.

IN TOWN

American Ballet Theatre—Fina performances of the season June 26 at 8: "Duets," "Som Assembly Required," and "L Sylphide." . . . ¶ June 27 at 8 "Quartet," "The Fugue," an "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ June 2 at 2: "Bruch Violin Concert No. 1" and "La Sylphide." . . ¶ June 28 at 8: "Stravinsk Violin Concerto" and "L Sylphide." . . . ¶ June 29-30 a 8, and July 1 at 2 and 8: "Swa Lake." (Metropolitan Oper House, Lincoln Center. 362 6000.)

Kirov Ballet—The company' first engagement here in twenty-five years. The three-wee season, which runs through July 22, opens with performance of "Le Corsaire," on July 3 a 7, July 4 at 6, and July 5 a 8. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Final performance of the engagement. June 27-28 and July 1 a 8, and July 2 at 3: "Les Biches," "Rond Capriccioso" (American première), and "Le Noces" (company première). . . . ¶ June 29-30 at 8, and July 1 at 2: "The Cape," "Footprints Dressed in Red," and "Firebird." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

OUT OF TOWN

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Opening performances of the season—Monnaie Dance Group/Mark Morris in programs that include "Lovey," "Celestial Greetings," "Canonic 3/4 Studies," and "Pièces en Concert," June 27-July 1. . . . ¶ Ris et Danceries, a baroque dance ensemble from France, July 4-8. (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30.)

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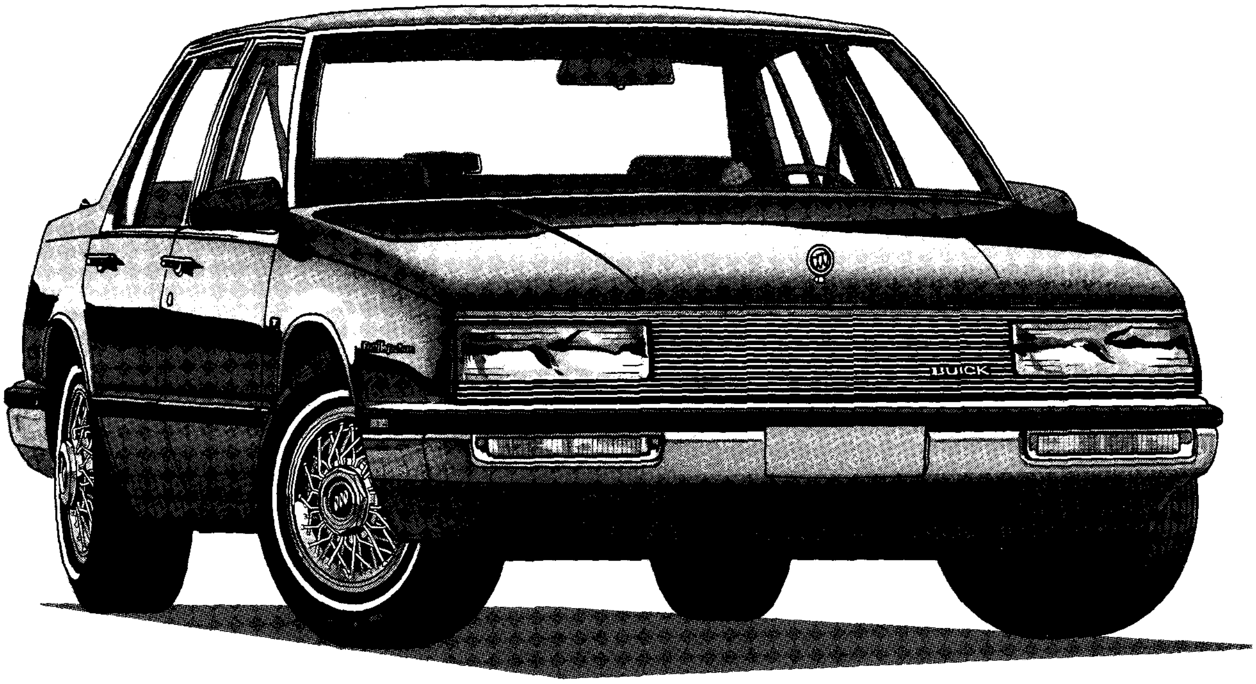

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NIGHT LIFE

“VERY nostalgic,” we heard a woman saying as we left the Village Gate the other night after Sid Caesar’s comedy revue, and anyone who watched TV in the fifties would probably share her sentiment: most of the evening’s material comes straight out of “Your Show of Shows” and “Caesar’s Hour,” the pair of hit comedy series that ran back to back from 1950 to 1957. For example, there’s the skit about a day in the life of a suburban housefly: Caesar buzzes around a kitchen, looking for food, but can’t find anything. “Oh, that’s right,” he says. “The maid’s coming today. She had to clean up.” There’s also the routine about the world as seen through the eyes of a baby (“Watch the head!” he yells when his father picks him up. “You drop me and your life’s not worth a nickel!”); the pantomime of a nervous young man at a dance, who chats up an imaginary partner with his tongue hanging out; and one of Caesar’s best-known bits, an interview with the Professor, a frumpy crackpot with a thick German accent. No matter what character Caesar takes on, a consistent persona comes through: a kvetching but well-meaning middle-aged Jew, a guy who just wants to get through life without being dropped on his head.

As always, much of Caesar’s humor is in his elastic face—no one has a deeper repertoire of grimaces and eyeball acrobatics. (It’s easy to see why TV was the perfect medium for him.) But physically this is a very different man from the heavyset, boozing comedian of the early TV years: now sixty-six, Caesar is slim, limber, and energetic. When “Caesar’s Hour” was cancelled by NBC, Caesar slipped into a professional and personal decline that lasted until the late seventies. The night we saw him at the Gate, the audience was weighted with his old TV fans, who gave signs of happy recognition as he launched into each skit. We couldn’t help but wonder, though, how well this material would play to a different audience—one that was born too late to find it nostalgic.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine, **LA GRAN SCENA OPERA COMPANY** comes in to dis Verdi; Bruce Hopkins, a member of the above troupe, sings solo Tuesdays through Thursdays at eleven; and Little Jimmy Scott, who sang with Lionel Hampton way back when, takes the mike on Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great barn of a rock club, which, unlike many other such places, has (in addition to rock) tables, chairs (four hundred or so), good French fries, country music, folk music, music of a dubious nature, and miscellaneous theatrical entertainments. The **ZAWINUL SYNDICATE,** led by keyboardist and former Weather Report headman **JOE ZAWINUL,** claims June 27-28. **YOMO TORO** and percussion specialist **MONGO SANTAMARIA** will be here June 30-July 1. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

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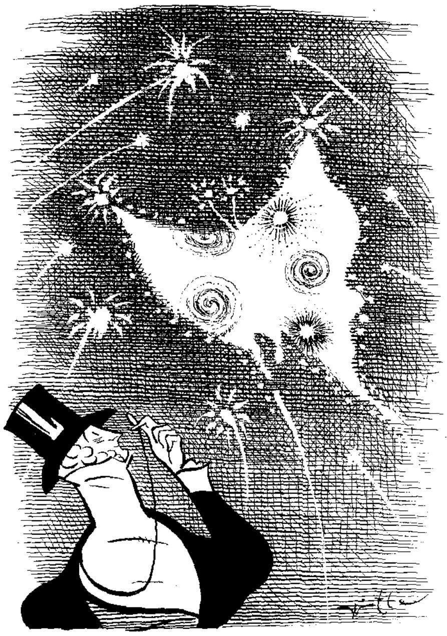

BRADLEY’S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar that has long featured first-rate piano-bass teams and pro conversationalists and that now also features Bradley’s T-shirts, Bradley’s sweatshirts, Bradley’s customized coasters, a person to take an admission fee, and a person to seat you and shush you. It’s an institution. Pianist Geoff Keezer leads the proceedings through July 1, with bassist **WALTER BOOKER** and drummer **JIMMY COBB;** July 2 belongs to trumpeter Tex Allen; and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN,** guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER,** and bassist **MIKE FORMANEK** go into effect on July 3. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CAFÉ GIANLUCA, Broadway at 74th St. (877-9381)—In the lower depths of this Northern Italian restaurant and bar, you’ll find waiters who come hustling down the stairs with poll and prosciutto, memos on minimums an such preserved under glass on every tabletop and ambassadors of international jazz swaying on the bandstand. The club sits shoulde to shoulder with the Beacon Theatre; on som nights, you may hear two shows for the pric of one. **TEDDY CHARLES,** the vibraphonist (he ha played with Miles Davis and Charles Mingus, among others) and sea captain (he own a marina on City Island), will take the stag June 28-July 1.

NIGHT LIGHTS

There are many things new under the sun, including quite a few designed to keep the world aglow when the sun goes down. These objects are the subject of “Lights On, New York,” a retrospective of New York City street lamps and related fixtures which is currently on view at The Urban Center (Madison Avenue at 51st Street). For those who’ve always longed to try hanging off a lamppost, this show is perfect. There’s a choice of six full-scale posts that would be wonderful to cling to, and some attenuated versions, including a crook from one of those beloved antique Bishop’s Crook lampposts. Life-of-the-party types might want to try the bright-red Chinatown luminaire; this 1963 design was modelled on hats worn by emperors of the Ming dynasty. And there’s a contribution from Grand Central Terminal: a lopsided bronze fixture that could use a lamppost itself; the bulb inside isn’t the only part that looks smashed.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Summer can be a lonely time here after July 1, the pastel uptown spa known a the Café Carlyle will be minus patron sain **BOBBY SHORT.** Sets are currently Tuesday through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar you’ll find **BARBARA CARROLL,** who’s also makin herself scarce as of the first. For now, sh presides at the piano from nine-forty-fiv Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Thi room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs an cooler heads on weeknights, opens its door on Sundays to swing-music fans, most o whom come to Lindy. Feet jitter, skirts fly and a limber, nattily dressed gent gets a loo on his face that says “Watch my next move darlin’.” Up by the stage, two men who hav come stag scatter their feet when the ban breaks into “Jumpin’ at the Woodside.” Th New York Swing Dance Society organize these Sunday-night meetings; on July 2, i brings in trumpeter Dean Pratt’s big band Music from eight to midnight.

DAN LYNCH, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—Outside Dan Lynch, you’ll com across a lot of suspicious characters who’l claim to know you; inside, you’ll find a pupil-dilating, brown-on-brown bar decorated wit an Aretha poster and remnants of a birc tree. The place brightens up considerabl at ten, with a variety of live blues, including vamps of the “put on your red dress” variety.

DELTA 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A pleasant hangout for white-colla trash, where you’ll find cold Dixie beer collard greens, and plenty of men who kno how to wear a leather vest. As if that weren’ enough, this restaurant and bar also feature a corrugated-tin ceiling and a truckload o sort-of-Southern items: a photo booth, a gian Amoco sign, an Evel Knievel lunchbox. Mos nights, the buffet turns into a bandstand a nine. Sometimes, if you’re lucky, you’ll hea authentic country songs about Queens. O June 26, the Inspirational Gospel Singer praise His name, and the Steamin’ Jimmie bend some notes on June 27. There’s R. & B on June 28, with Diane Scanlon’s group zydeco on June 29, with **LOUP GAROU;** an country on June 30, with the **SURREAL MC COYS** Lucky 7 claims July 1, and Kid Java tees of on July 2. Chicken-fried steak, deep-frie crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and othe exotic Southern fare.

FAT TUESDAY’S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A low-ceilinged, belowstairs jaz room, its walls decorated with alternatin bands of mirror and red plush, which wil seem intimate to some people and too intimate to tall people, who may want to remov their top hats before entering. Pianist **MOS ALLISON** and his trio will be in charge of thing June 27-July 2. Mondays remain in th hands of **LES PAUL,** the guitarist, guitar-builder, and overdubbing pioneer. Music fro eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese cooking an American jazz—can be found in this handsome room, from which is visible (it has a greenhouse roof) some expensive Gotham real estate as well as a few untenanted patches o sky. June 27-29 belongs to the stride and ragtime flourishes of **JUDY CARMICHAEL.** July starts off with a couple of fine piano-bass teams: June 30-July 2, **PETE MALINVERNI/DENNIS IRWIN,** and, as of July 3, **BILL MAYS/HARVIE SWARTZ.** Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

INDIGO BLUES, 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A new jazz club, in the basement of the Hotel Edison. It’s awash in blue neon, and has a fancy sound system and a shiny dance floor. Miles Davis, whose disdain for night clubs is well known (“plantation” was his term for one famous room) and who had managed to stay out of them since 1975, christened this place awhile back. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN,**

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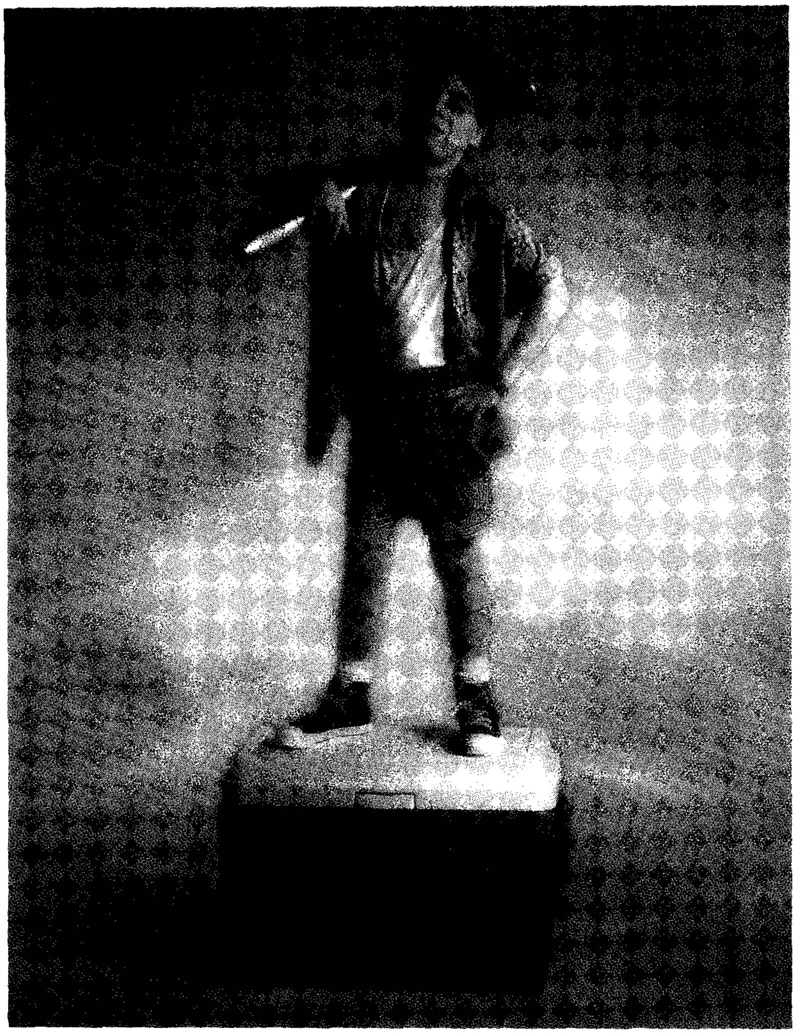

Celebrating his 10th birthday this year, Jeff gives thumbs up to playing catcher, pizza and Saturdays. Definite thumbs down: onions, being grounded.

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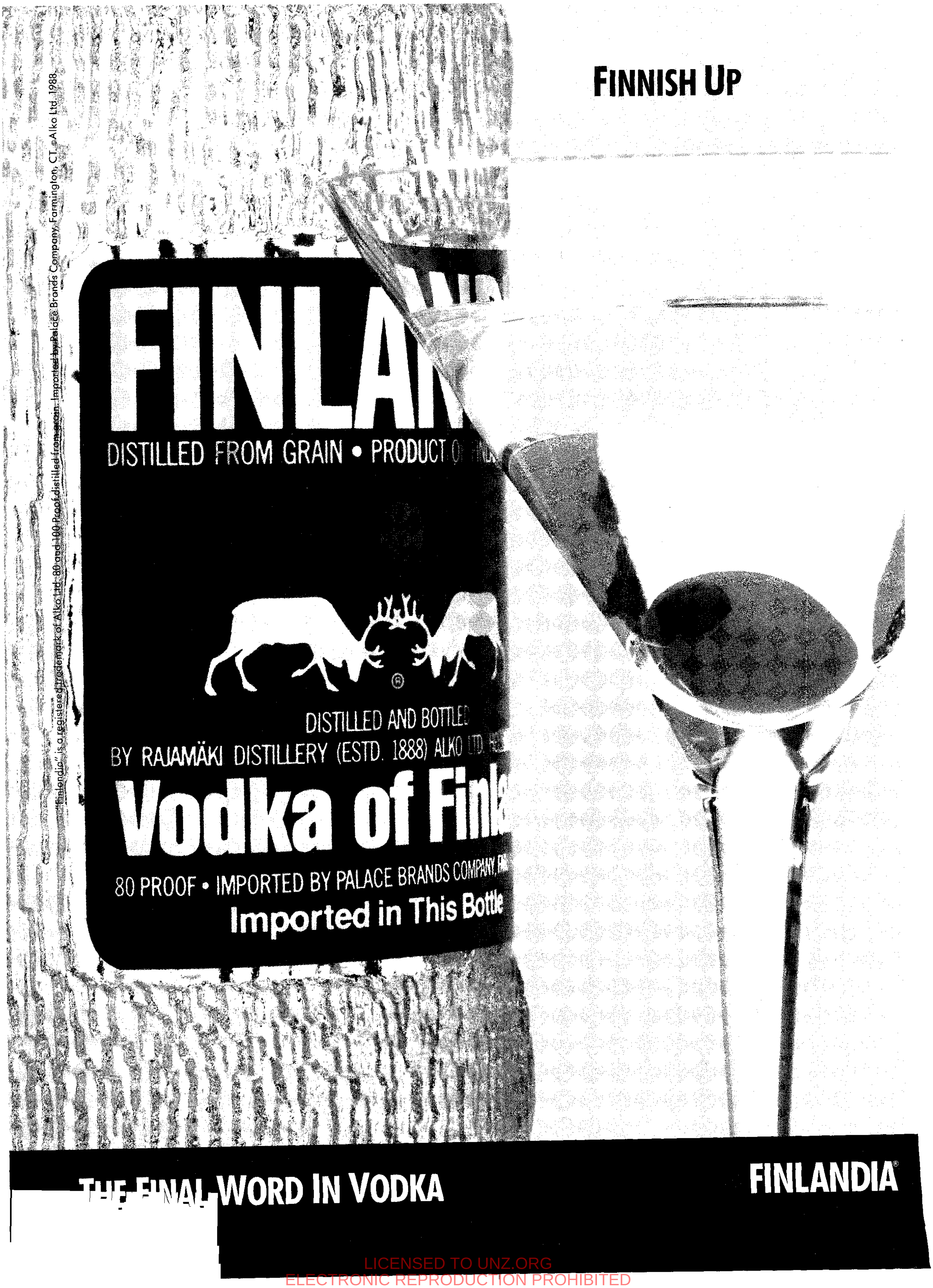
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

who started out pinch-hitting for Bud Powell, performs June 27-July 2. On July 3, bop pianist **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI** comes through with her Jazz Orchestra. Music after nine.

J's, Broadway at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). The burgundy stage seats three comfortably, and for the next week or so it will be home to trios led by Virg Dzurinko (June 27), **JIMMY MADISON** (June 28), and **JOHN PIZZARELLI** (June 29). The quartet crowding in on June 30 will belong to swinging singer Judy Barnett. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. **STEVE COLSON** and Andy McCloud perform June 27-July 1. Sundays are the property of singer-pianist-hot patootie **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE,** and Mondays belong to the a-cappella group Five Play. Music from about nine-thirty.

LITTLE PARKERS

Too bad for Toys 'Я' Us that the Parks Department doesn't relax its rules on commercial zoning in Central Park, because they could make a bundle off a store on the East Green (just inside the Park at 72nd Street and Fifth Avenue). There are so many kids all over the grass, Steven Spielberg would be in Heaven. Near the north end, six kids playing baseball with imaginary equipment argue about whether the last play was a double or a line drive into the shortstop's glove. "Can you help us, Mister?" the "catcher" asks. "This is serious." The Lycée Français has taken over the western side, and the cluster of trees there shades an undulating pattern of white blouses and gray shorts and skirts. "Allez, vous entravez cette route pour les trucks," one of the young students shouts, as his plastic eighteen-wheeler whizzes by without ever touching the ground. At the southern tip of the Green, the Children's All Day School has crêpe-papered off a section for fifty or so preschoolers, but these tykes do not look as if a little barricade of crêpe paper is going to hamper further explorations. In the center of the Green are moms and their kids. Three little girls sing "Like a Prayer" with an innocence Madonna can't touch. And a boy eats his binoculars, his shoes, grass, anything but his sandwich. Maybe the answer is not a toy shop but a pushcart. Oh the lines that would form at the cart that sold edible trucks.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—Now New York's lone Lone Star. There's no lizard nesting on the roof, but there's more legroom, better sight lines, and fancier grub than there was at the old Fifth Avenue address. The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician tools around in. The inside is upscale roadhouse; it has a couple of postage-stamp dance floors and some real pretty Gibson guitars decorating the walls. **RUTH BROWN,** who on most nights can be found a few blocks from here, in "Black and Blue," stops in on Mondays. She's joined by R. & B. singer **CHARLES BROWN** on June 26. **WILLIE COLÓN,** the trumpeter, singer, and salsa pioneer, presides on June 28, with his band, the Legal Aliens; June 27 is the property of **DR. JOHN;** and July 1 is ceded to the **UPTOWN HORNS.** Music after nine. Dining.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the Hoboken Sound and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the smell of the nearby Maxwell House factory may give them a boost. Winter Hours, a New York-based outfit that concentrates on layered guitar lines and brooding themes, takes the reins on June 30.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A new, glossy, multilevel maroon-and-silver cabaret, seating about ninety, and located on the north side of the sixty-fifth floor in what used to be a cocktail lounge. The performers, working in a shallow well in the center of the room, do unwitting battle with the bejewelled backdrop of Central Park, Lenox Avenue, the G. W. Bridge, and points north. **PHYLLIS DILLER,** who's equally at home onstage, on TV, under the klieg lights, and behind the Underwood (she's the author of four books), entertains the troops through July 1. Julius LaRosa takes over on July 4. Sets Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Singer-songwriter **RUBÉN BLADES,** whose recent accomplishments include a Grammy award and a master's in international law from Harvard, works through June 28. The rest of the activities: Barbadian soca practitioner John King on June 29; **PÉ-DE-BOI,** a samba outfit, on July 1; and Ray Lema beginning July 5. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—The site, many moons ago, of Rienzi's, a coffeehouse on the beaten path; nowadays, it's home to folkies, blues people, bluegrass fiddlers, lonesome cowboys, and a stray rock person or two. The Astorians will be here on June 27, and on June 30 the Jordan Chassan trio steps in. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SPO-DEE-O-DEE, 565 W. 23rd St., at Eleventh Ave. (206-1990)—A curious mixture of swank and down-home. (The name comes from the 1949 Stick McGhee song "Drinkin' Wine Spo-dee-o-dee," which was Atlantic Records' first hit.) The food is barbecued ribs and such, the music is mostly R. & B., and the furnishings include ballroom-size chandeliers, king-size sofas, and green velvet drapes sprinkled with stardust. The New York City Swing Band turns up on Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled *boîte*, crowded with jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. Longtime associates **CEDAR WALTON** (piano), **RON CARTER** (bass), and **BILLY HIGGINS** (drums) are in action June 27-July 2; starting July 4, bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** & Friends deliver some rollicking swing. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—Pink carnations on the tables, shrimp creole on the menu, a sunken dance floor with a "Saturday Night Fever" ball, and a house photographer who offers to take a picture of "you and your lady." The stage, dominated by a white grand piano, is usually given over to soul and R. & B.; the audience shouts encouragement as the band sings about "doin' it all night long" and "taking care of that thing." There's a lively bar, too, separated from the admission-paying customers by tinted glass. The street-corner-soul trio Ray, Goodman, and Brown goes to work June 29-July 1.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs room, which is as big and plain as a mess hall, Mondays after nine are set aside for salsa bands. **DIZZY GILLESPIE** is the guest soloist on June 26, with ensembles led by **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and **MARIO BAUZA.** Tuesdays through Saturdays, comedian **SID CAESAR** descends the stairs. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, the piano-bass team of **KENNY WERNER** and **RON MC CLURE** holds forth June 27-July 2, followed by **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** beginning July 4. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with **HELLMAN'S ANGELS,** a string trio whose head angel, **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** plays the harp. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (244-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment was once described by the late Max Gordon as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Pianist **JOHN HICKS'** quintet—**RALPH MOORE** on tenor sax, **ROY HARGROVE** on trumpet, **SANTI DEBRIANO** on bass, and **STEVE JOHNS** on drums—fills the stage June 27-July 2; a group led by drummer **LOUIS HAYES** gets rolling on July 4. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

ZANZIBAR & GRILL, 550 Third Ave., at 36th St. (779-0606)—A Murray Hill jazz resort, where the ceiling fans turn slowly, and the palm trees susurrate tropically, and the jukebox contains Xavier Cugat and Perez Prado, and a waiter, delivering a plate of fried chicken and maple-pear corn bread to a customer, sings "It's suppertime" (to the tune of "Summertime"). The professional musicians tend to come on at around nine. Jazz guitarist Jack Wilkins gets going on June 28; June 29 belongs to Danny Draher and June 30 to the Roy Gerson sextet.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

IT wasn't very smart to try to close the doors on more than three hundred fervent fans still waiting to be seated in Radio City Music Hall on the second night of Diana Ross's concert engagement. Seems Ms. Ross had planned on beginning her show by sprinting down one of the aisles—her sparkling self made almost airborne through the use of a feathered cape of such extravagant tiering that it could have been torn from the Great Stage's curtain—and the staff was instructed to provide her with a ticket-holder-free runway. Those who were shut out decided against an early takeoff, and when they were informed that they were going to miss her entrance because of her entrance their manners were replaced by rush-hour etiquette. "How'd you like me to do something *mean* to those fancy doors?" said one patron who could have wrestled any of the brawny workers depicted in the W.P.A. murals throughout Rockefeller Center while sipping on his Diet Coke. "If she starts without me," cried one young woman whom the door mangler knew not to tangle with, "she's gonna have to start again when I sit down." A number of uniformed functionaries disappeared and reappeared. Evidently, Ms. Ross is not into do-overs. The doors were opened. "Now, where is Diana?" said the same young woman. "I want to reach out and touch her." Down the aisle Ms. Ross flew, flanked by bodyguards—if this crowd could do something mean to a fancy door, think what they could do to a designer cape.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY— PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

ETHYL EICHELBERGER—In his new play, "Herd of Buffalo." (P.S. 122, at 150 First Ave., near 9th St. 477-5288. Thursdays through Sundays at 9:30. Through July 16.)

ART

THE Times Square Show of 1980—a former massage parlor transformed by scores of artists into another kind of fun house—was a triumphant, raunchy manifestation of urbanism and heterogeneity. Its coda is the Center Show, an exhibition of about fifty site-specific works commissioned by the Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center for its weather-beaten headquarters, at 208 West 13th Street. On view until December, the show marks the twentieth anniversary of the Stonewall Riots, the Bastille Day of gay liberation—or, as the artist Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt puts it in his beautiful and poetic ground-floor piece, "That night the 'Gutter Rats' shone like the brightest gold!"

The Center Show is upbeat. Only one work in this age-of-AIDS exhibition—Marcus Leatherdale's pre-Raphaelitic stairwell environment of dried leaves on vines and *vanitas* photographs—wears the weeds of mourning. Everything else is celebratory, ornamental, funny, polemical, stupid, intellectual, erotically out there, or just plain defiant—and that's what's great about the show, what creates some political friction. We follow Jane Dickson's frieze of painted-gray citizens as if we were dutifully heading off to the polls, while Fred Tomaselli's multiple peepholes, on a courtyard door, lure us to images of what are evidently a few of his favorite, nonvirtuous things—marijuana, tequila, steak, salt, ice cream, coffee, an erection, and Scotchgard.

Virtue, at the Center Show, would appear to be largely the distaff province, and worship the inalienable right of man. When we come upon Martin Wong's big lingam deity—trompe-l'oeil brick on brick—in a tight back staircase, we are almost on our knees. Downstairs, Nancy Spero's elegant amazons do their dance of virtue over an inside doorway. Two of the building's bathrooms bring us the neo-yin and neo-yang of it all. Rhonda Zwillinger's powder-room salute to feminist consciousness has all the gaudy trappings and clarity of purpose of a Napoleonic imperial style, whereas Keith Haring's amazing mural-for-a-urinal looks like a kind of "Guernica" of priapism, and is, in fact, an ode to subjugation, an antique urge that knows no bounds.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Goya and the Spirit of Enlightenment," a major exhibition of paintings and works on paper by this intense and elusive giant (1746-1828), proposes the artist as philosopher and political theorist. The installation is a little low on visual magic, a little long on wall labels, and of particular interest for two self-portraits: a young Goya working by the light of a candle-holding hat; an old, sick Goya attended by his physician. Through July 16. . . . ¶ Thirty-six of Lucas Samaras's works on paper from the museum's collection are on view in the Berggruen Klee Gallery of the Wallace wing (the Klee works that are usually there are at the Tate Gallery for the summer). Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ An exhibition comparing photographs of the sixties with photographs of the eighties, including works by Duane Michals, Cindy Sherman, and the Starn Twins. . . . ¶ "Apropos Aprons," a presentation of the Costume Institute, considers not the workaday item but apron extremes—extremely ornate examples from eighteenth-century Europe, and the extremely short Rudi Gernreich mini (1969), not to mention the Egyptian noblewoman's funerary apron, and various loincloths, girdles, pinafores, and pendant sashes. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Musical instruments acquired over the past ten years, including two of Segovia's guitars and a set of Carleen M. Hutchins' contemporary violins. Through July 30. . . . ¶ A survey of Italian majolica, with many Renaissance-era examples, such as a bowl depicting the papal arms and tiara of Julius II. Through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Fifty Ming and Ch'ing dynasty (fifteenth through seventeenth century) paintings from the museum's collection. Through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ The roof garden has opened for the season. (Open Tuesdays, except July 4, through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45. On Tuesday, July 4, the museum will close at 4:15.)

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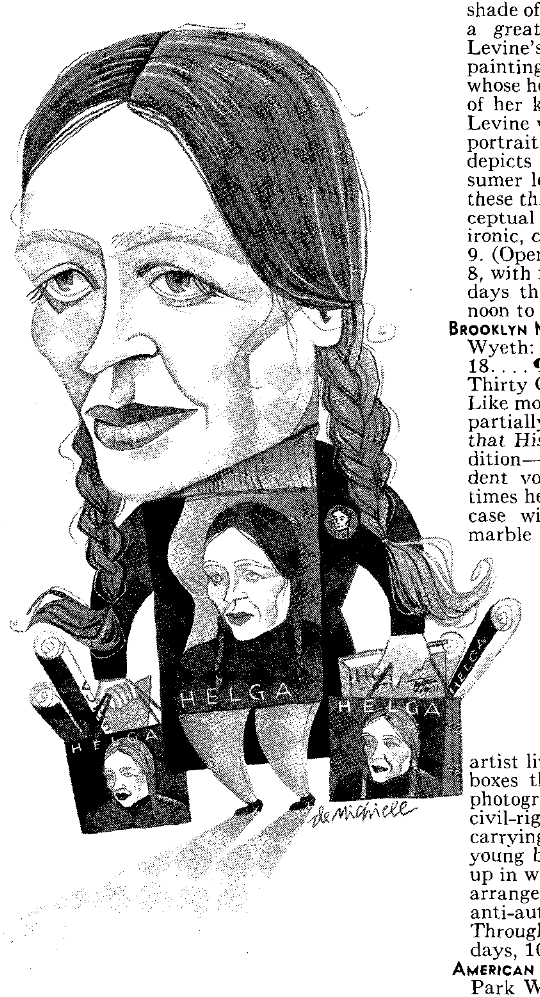
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-five sculptures and fifteen drawings by Christopher Wilmarth (1943-87). A compact and exceptionally discomfiting retrospective. The artist's green-glass structures from the late sixties and seventies are elegant but utterly mute. The late work—mostly bronze wall reliefs with ovoid etched-glass "heads"—offers about as despairing a vision of the self as you are likely to find. Through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Helen Frankenthaler. Individually, many of these paintings have an undeniable presence: an intensity of color and a lyric delight. But, even when Frankenthaler's prolific career is reduced to just these forty paintings, their substance begins to evaporate, and the work ends up seeming better suited to the boardroom than to the temple of art. Through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ "America Worked: The 1950s Photographs of Dan Weiner." Through July 11. . . . **NOTE:** The sculpture garden has reopened (after three months of renovations) with a slightly different line-up, including a monumental aluminum sculpture by Ronald Bladen. (Open daily except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)



"The Helga Pictures"

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Austrian artist and teacher Arnulf Rainer is a sympathetic and influential figure. Best known for his ongoing series of "Face Farces"—photographic self-portraits altered with paint—he exemplifies both a sixties-style liberated Expressionism and the sensuous flamboyance associated with the Viennese school. Seen in small doses, Rainer's work has considerable verve. But there's not enough variety or sweep in it to sustain this museum retrospective. Through July 9. . . ¶ Hannelore Baron (1926-87). This show features modest abstract collages, from 1975 to 1984, composed of threadlike ink lines and frayed bits of discarded canvas and paper. They offer a glimpse of a child's world marked more by trauma and darkness—the artist was a Jew who came to New York from Germany in 1941—than by dreams. There are several fine boxed collages, which, thankfully, manage to escape the Cornell reference. Through July 9. (A companion show of collages—ending June 30—is at Gallery Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Open Tuesdays, except July 4, from 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5 Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave at 75th St.—The Biennial. In the center of what could be dubbed the Art-in-the-Age-of-Mechanical-Reproduction Room is a huge specimen table packed with Allan McCollum's ten thousand "Individual Works," which are small, hand-size cast objects that look alike but are, in fact, different. They resemble toys or parts for a nineteen-fifties automobile, and are painted a soothing shade of back-yard-pool turquoise. They form a great proscenium for three of Sherrie Levine's very elegant and nearly identical paintings of "Krazy Kat" 's Mr. Austridge whose head is buried in a bucket, and for four of her knotty-plywood boards. Opposite the Levine work is Ashley Bickerton's witty self-portrait, a construction in which the artist depicts himself as an amalgamation of consumer logos. In very different ways, each of these three artists is to late-eighties post-conceptual art what Roy Lichtenstein is to Pop ironic, classical, and very cool. Through July 9. (Open Tuesdays, except July 4, from 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Andrew Wyeth: The Helga Pictures." Through Sept 18. . . . ¶ "Hispanic Art in the United States Thirty Contemporary Painters & Sculptors." Like most sweeping surveys, this show is only partially successful. It points up the ways that Hispanic artists revere history and tradition—often at the expense of an independent voice—and how this reverence sometimes helps shape special visions. Such is the case with Manuel Neri, whose bronze or marble figures seem to glorify both ancient Egypt and modernism; and with Robert Graham, whose classical bronze figures are monumental and emblematic. There is much second-rate folk art on display, but the drawings of Martin Ramirez—he made all his art in an insane asylum—are rich in rewards. Through Sept 4. . . . ¶ Concurrent with the Hispanic show is a forceful lobby installation by Alfredo Jaar, a Chilean artist living in New York. It consists of light boxes that look like black beams edged in photographic transparencies of United States civil-rights protesters, including picketers carrying signs that read "I *Am* a Man" and a young black man with part of his face done up in white makeup. The artfully haphazard arrangement of beams argues effectively for anti-authoritarianism in both life and art. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Reconstructed dwellings from Madagascar, plus more than five hundred artifacts. Through Aug. 27. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

MERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—"George Nakashima: Full Circle" is a show of furniture by a woodworker who favors an organic approach to tables, chairs, cabinets, and lamps. Through Aug. 20. (Open Tuesdays, except July 4, from 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

RONX MUSEUM OF THE ARTS, 1040 Grand Concourse—Mierle Laderman Ukeles: As the New York City Department of Sanitation's artist-in-residence and unofficial good-will ambassador, Ukeles spent a year shaking hands with all of New York's eight thousand five hundred sanitation workers, saying, "Thanks for keeping New York alive." She is now constructing an ambitious permanent art work called "Flow City," at the West Fifty-ninth Street Transfer Station. This waste-disposal site will have a viewing station that will be reached from a block-long passageway whose walls, ceiling, and floor will be covered in her assemblages made of recycled trash. Independent, related sculptures—panels of crushed soda cans, pulped Christmas trees, shredded Wella Balsam containers—are on view here. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Red Grooms: His work is about as close as art gets to real entertainment, and his graphic work—the subject of this exhibition—is no exception. Included are some delightful three-dimensional lithographs that resemble permanently opened pop-up books. Through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

OOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Two hundred years' worth of French design, in honor of the bicentennial of the French Revolution. Through July 16. (Open Tuesdays, except July 4, from 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

EWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by eighteen Israeli artists, responding to their country's political and social conflicts of the past decade. Through Aug. 6. . . . ¶ A show of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Alsatian Jewish folk art. Through Aug. 14. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

ORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Words of Blood, Images of Fire," another tribute to the French Revolution, includes Robespierre's holograph of a speech Saint-Just gave attacking Danton; a sketch (attributed to David) of Robespierre on the day of his execution; and letters, more speeches, and memoranda. Through Aug. 20. (Open Tuesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

USEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 2 Lincoln Square (entrance on Columbus Ave. between 65th and 66th Sts.)—Inaugurating the new exhibition space is a show of paintings, sculptures, furniture, and textile and decorative works from the permanent collection. Through July 16. (Open daily, 9 to 9)

USEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Calvert Vaux, Architect and Planner" salutes (with photographs and drawings) the nineteenth-century designer, whose career was distinguished by, among other things, his collaboration with Frederick Law Olmsted on Central Park and Prospect Park. Through Aug. 13. (Open Tuesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

HE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—The second installment of a two-part retrospective of work by Nancy Spero, that most politicized of aesthetes. The artist's more recent style characteristically involves collages with passages of typescript (feminist treatises, literary quotes, Amnesty International bulletins) that seem to float among lyrical sequences of block-printed, archetypal female figures from many different periods and cultures, ranging from Greek goddesses on the warpath to bereft Vietnamese mothers. Through July 9. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Botanical illustrations from the eighteenth to twentieth centuries, among them Georg Ehret's colored engraving "Yucca Aloifolia," a couple of Redouté watercolors and prints of

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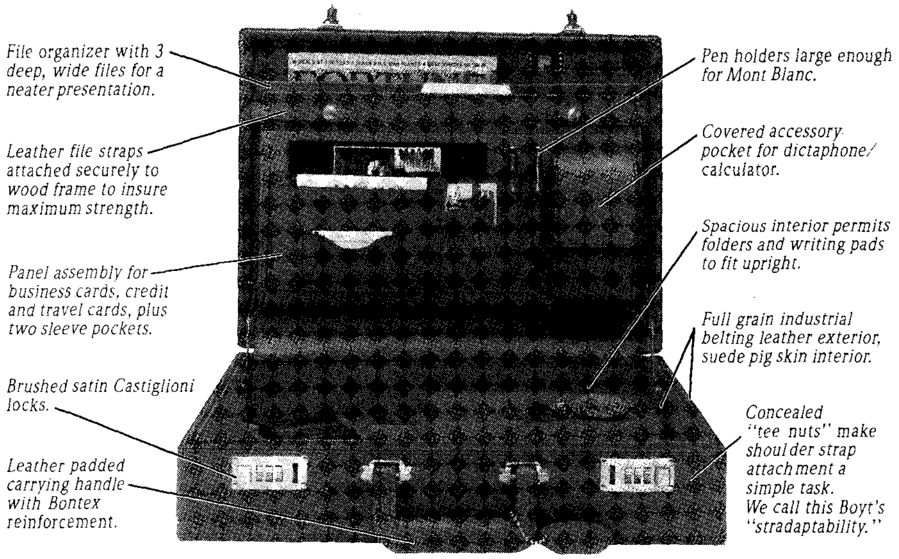

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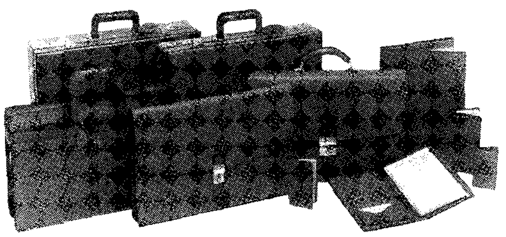

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ART—Cont'd

his work from "Les Roses" and "Les Liliacées," and watercolors by Lilian Snelling, Mary Grierson, and Pandora Sellars. Through Sept. 2. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, from 10 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Monday and Tuesday, July 3-4.)

Lois Lane—Children, animals, romance, and ornament are both form and content in these pleasant-looking, beautifully produced, but insipid monoprints with collage. Also, two new paintings—semi-abstract configurations of silver swirls and smudgy areas, one including the image of a deer. Through July 14. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Norman Rockwell (1894-1978)—It's difficult to understand, on the basis of this exhibition, why Rockwell remains so popular. These paintings do not reveal anything notable about their subjects, nor are they particularly charming. Beyond their evident subject matter, they don't even seem to define some kind of kitschy, sentimental Americana—they're not even a hoot. Through July 28. (Goffman, 18 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

BLUE BEAUTY

Some buildings grow old gracefully, but what about the clunks? What can one do with all that weary background architecture for which the Landmarks Preservation Commission has invented the wonderfully apt category Buildings of No-Style?

Give it a blue rinse. That's what the developers are doing to 380 Madison Avenue (at 47th Street), one of those yellowing white-brick boxes with banded windows—it has the type of banal design that helped destroy modern architecture's reputation in the nineteen-sixties. They're sheathing the whole building with panels of blue reflective glass and adding a few metal strips here and there for some distinguished silver highlights. The cut may not turn heads: it's the basic box-style coverup that's been used in recent years for the Grand Hyatt and other refitted oldies. Still, the tint—something between sky and steel—melts away the building's years like magic; and only its glazier knows for sure.

Christopher Wilmarth (1943-87)—This exhibition is a coda to the MOMA retrospective, with an emphasis on drawings rather than sculptures. The early-seventies paper pieces with folds and staples are especially good—sensuous and succinct. The later, figurative works are sometimes powerful but suggest an acrid emotionalism. Through July 28. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Center for African Art—"Wild Spirits Strong Medicine: African Art and the Wilderness." A provocative display of artifacts. It begins with pairs of objects which illustrate the contrasts between village life and wilderness, or bush, life. The village objects are refined and domesticated; the others are aggressive and exaggerated. Additional exhibits related to the wild include an extraordinary fifteen-foot snake mask. Through Aug. 20. (54 E. 68th St. Opens at noon on Sundays; closed Mondays.)

Four Icelandic Artists—Jón Axel Björnsson is an expressionistic painter, and his wife, Sóley Eiríksdóttir, makes odd, linear figure sculptures in black concrete. Kolbrún Björgófsdóttir, a ceramist, shows cones and pyramids with a brown-spotted glaze, while her husband, Magnús Kjartansson, is represented by ambiguous work—simultaneously abstract and Pop—painted on paper. Through July 28. (American-Scandinavian Foundation, 127 E. 73rd St.)

"Poelitical Object"—Twenty years of vanguard Spanish art—printed work, mostly—with a neo-Dada attitude. Joan Brossa's visual poems are especially terse and fun—there is an "O," for instance, shaped like Alfred Hitchcock's profile. Through July 22. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open daily.)

Group Shows—At **cordier & ekstrom,** 417 E. 75th St.: Most of these works by several artists (including Romare Bearden and Isamu Noguchi) are small, and some involve collage techniques, as well as narratives that stop just short of surrealism. Through July 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **gagosian,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Though the main room here has only three pairs of exquisite paintings, they manage to capture some of the central painterly concerns of the sixties in a fresh way. A Frank Stella copper pin-striped canvas and a Roy Lichtenstein Benday-dotted brushstroke contrast differing concepts of gesture and image-making. A multiple Jackie and a silver double Elvis display the tragic side of Andy Warhol's portraiture, which was played down by the recent Museum of Modern Art retrospective. A Cy Twombly and a Robert Ryman (from the eighties, but still appropriate to a discussion of sixties art) suggest not so much the end of painting, as this kind of work was thought to suggest at the time, as a new beginning. Through Sept. 1. . . . **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St: A delightful Miró painted on burlap in the artist's characteristic figurative shorthand, a sturdy analytic-Cubist Braque of 1913, an airy Matisse of a woman in her boudoir, and other exquisitely selected masterworks of the early Parisian modernists. Through June 30.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Patrick Henry Bruce (1881-1936) / **Morgan Russell** (1886-1953)—This show of paintings made in Paris traces the development of the American Bruce from Cézannesque still-lifes and landscapes through an enervating Synchromistic painting (1916) that manages to be both still-life and landscape to solid, cubic still-lifes. / A modest display of drawings illustrating Russell's fascinating shift from figuration to Robert Delaunay-like Synchromism. Through June 30. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Anthony Caro—New, compositionally majestic sculptures by this master welder, including one inspired by a Rubens depiction of the descent from the Cross, which is paired with a photographic reproduction of the source; and "Xanadu," a huge tour de force of crushed-and-rolled steel. Through June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet (1901-85)—Paintings and works on paper from 1955 to 1962 that look like closeups of soil. With these sere and gritty surfaces, Dubuffet seems to anticipate the work of artists as disparate as Milton Resnick and Anselm Kiefer. Through July 8. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Yrjö Edelmann—Technically perfect and perfectly hideous trompe-l'oeil schlock: paintings of crumpled paper and the like, in the form of novelty phone pads. Through July 14. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Roberto Juarez / Robert Graham—Juarez has traded his spicy Expressionist flowers, shells, and fruit for sombre ones (à la Terry Winters) drawn against painted abstract backgrounds; some are lined with paper towels, others mixed with sand. / Beautifully framed drawings of nudes by a fine sculptor. Through June 30. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Daniel Morper—Paintings of Manhattan vistas in which the weather is always good. Though photographically precise and energetically rendered, they feel about as New York-ish as Milwaukee—which, inexplicably, they somewhat resemble. Through June 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Pablo Picasso (1881-1973)—Small works from the Marina Picasso collection (most are for sale), including thirty paintings and more than twenty drawings, plus sculptures and graphics. There are choice tidbits from many decades, presented in a slightly stuffy way. Through June 30. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

Public Domain—There's a political edge to all the works in this odd exhibition of exemplary public-oriented art. Richard Artschwager is represented by a model for an ambitious public sculpture—a plaza, actually—which consists of a windowed monolith that can be viewed on one side from an armchair and on the other from three very tall straight-backed chairs; the grouping is as dramatic and rigid as Fascist architecture. In a more populist spirit, Dennis Adams displays the model of a bus shelter he constructed for Toronto; its illuminated panel depicts native North Americans protesting for land rights on the steps of the Peace Tower, in Ottawa, while Mounties block the building's entrance. An eloquent defense of art as a catalyst for public exchange is to be found in Hans Haacke's photo-panels with text, which document a work he installed in a Graz square last year—the piece confronted Austrians with their collaboration with the Nazis—and the intense, opposing reactions to it, which included a firebombing. Through Aug. 31. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **marisa del re,** 41 E. 57th St.: Many of the paintings and sculptures in this selection look hopelessly dated (those by Appel and Pomodoro, for example), but there are three George Tookers that are haunting studies of isolation and two Arman constructions that look like Abstract Expressionist paintings—with tubes added. Through June 30. . . . **drake,** 50 W. 57th St.: "Masterworks of Painterly Abstraction." Kenneth Noland's pieces look nice and crisp in this haphazard reunion, also attended by Frankenthaler, Francis, Olitski, and Poons, among others. Through July 29. . . . **frumkin-adams,** 50 W. 57th St.: "Sculpture & Color"—Most of the works in this show of painted representational sculptures look funky and heavily decorative, but that does not mask a few instances of serious social commentary. The most pointed piece is a violently political portrait, by Robert Arneson, of a wacked-out, five-skull general who looks a lot like Ronald Reagan and wears a badge that says, "We start bombing in five minutes." Through June 30. . . . **siegel,** 24 W. 57th St.: A full yet dreary exhibition of mostly academic landscape paintings. Virtually every vista except oceans white with foam is on view; only Earl Staley depicts a place we might want to experience. If this show were used as a case study in the nature-versus-culture debate, there is no doubt which viewpoint would win. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **tilton,** 24 W. 57th St.: Works by Belgian artists, including Panamarenko's weird Leonardo-like flying gizmos (a strap-on human flying machine and a metal bank with dragonfly wings that flap when a coin is inserted); two slapdash works (including a stuffed duckling inside an inverted wig) by Guillaume Bijl; and a large wooden "temple" by Jan Fabre covered with aggressive Bic-pen scribbles, which allude to self-mutilation in a creepy, and not very penetrating, way. Leo Copers has the most poetic and mysterious piece on view: a huge white flag at partial mast that barely touches the floor, with a drum in front of it that incessantly sounds a gallows beat. Through July 7. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dennis Ashbaugh—Recent abstract paintings, some based on genetic "fingerprints," that suggest speeding film sprockets, flickering video-monitor horizontals, and other ready symbols of technology and blurred visions. Lyrical but cool, fluent but uncertain, abstract but plugged into the image culture—this work may not be terribly compelling but it fulfills some timely demands. Through July 6. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)

David Bates / Chema Cobo—Paintings on paper of herons and of elongated fishermen. / Self-obsessed drawings, like Francesco Clemente's, of playful philosophical conceits. Also, self-portraits. Through June 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Leo Copers—A sidewise chandelier, a ghostly cocktail table, and other skewed signs of a not-so-discreet bourgeoisie, by a versatile Belgian conceptualist. Through July 21. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

Yuri Dyshlenko—Big recent paintings in a hyper-realistic but non-static street photographer's style, which seems to build from earlier, officially approved Soviet realist genres while avoiding any sense of monumentalism. These are interesting, anxious pictures. Through July 28. (Kind, 136 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Mike Glier—Thirty-one small, effortfully realistic charcoal portraits of faces that are sleeping, or, just possibly, enjoying an orgiastic moment: it's hard to tell the difference, and that's the inside joke. "Satisfaction" is the title of the exhibition catalogue, and what Glier asked each of his subjects to define. Their answers are not very exalted, and neither is this show. Through June 30. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Nigo Jones (1573-1652)—An impeccable scholarly display of lovely ink drawings by the great Palladio-influenced Elizabethan architect. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8; closed Mondays.)

Laurie Kaplowitz—Brownish paintings and collage elements and shadowy, scratched-in figures that sometimes suggest an Egyptian motif. Through July 12. (Haller, 415 West Broadway.)

Roy Lichtenstein—This invigorating exhibition brings together virtually all of the Pop master's bronzes (1976-89), an underappreciated aspect of his œuvre. Such classic Lichtenstein images as mirrors, brushstrokes, and drinking glasses are flat pictorial reliefs that have to do more with Cubist painting than with sculpture in the round. The bronzes have all the charm and wit of the artist's best paintings and are marvels of abstract composition. Through July 29. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

Jean Lowe / Rhonda Zwillinger—Paintings, ceramics, and painted furniture, with environmental and anti-vivisectionist themes, in a kitschy, cozy, American rococo style. / Candlesticks and, especially, shoes, transformed into fantastic, fetishistic architecture by means of glass, paillettes, pearls, notions-store cameos—you name it. Through July 1. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 532 Broadway.)

Joni Mabe—The walls of this obsessive installation are covered with country 45s, old license plates, and ticky-tacky memorabilia. Altars made of rusted bed frames and edged in frosted half-tires occupy most of the floor. Books documenting the artist's obsession with Elvis—one includes a snapshot of her wearing a sleeveless dress that is smothered in Elvis buttons—are more interesting than most of the standard faux-naïf fare here; two exceptions are the actual tiara Edith Massey wore in "Pink Flamingos" and a calendar from the Shakir Barber Shop. Through July 14. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays.)

David Rabinowitch—The windows, door, and walls of Barbara Flynn's new European-style gallery were designed to accommodate the sculpture on view. The result is a tall, beautiful, volumetric, minimal echo chamber with five large minimal sets of concentric rings carved directly into the plaster walls by this veteran minimalist. Through July 27. (Flynn, 113 Crosby St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, 2 to 5.)

Aleksander Roszkowski—Paintings by a young Polish artist of headless, bloody bodies hanging like sides of beef—sincere, standard Expressionism. Through July 8. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Alfonso Sánchez Rubio / Patricia Gadea—These cloyingly aestheticized paintings by a young Spaniard are composed of patterns of stars or crosses in this season's color, dark brown (with echoes of its relation to Spanish religious art history), set against last season's streaked and oxidized-looking fields, to which relics evoking religious themes have been added. / A few drapes of hot-pink shower-curtain plastic do nothing to enliven these spirited yet thin paintings of Rube Goldberg-ish contraptions—an umbrella that, if opened, would have a pair of scissors snip a thin rope, causing a sore-looking foot to drop—executed in a familiar greeting-card style. Through July 1. (Facchetti, 476 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **ALA,** 560 Broadway: The six artists here have worked in various materials, but in these sculptures and paintings fake fur is king. Pino Pascali, an Arte Povera artist who died in 1968, covered large wood zigzag panels with it to form a very phallic-looking worm that is over thirty feet long. Eric Bainbridge used it to swathe a huge animal sculpture, "The Twentieth Century," that has a duck's body, a bunny's tail, a mechanical nut for a head, and suction cups for feet. It is part Trojan horse, part Tower of Babel, and part Frankenstein's monster. Through July 28. . . . **GORNEY,** 100 Greene St.: A certain historicism prevails here: straightforward, moody photographs by James Welling of some wonderful buildings by the American architect H. H. Richardson; Justen Ladda's perspectival trick piece, involving two male figures, a chair, and what is meant to suggest a mirror; a black-and-white painting by Peter Nagy—a kind of graphic version of an Intimist interior; a beautiful small fountain by R. M. Fischer cast in industrial metals and made up of shapes that evoke the fixtures of days gone by; and the pièce de résistance, Joel Otterson's "Coffeetable Museum," a friendly, semi-functional beverage caddie constructed with copper pipes, a big slab of natural-burled wood, and dozens of cups, saucers, teapots and coffee makers representing a wide variety of brewing techniques, nationalities, and period styles—a veritable table of babble for the civilized sipper. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HANSON,** 415 West Broadway: These recent paintings by three very mercurial artists suggest a new movement of doubting Thomases doing color-field abstraction: Charles Clough's tense enamel-paint splatters against white resemble tough little Helen Frankenthalers on ice; Walter Robinson's spin paintings—a masterly version of what kids do at street fairs—seem to fly in the faces of Kenneth Noland and Gerhard Richter; and Jack Goldstein's high-tech renderings of solarized atmospheres might be the work of Barnett Newman's bionic son. Through July 5. . . . **HEARN,** 39 Wooster St.: "They See God" is a great title for a small show whose sub-theme would appear to be masturbation, *the* subject lately. It includes modest pieces in different mediums by Marina Abramovic, David Askevold, Francesco Clemente, Susan Hiller, and Mike Kelley—the last consisting of a mattress (on the floor) wrapped in a felt piecework coverlet that has been glued together to resemble stained glass. Through July 1. . . . **LENNON, WEINBERG,** 580 Broadway: Works on paper by Joan Mitchell, Willem de Kooning, John Chamberlain, Brice Marden, Malcolm Morley, Louise Fishman, Donald Lipski, Chuck Connelly, Catherine Murphy, and H. C. Westermann. Lipski—always peculiar—and the weird, wondrous Westermann deliver interesting quirks. Through Aug. 11. . . . **NOLAN,** 560 Broadway: An uneven group of works on paper which nevertheless includes some fine things, such as Gerhard Richter's abstract paintings of pooled paint, Rosemarie Trockel's odd poetic drawings, Andy Warhol's "Sex Parts" prints, and a 1973 Sigmar Polke drawing that looks like what David Salle did ten years later. Through June 30. . . . **SONNABEND,** 420 West Broadway: New works by several gallery artists that suggest some painterly developments: Meyer Vaisman's reliefs (these have an antique-coin motif) are now quite colorful; Ashley Bickerton is letting his hand show on at least one surface per piece; the erstwhile minimalist Mel Bochner has transformed his linear configurations into gestural paintings; Terry Winters has loosened up. From another, drier domain: Gilbert & George, like the film director Stephen Frears, are now safely ensconced in their position as portraitists par excellence of a new, homoerotic, heterogeneous Britain; and Haim Steinbach's *tableau mort,* a Barcelona chaise longue inside a close-fitting walnut-veneer chamber—a place for the patient, no room for the shrink—must be the last word in post-Freudianism; it's hilarious. Through July 15.

OTHER GALLERIES

Robert Morris—Fourteen works, dating from 1967 to 1983, constructed with industrial felt. Through July 14. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7.)

William Rand—Thin, shadowy, moody paintings, mostly of figures, whose many historical quotes (especially from Watteau, the historic artist of the hour) allude primarily to a faint, generalized sexiness. Through July 1. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

"Rotten to the Core"—The title for a show of original drawings—by Robert Crumb, Spain Rodriguez, Rick Griffin, and others—for the latest issue of the comic book *ZAP.* Through Aug. 6. (Psychedelic Solution Gallery, 33 W. 8th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 8.)

Group Shows—At the **CUGLIANI,** 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St.: A solid painting, using flat shapes and runny drips, by Lydia Dona; sculptures of the science-experiment variety, which is quickly becoming generic; and a wall of mirrored casement windows, by Suzan Etkin, with shapes sandblasted into them. Through June 30. . . . **FRANKLIN FURNACE,** 112 Franklin St.: "Writer's Digest/Reader's Art," an exhibit of poetic works from Germany, including Karel Trinkewitz's especially ardent political icons, and beautiful and compelling illuminated manuscripts by Horst Haack and by Reinhold Metz. Through July 1. (Closed Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **THE GALLERY,** 30 Bond St., near Lafayette St.: A deluge of pseudo-post-conceptual sculptures, with many of the associated elements, like Laura Nash's scaled aquariums lined in what looks like Dippity-Do. There is a glib, metaphoric critique of group shows in general, by Sylvia Kolbowski: a Plexiglas box filled with the shredded remains of the many solicitations she got from charities during the five weeks between receiving the invitation to participate in this show and installing the box. Through June 30.

Horst

PHOTOGRAPHY

Peter Campus's pictures are easy to miss, because they are so passive; Campus does nothing to please or seduce the viewer. Yet no frills doesn't mean no style. His imagery has the purity of Shaker furniture, but there the similarity stops. The mood of a Campus is never neutral—it is almost always dark, and a worldly consciousness lies behind these brooding pictures. Campus's projects have ranged from a series of head shots, each of which is an intense psychological portrait rather than the face defending itself against the camera, to landscapes that attracted the photographer because of their geological history, not because of their picturesqueness.

Now Campus, who has a show at Paula Cooper until June 30th, has produced a group of photographs that give meaning to the art-historical term for a still-life, *nature morte.* If ever still-lifes were about dead nature, these are: there are dried-up leaves, for instance, and shards of bark, all of which are utterly lifeless. By magnifying them, Campus amplifies each object's morbidity, and the resulting sense of emptiness is very strong. Every photograph reveals what loss really feels like: cold and factual. Campus does not romanticize. Even the potentially pretty pictures—the ones of shells—are unpoetic; there is none of the usual nostalgia of summers-gone-by here. These images are more like O'Keeffe's skulls in the way they signal absence. Too bad Campus's work is so rarely given the spotlight. This is photography that is honest and discerning.

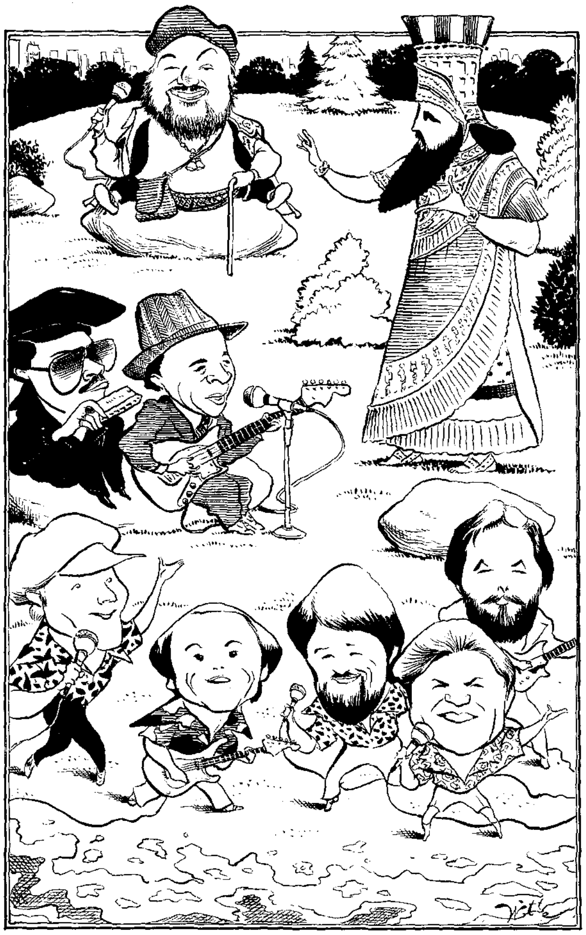
Harry Callahan / Barbara Morgan—Selections of color shots from 1978 to 1987 are arranged with some of Callahan's earlier, black-and-white photographs. The exhibition brings out this accomplished photographer's vision, which is so centered that he can afford to experiment. The result is a body of work that's never static, but that also has a consistent core. / This collection of prints, drawings, watercolors, and photographs shows Morgan's unswerving commitment to the idea of modern art as a vehicle for discovery. There are derivative pieces and there are powerful original works. None of them are flat. Through July 16. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, except July 4, from noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Horst—Among the platinum prints that have been chosen to represent what Horst has done since the thirties, there is ample proof that he has made a twentieth-century version of classical art out of beauty and fashion shots. Through July 7. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Stephen Shore / Nancy Hellebrand—Rich color and crisp detail is what comes to mind when we think about Shore's work, and these landscapes taken in Scotland and Texas are no exception. They certainly have a virtuoso technique, but they feel a bit too obedient to what is expected of a serious photographer at present. / Hellebrand's images of writing are dynamic examples of photography as drawing. The background textures have the effect of making the sweeps of line look as if they were on handmade paper, thus reinforcing the presence of the hand. Some of the writing in these pictures is legible, some is not; sometimes the more abstract markings look like lines in a graph, and sometimes like calligraphy. The variety of expression in Hellebrand's images made us want to see a fresh show that would bring together visual artists who have worked with language—there are so many of them, and the subject could do with more exploration. Through Aug. 30. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Dan Weiner (1919-59)—Counting the number of people smoking cigarettes has become a new way to date photographs. In Weiner's pictures of the fifties there's no "no smoking" rule stopping anyone, but almost every other kind of pressure is shown to be at work in "America Worked." These candid photographs reveal faith not in God but in goods, and there are also brilliant exposés of office dynamics. Many of these potent images were taken on assignment for *Fortune*; here, in a new context, they provide a retrospective view of the era they were documenting—they're like an ethnological portrait of a tribe under a spell. Through July 11. (Museum of Modern Art.) . . . ¶ Photofind, at 138 Spring St., also has an exhibit of Weiner prints. (Through June 30.)

Short List—**mark berghash** and **benno friedman,** Pfeifer, 568 Broadway, closed Saturdays (through June 30); **beatrice helg,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway, opens at noon on Saturdays (through July 8).



Out-of-Doors: *Dr. John, "Nabucco," the Beach Boys, Sugar Blue, and Carolina Slim*

MUSIC

Most of the summer music festivals are set in lovely grounds; the Caramoor Festival is distinctive among them for the pleasantness and intimacy of the actual performing spaces, and two events stand out among the current Caramoor fare. On the eve of Independence Day, William Bolcom and Joan Morris will give one of their familiar, inimitable evenings of American song. Two days earlier, on July 1st, the festival offers another attractive possibility: a pair of good string players, Krista Bennion and Louise Schulman, in Mozart's Sinphonia Concertante, and Schubert's "Great" C-Major Symphony with the Orchestra of St. Luke's, under Julius Rudel. The combination of Schubert, Rudel, and St. Luke's is also being recorded these days, on the Music Masters label.

IN TOWN

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**central park's great lawn:** June 26 at 8 (rain date, June 29 at 6), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mariella Devia, Alfredo Kraus, J. Patrick Raftery, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Edoardo Müller. . . . **snug harbor,** Staten Island: June 28 at 8 (rain date, June 29 at 8), "Il Trovatore," with Susan Dunn, Mignon Dunn, Franco Bonanome, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton. . . . **cunningham park,** Queens: June 30 at 8 (rain date, July 2 at 8), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mariella Devia, Alfredo Kraus, J. Patrick Raftery, and Paul Plishka; Edoardo Müller. . . . ¶ A little farther afield are the following: **eisenhower park,** East Meadow, Long Island: July 1 at 8 (rain date, July 2 at 8), "Il Trovatore," with Susan Dunn, Mignon Dunn, Lando Bartolini, Richard J. Clark, and Terry Cook; Thomas Fulton. . . . **brookdale park,** Montclair, N. J.: July 3 at 8 (rain date, July 6 at 8), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Marilyn Mims, Alfredo Kraus, J. Patrick Raftery, and Paul Plishka; Edoardo Müller. . . . **waterloo village,** Stanhope, N. J.: July 5 at 8 (rain date, July 6 at 8), "Il Trovatore," with Susan Dunn, Stefania Toczyska, Lando Bartolini, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton.

Golden Fleece Ltd.—Jerome Shannon conducting the premières of four compositions for voice and accompaniment: "Yellow Wallpaper," by David McKay; "Heilbaddame aus Hölle," by David Snow; "Wraecca," by Alice Shields; and "The Last Leaf," by James Leeds. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. June 27 and June 29 at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

Danish Radio Choir—In a program that will include works by contemporary Danish composers. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. June 29 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Reimann Opera Studio—In fully staged performances of Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Saint of Bleecker Street"; conducted by Robert Wallace. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. 998-5278. June 29-July 1 at 8.)

OUT OF TOWN

Caramoor Music Festival—July 1 at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's in a Beethoven-Mozart-Schubert program. . . . ¶ July 2 at 5:30: The Ensemble for Early Music, directed by Frederick Renz, performing "Roman de Fauvel," a traditional fourteenth-century French musical work incorporating theatre and dance. . . . ¶ July 3 at 5:30: William Bolcom, piano, and Joan Morris, soprano. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Aug. 20. Trains that leave Grand Central on Saturdays at 2:48 and 5:48, and on Sundays at 3:48, are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Waterloo Festival Orchestra—David Atherton conducting, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. The season of weekly concerts runs through July 30. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. 1-201 347-4700. July 1 at 8:30.)

Tanglewood—Opening concerts of the fifty-second season, which will run through Sept. 2. June 30 at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players and members of the Juilliard String Quartet in a Mozart-Copland program. With Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ July 1 at 8:30: Members of the Juilliard String Quartet, with Mr. Kalish. . . . ¶ July 2 at 2:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players and the Juilliard String Quartet in a program of music by Mozart, Copland, and Brahms. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1940.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES

10,000 Maniacs—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. June 28-29 at 8.

The Who—Performing their rock opera, "Tommy." (Radio City Music Hall. June 27 at 8.) . . . ¶ In concert. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 1-201 935-3900. June 29-30 and July 2-3, all at 8.)

"Reggae Sunsplash"—With Steel Pulse and others. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 473-7171. June 30-July 1 at 7.)

Aretha Franklin—Radio City Music Hall. July 5-7 at 8.

JVC Jazz Festival—June 26: At 5, Dr. John at Weill Recital Hall. . . . ¶ June 27: At 5, Oliver Jones with Jimmy Owens at Weill Recital Hall; at 7, Illinois Jacquet and his big band at the Winter Garden Plaza, in Battery Park City (free); at 8, "An Evening of Jazz and the American Song," with Rosemary Clooney, the Dave Brubeck quartet, Marian McPartland, and others at Carnegie Hall; at 8, "Bebop Revisited," with Dizzy Gillespie, Mel Lewis, Art Blakey, and others at Avery Fisher Hall; at 8, News for Lulu (John Zorn, Bill Frisell, and George Lewis) and Miniature (Tim Berne, Joey Baron, and Hank Roberts) at Alice Tully Hall. . . . ¶ June 28: At 5, Roland Hanna at Weill Recital Hall; at 7, Ray Charles and the Temptations at Avery

Fisher Hall; at 8, Sarah Vaughan with Milt Jackson at Carnegie Hall; at 8, Geri Allen, Charlie Haden, Paul Motian, and Curlew at Alice Tully Hall; at 11, the Temptations and the O'Jays at Avery Fisher Hall. . . . ¶ June 29: At 5, Dave Frishberg at Weill Recital Hall; at 7, Grover Washington, Jr., George Duke and Stanley Clarke, Branford Marsalis, and Joey DeFrancesco at Avery Fisher Hall; at 8, Mel Tormé with the Nancy Wilson trio and others at Carnegie Hall; at 8, Cassandra Wilson and the Microscopic Septet at Alice Tully Hall. . . . ¶ June 30: At 5, Don Pullen at Weill Recital Hall; at 7, Spyro Gyra and Marcus Roberts at Avery Fisher Hall; at 8, an anniversary concert for the Blue Note at Carnegie Hall; at 8, Steve Coleman & Five Elements and Scanners (Elliott Sharp, Percy Jones, and David Linton) at Alice Tully Hall; at 11, the Allman Brothers Band at Avery Fisher Hall. . . . ¶ July 1: At 5:30, James Williams at Weill Recital Hall; at 7 and 11, the Fania All-Star Six, Herbie Mann, Michel Camilo, and others at Carnegie Hall; at 8, Chick Corea and Larry Carlton at Avery Fisher Hall; at 8, Clark Terry at Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St., 840-2824; at 8, the Cecil Taylor trio and the Jazz Passengers at Alice Tully Hall; at 8, John Mayall and the Bluesbreakers on the Hudson River Dayliner, Pier 81, 956-5550. (The phone number for Weill Recital Hall and for Carnegie Hall is 247-7800; for Avery Fisher Hall, 874-2424; and for Alice Tully Hall, 362-1911.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

ANKEES—Vs. the Milwaukee Brewers, June 30-July 1 at 7:30, July 2 at 1:30, and July 3 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Tigers, July 4 at 1:30, July 5 at 7:30, and July 6 at 1.

ETS—Away until July 6.

(Home base for the Mets is Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

ORSES—At Belmont: Daily, except June 27 and July 5, at 1. The Coaching Club American Oaks is on July 3; the Suburban Handicap, July 4. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30. . . . At the Atlantic City Race Course: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:15. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

HE GLORIOUS FOURTH—The Founders probably never dreamed that future Americans would celebrate the anniversary of the Signing primarily by grilling their suppers. But so they do. To encourage patriotism among New Yorkers without encouraging barbecues on rooftops, fire escapes, or in Central Park, the city has designated a bunch of "official" grilling sites, several of which are in Brooklyn and the Bronx, most of which are in Queens: Alley Pond Park, Cunningham Park, Flushing Meadows Park, Forest Park, and Rockaway Beach. Cap the evening with an after-supper stroll along F.D.R. Drive (closed that night from Fourteenth to Forty-second Streets) to the banks of the East River. At 9:20, from the deck of a barge, the Macy's people will ignite more than ten thousand shells, some shaped like butterflies, silver swallows, or peonies. If, however, you've secured a roof with a river view, you might want to stay where you are.

ONES BEACH THEATRE—The Beach Boys and Chicago, June 27-28 at 8. (For information about tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

ENTRAL PARK BAND SHELL—June 29 at 7:30: The New York Grand Opera's new production of Verdi's "Nabucco.". . . ¶ June 30 at 8:30: Marta Renzi and Dancers; and Mr. Elk and Mr. Seal. . . . ¶ July 1 at 3: Sugar Blue, with Carolina Slim. . . . ¶ July 2 at 3: Sonny Okosun, with Malombo. (Mid-Park at 72nd Street. No tickets necessary. For rain-date information, call 860-1335.)

PROSPECT PARK BAND SHELL—June 30 at 8: Dr. John (rain date, July 1 at 3). . . . ¶ July 1 at 8: David Peaston, with Eye and I (rain date, July 2 at 3). . . . ¶ July 2 at 8: Mister Spats, with the Peter Moffitt band (rain date, July 3 at 8).

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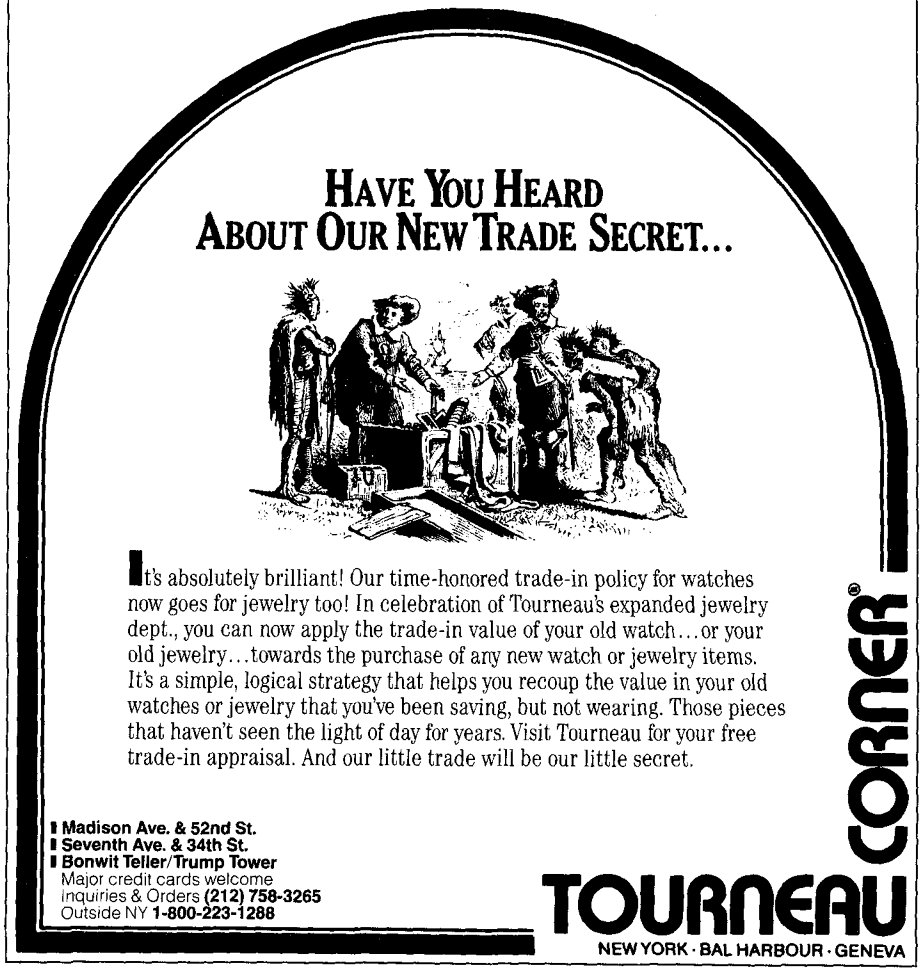

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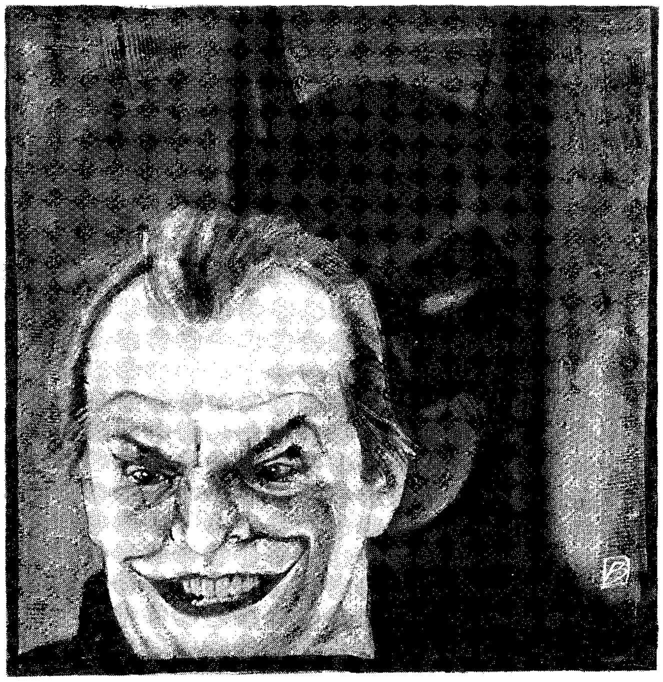


Jack Nicholson in "Batman"

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Imitation of Life" (1959, directed by Douglas Sirk), with Lana Turner, John Gavin, Sandra Dee, Juanita Moore, and Susan Kohner. (Closed Mondays.)

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Batman" (Tim Burton), with Jack Nicholson and Michael Keaton.
Theatre 2: "Batman."
Theatre 3: "Batman."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Dead Poets Society" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through July 4: "Field of Dreams" (†).
From July 5: "Weekend at Bernie's" (Ted Kotcheff), with Andrew McCarthy and Jonathan Silverman.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
"Batman" (Tim Burton), with Jack Nicholson and Michael Keaton.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 29: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†). From June 30: "Great Balls of Fire" (Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid and Winona Ryder.
Theatre 3: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 29: "Miss Firecracker" (†).
From June 30: "A Sinful Life."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Scandal" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" (Joe Johnston), with Rick Moranis.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Heathers" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through June 29: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips. June 30–July 4: "Do the Right Thing" (Spike Lee), with Danny Aiello and Lee. From July 5: "Weekend at Bernie's" (Ted Kotcheff), with Andrew McCarthy and Jonathan Silverman.
Theatre 2: Through June 29: "No Holds Barred" (Thomas J. Wright), with Hulk Hogan. From June 30: "Do the Right Thing"

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Field of Dreams" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters II."

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Batman" (Tim Burton), with Jack Nicholson and Michael Keaton.
Theatre 2: "Dead Poets Society" (†).
Theatre 3: "Milk and Honey" (Rebecca Yates and Glen Salzman), with Josette Simon and Lyman Ward.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 29: "Vampire's Kiss" (†).
From June 30: "The Karate Kid Part III" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.
Theatre 2: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through June 29: "Earth Girls Are Easy" (Julien Temple), with Geena Davis.
From June 30: "Great Balls of Fire" (Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid and Winona Ryder.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" (Joe Johnston), with Rick Moranis.
Theatre 2: "Batman" (Tim Burton), with Jack Nicholson and Michael Keaton.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I, 57th Watts St. (431-1590)
Through June 27: "Comic Book Confidential" (†).
From June 28: "Funny" (directed by Bran Ferren), a documentary.

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Vincent: The Life and Death of Vincent van Gogh" (†).
Theatre 2: "Let's Get Lost" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through June 29: "Field of Dreams" (†). From June 30: "The Karate Kid Part III" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: Through July 4: "Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (†). From July 5: "Weekend at Bernie's" (Ted Kotcheff), with Andrew McCarthy and Jonathan Silverman.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through June 29: "Vampire's Kiss" (†).
From June 30: "A Sinful Life."

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.
Theatre 2: Through June 29: "Ghostbusters II." From June 30: "Do the Right Thing" (Spike Lee), with Danny Aiello and Lee.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "High Hopes" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tampopo" (†) and "A Taxing Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 27: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971, Louis Malle; in French), with Léa Massari, Benoit Ferreux, and Daniel Gélin. From June 28 (tentative): "The Navigator: An Odyssey Across Time" (Vincent Ward), with Bruce Lyons.
Theatre 4: "Scandal" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.
Theatre 2: "Field of Dreams" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 29: "Ghostbusters II." From June 30: "The Karate Kid Part III" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Dead Poets Society" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 49th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters II."
Theatre 3: Through June 29: "Field of Dreams" (†). From June 30: "Do the Right Thing" (Spike Lee), with Danny Aiello and Lee.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 29: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962, David Lean), with Peter O'Toole.
From June 30: "The Karate Kid Part III" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Beaches" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Cold Feet" (Robert Dornhelm), with Keith Carradine, Sally Kirkland, and Tom Waits.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Rainbow" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Field of Dreams" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 29: "Vampire's Kiss" (†).
From June 30: "Great Balls of Fire" (Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid and Winona Ryder.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Little Vera" (Vasily Pichul; in Russian), with Natalya Negoda.
Theatre 2: Through June 27: "High Hopes" (†). From June 28: "Chocolat" (†).
Theatre 3: "Kung Fu Master" (Agnès Varda; in French).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 27: "Chocolat" (†).

From June 28: "A Taxing Woman's Return" (Juzo Itami; in Japanese), with Nobuko Miyamoto.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.
Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dead Poets Society" (†).
Theatre 4: "Batman" (Tim Burton), with Jack Nicholson and Michael Keaton.
Theatre 5: "Batman."
Theatre 6: "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" (Joe Johnston), with Rick Moranis.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through July 4: "Field of Dreams" (†). From July 5: "Weekend at Bernie's" (Ted Kotcheff), with Andrew McCarthy and Jonathan Silverman.
Theatre 2: Through June 29: "Scandal" (†). From June 30: "Do the Right Thing" (Spike Lee), with Danny Aiello and Lee.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.
Theatre 2: Through June 29: "Ghostbusters II." From June 30: "The Karate Kid Part III" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Batman" (directed by Tim Burton), with Jack Nicholson and Michael Keaton.
Theatre 2: "No Holds Barred" (Thomas J. Wright), with Hulk Hogan.
Theatre 3: Through July 4: "Cyborg" (Albert Pyun), with Jean-Claude Van Damme. From July 5: "Weekend at Bernie's" (Ted Kotcheff), with Andrew McCarthy and Jonathan Silverman.
Theatre 4: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 5: "Batman."
Theatre 6: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" (Joe Johnston), with Rick Moranis.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.
Theatre 3: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier."
Theatre 4: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.
Theatre 2: Through June 29: "Ghostbusters II." From June 30: "Do the Right Thing" (Spike Lee), with Danny Aiello and Lee.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through June 29: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.
From June 30: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962, David Lean), with Peter O'Toole.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "Far from Home."
Theatre 2: "Scandal" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through June 27: "The Fountainhead" (1949, directed by King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "Notorious" (1946, Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains.
June 28: "Morocco" (1930, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper; and "Blonde Venus" (1932, von Sternberg), with Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore.
June 29-July 1: "North by Northwest" (1959, Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Suspicion" (1941, Hitchcock), with Grant and Joan Fontaine.
July 2-4: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940, George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955, Alfred Hitchcock), with Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.
From July 5: "The General Died at Dawn" (1936, Lewis Milestone), with Madeleine Carroll and Gary Cooper; and "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (1935, Henry Hathaway), with Cooper, Franchot Tone, and Richard Cromwell.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 27: "Women in Love" (1970, Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, Glenda Jackson, and Jennie Linden; and "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1955, Marc Allégret; in French), with Danielle Darrieux.
June 28-29: "Batman" (1966, Leslie Martinson), with Adam West and Burt Ward; and "Barbarella" (1968, Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings.
June 30-July 1: "Full Metal Jacket" (1987, Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Lee Ermey; and "Paths of Glory" (1957, Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas.
July 2: "The Magic Flute" (1975, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Musical Passage" (1984, Jim Brown), a documentary about Lazar Gosman.
July 3-4: Two programs of cartoons shown each day.
From July 5: "Haunted Summer" (1989, Ivan Passer), with Philip Anglim, Laura Dern, Alice Krige, Eric Stoltz, and Alex Winter; and "Cutter's Way" (†).

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)
Through June 29: "Princess Tam Tam" (1935, Edmond T. Gréville; in French), with Josephine Baker and Albert Préjean; and "Zou Zou" (1934, Marc Allégret; in French), with Baker and Jean Gabin.
June 30-July 4: "Toute une Nuit" (1982, Chantal Akerman; in French).
From July 5: "Les Rendez-vous d'Anna" (1978, Chantal Akerman; in French).

Seaport Cinema, 210 Front St. (608-7889)
June 26: To be announced.
June 27-29: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976, Federico Fellini), with Donald Sutherland; and "Fellini's Roma" (1972, Fellini; in English and Italian).
June 30-July 3: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (1988, Philip Kaufman), with Daniel Day-Lewis, Lena Olin, and Juliette Binoche; and "Last Tango in Paris" (1972, Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.
From July 4: "The Wind" (1928, Victor Seastrom; silent), with Lillian Gish, Montagu Love, Lars Hanson, and Dorothy Cumming; and "Broken Blossoms" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
June 26: "The Party Crashers" (1958, Bernard Girard), with Connie Stevens; "Gun Girls" (1956, Robert Dertano); and "Test Tube Babies" (1953, W. Merle Connell).
June 27: "Die Hard" (1988, John McTiernan), with Bruce Willis; and "The Towering Inferno" (1974, John Guillermin), with Steve McQueen, Paul Newman, William Holden, and Faye Dunaway.
June 28: "Planet of the Apes" (1968, Franklin Schaffner), with Charlton Heston; and "War of the Worlds" (1953, Byron Haskin), with Gene Barry.
June 29: "Straight Through the Heart" (1983, Doris Dörrie; in German); and "A Woman in Flames" (1984, Robert Van Ackeren; in German), with Gudrun Landgrebe.
June 30-July 1: "Tequila Sunrise" (1988, Robert Towne), with Mel Gibson, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Kurt Russell; and "Chinatown" (1974, Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.
July 2: "A Special Day" (1977, Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977, Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, Stefania Sandrelli, and Aldo Fabrizi.
July 3: "Tommy" (1975, Ken Russell), with Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, and Roger Daltrey; and "Little Shop of Horrors" (1986, Frank Oz), with Rick Moranis, Ellen Greene, and Vincent Gardenia.
July 4: "Bull Durham" (1988, Ron Shelton), with Kevin Costner, Susan Sarandon, and Tim Robbins; and "Eight Men Out" (1988, John Sayles).
July 5: "Maurice" (1987, James Ivory), with James Wilby, Hugh Grant, and Rupert Graves; and "A Room with a View" (1986, Ivory), with Maggie Smith, Denholm Elliott, Helena Bonham-Carter, Julian Sands, and Daniel Day Lewis.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 26: "Jules and Jim" (1962, François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959, Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
June 27: "Deception" (1946, Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, and Claude Rains; and "Beyond the Forest" (1949, King Vidor), with Davis, Joseph Cotten, and David Brian.
June 28: "Black Narcissus" (1947, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Deborah Kerr, Sabu, David Farrar, and Flora Robson; and "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970, Christopher Miles), with Joanna Shimkus and Franco Nero.
June 29: "The Young Savages" (†); and "Seconds" (1966, John Frankenheimer), with Rock Hudson, Salome Jens, and John Randolph.
June 30-July 1: "Roman Holiday" (†); and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961, Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Buddy Ebsen, and Martin Balsam.
July 2: "Scarface" (†) and "Hell's Angels" (†).
July 3: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962, Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (†).
July 4: "An American in Paris" (1951, Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, and Oscar Levant; and "Rhapsody in Blue" (1945, Irving Rapper), with Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith, and Levant.
July 5: "The Spanish Gardener" (1957, Philip Leacock), with Dirk Bogarde, Jon Whiteley, and Cyril Cusack; and "Finger of Guilt" ("The Intimate Stranger"; 1956, Joseph Losey), with Richard Basehart, Mary Murphy, and Constance Cummings.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
THEATRE I: June 26 at 2:30: "... And Justice for All" (1979, directed by Norman Jewison), with Al Pacino, Jack Warden, and Lee Strasberg. . . . ¶ June 26 at 6: "Mean Streets" (1973, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel. . . . ¶ June 27 at 3: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1974, Scorsese), with Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, and Jodie Foster. . . . ¶ June 27 at 6: "Saint Jack" (1979, Peter Bogdanovich), with Ben Gazzara and Denholm Elliott. . . . ¶ Films directed by John Cassavetes. June 30 at 2:30: "Shadows" (1960), with Hugh Hurd, Lelia Goldoni, and Ben Carruthers. . . . June 30 at 6: "Opening Night" (1978), with Gena Rowlands, Gazzara, and Cassavetes. . . . July 1 at 2: "The Killing of a Chinese Bookie" (1976), with Gazzara, Timothy Agoglia Carey, and Seymour Cassel. . . . July 1 at 5: "A Woman Under the Influence" (1974), with Peter Falk, Rowlands, and Katherine Cassavetes. . . . July 2 at 2: "Opening Night." . . . July 2 at 5: "Love Streams" (1984), with Cassavetes, Rowlands, and Diahnne Abbott. . . . July 3 at 2:30: "Faces" (1968), with John Marley, Rowlands, and Cassel. . . . July 3 at 6: "Shadows." . . . July 4 at 2:30: "Love Streams." . . . July 4 at 6: "Faces."
THEATRE 2: June 26 at 6:30: Short super-8 and 16-mm. films by Yann Beauvais, who will be present. . . . ¶ June 29 at 3 and 6: Cuban documentaries.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Avant-garde comedies. June 28 at 2:30: "Hold Me While I'm Naked" (1966), "Knocturne" (1968), and "Corruption of the Damned" (1965), all by George Kuchar. . . . ¶ June 29 at 2:30: "The Craven Sluck" (1967) and "Sins of the Fleshapoids" (1965), both by Mike Kuchar. . . . ¶ June 30 at 2:30: "Hold Me While I'm Naked," "Knocturne," and "Corruption of the Damned." . . . ¶ July 1 at 2: "Secondary Currents" (1982, Peter

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Rose), "Wide Angle Saxon" (1975, Owen Land), and "Rocket Boy vs. Brakhage" (1989, Phil Solomon). . . . ¶ July 1 at 4:30: "Blue Moses" (1962, Stan Brakhage) and "So Is This" (1982, Michael Snow). . . . ¶ July 2 at 2: "The Great Blondino" (1967) and "Bleu Shut" (1970), both by Robert Nelson. . . . ¶ July 2 at 4:30: "Brute Charm" (1989, Emily Breer), "Runaway" (1969, Standish Lawder), "Flying Fur" (1981, George Griffin), "Mongreloid" (1978, George Kuchar), "Doggie Diner and the Return of Doggie Diner" (1969, Lenny Lipton), "Rat Life and Diet in North America" (1968, Joyce Wieland). . . . ¶ July 5 at 2:30: "The Cage" (1947) and "The Lead Shoes" (1949), both by Sidney Peterson.

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing at either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. June 28 at 7: "L'Atalante" (1934, Jean Vigo). . . . ¶ June 28 at 9: "Fall of the House of Usher" (1928, John Sibley Watson and Melville Webber), "Lapis" (1966, James Whitney), "Film Exercises 1-5" (1943-45, John and James Whitney), and "Sausalito" (1948, Frank Stauffacher). . . . ¶ June 29 at 8: Short films by Kenneth Anger—"Fireworks" (1947), "Puce Moment" (1970), "Rabbit's Moon" (1970), "Eaux d'Artifice" (1953), and "Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome" (1966). . . . ¶ June 30 at 8 and 10: More short films by Anger—"Scorpio Rising" (1963), "Kustom Kar Kommandos" (1965), "Invocation of My Demon Brother" (1969), and "Lucifer Rising" (1974). . . . ¶ July 1 at 4 and July 2 at 8: "The Evening Sacrifice" (1987, Alexander Sokurov), "Against the Current" (1988, Dimitri Delov), "Chernobyl: Chronicle of Difficult Weeks" (1986, Vladimir Shevchenko), and "Black Square" (1988, Joseph Pasternak). . . . ¶ July 1 at 8 and July 2 at 4: "Adonis XIV" (1988, Bako Sadykov), "Scenes at a Fountain" (1986, Igor Gonopolsky), "Homecoming" (1987, Tatyana Chubakova), "Tomorrow Is a Holiday" (1987, Sergei Bukovsky), and "Final Verdict" (1987; Hertz Frank).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Films, videotapes, and performances by thirty-four artists as part of the 1989 Biennial. June 27 at 1:30 and June 28 at 11:30: "Inside Life Outside" (1988, Sachiko Hamada and Scott Sinkler), "Blues for Piggy" (1987, John Arvanites), "India Time" (1987, Ken Feingold), and "Out of the Mouth of Babes" (1987, Sherry Millner and Ernest Larsen). . . . ¶ June 27 at 4 and June 28 at 2: "Art of Memory" (1987, Woody Vasulka), "Belchite-South Bronx: A Trans-Historical, Trans-Cultural Landscape" (1987, Francesc Torres), "Born to Be Sold: Martha Rosler Reads the Strange Case of Baby M" (1988, Rosler, with Paper Tiger Television), and "Production Notes: Fast Food for Thought" (1987, Jason Simon). . . . ¶ June 27 at 6:30: "Art of Memory" and "Belchite-South Bronx: A Trans-Historical, Trans-Cultural Landscape." . . . ¶ June 29-July 5: "Incidence of Catastrophe" (1988, Gary Hill), "Joyride" (1988, Tony Oursler and Constance DeJong), "Hitchcock Trilogy: Vertigo, Psycho, Torn Curtain" (1987, Rea Tajiri), "Under a Malicious Sky" (1988, Hans Breder), "Peggy and Fred in Kansas" (1987, Leslie Thornton), and "Peggy and Fred and Pete" (1988, Thornton). Showings Wednesday through Saturday at 11:30 and Sunday at 12:30. . . . ¶ June 29-July 5: "Motorist" (1989, Chip Lord), "Ritual Clowns" (1988, Victor Masayesva, Jr.), "Lilith" (1987, Steina Vasulka), and "Living with the Living Theatre" (1989, Nam June Paik, with Betsy Connors and Paul Garrin). Showings Wednesday through Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty years. June 27-July 1: Paul Gallico's "Verna: U.S.O. Girl" (1978, PBS), with Sissy Spacek, William Hurt, and Howard Da Silva. . . . From July 5: Horton Foote's "Travelling Lady" (1957, CBS), with Kim Stanley and Robert Loggia. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ Comedies seen on cable. June 27-July 1: "A Steven Wright Special" (1985). . . . From July 5: "History of White People in America, Parts I and II" (1986), hosted by Martin Mull. Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15. . . . ¶ Commemoration of Richard Rodgers. June 27-July 1: "The Ed Sullivan Show" (1962, CBS), a tribute to Rodgers, with Peggy Lee, Steve Lawrence, Diahann Carroll, and others. . . . From July 5: "Rodgers and Hammerstein" (1954, ABC, CBS, NBC), celebrating the tenth anniversary of their collaboration, with such performers as Gordon MacRae, Florence Henderson, Yul Brynner, and Ezio Pinza. Showings Tuesdays at 2:30 and 6:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ Shows produced and directed by Gary Smith and Dwight Hemion. June 27-July 1: "My Name is Barbra" (1965, CBS) and "Barbra Streisand . . . and Other Musical Instruments" (1973, CBS). . . . From July 5: "Singer Presents Tony Bennett" (1966, ABC) and "Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass" (1967, CBS). Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1.

92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100)—June 29 at 8: "Silkwood" (1983, Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep, Cher, and Kurt Russell. Following the screening, Dr. Sybil Del Gaudio and Howard Kohn, the author of "Who Killed Karen Silkwood?," will talk about the film.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Beaches—This movie about the lifelong friendship between two women of contrasting backgrounds—Bette Midler as CC Bloom, a show biz-crazy Jewish redhead from New York, and Barbara Hershey as Hillary Whitney, a repressed wealthy Wasp from San Francisco—suggests the kind of material that Midler might be using for a takeoff. Instead, it's being played for maudlin soulfulness. After a while, it turns into an all-girl "Love Story," with Hillary becoming ghoulishly pale from heart disease and CC (now a singing star) staying at her side. If you admired Midler in "The Rose" and "Down and Out in Beverly Hills," you may want to bash your head against the wall. With Mayim Bialik, who must have been specially created to be CC at eleven, and John Heard. The director, Garry Marshall, shows no feeling for the material—not even false feeling; the script, by Mary Agnes Donoghue, is from Iris Rainer Dart's novel.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/23/89.) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Broken Blossoms (1919)—D. W. Griffith's stylized lyric tragedy—a small-scale film that is one of his most poetic, and one of his finest. With Lillian Gish as the childish waif (the source, possibly, of the Giulietta Masina role in "La Strada"), Donald Crisp as the brutal Zampanò-like prizefighter, and Richard Barthelmess as the lonely Chinese dreamer. Silent.—P.K. (Seaport Cinema; starting July 4.)

Chocolat—Whatever Claire Denis's first feature is supposed to be about, it proves, at least, that the English don't have a monopoly on swanky colonial torpor. The movie is constructed as an extended flashback: a young Frenchwoman (named France) travelling in Africa remembers her fifties girlhood in a remote outpost of Cameroon, where her father was a district officer. Most of this story consists of smoldering looks exchanged by the girl's beautiful mother (Giulia Boschi) and the family's handsome African "boy," Protée (Isaach de Bankolé). When Maman feels herself becoming too hot and bothered at the sight of the noble black man, she brusquely orders him to fetch something; Protée deals with his frustration by taking a lot of showers. Nothing actually happens. In denying him any kind of release for his pent-up desire, Denis encourages us to think she's making a political point. What she's really doing is dehumanizing him—treating him as a gleaming hunk whose anger and wounded reserve just make him more exotically alluring. "Chocolat" looks pretty good, but it's merde in a fancy wrapper. In French.—T.R. (Cinema Studio; through June 27. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; starting June 28.)

Audrey Hepburn in "Roman Holiday"

Comic Book Confidential—This documentary by the Canadian filmmaker Ron Mann begins promisingly, with a brisk, hilarious survey of the early days of comic books: the innocent thirties, the superhero-dominated forties, and the bizarre fifties, when comics were widely viewed as a noxious influence on young minds and the publishers started to censor themselves. Both the art and the interviews in this section are strong and vivid, and Mann also includes excerpts from some superbly hysterical anti-comics propaganda films. But when Mann hits the sixties the pace slackens; the movie begins to make its case for the importance of the art form, and it takes on the ponderous rhythm of an introductory textbook. One by one, the artists are paraded before us, from the counterculture wild men of *ZAP Comix* to the brooding avant-gardists of *Raw*, and each is given a brief, uncritical profile. Mann treats all of them as if they were superheroes of the arts. There are, however, funny segments devoted to Lynda Barry and Harvey Pekar—both of them far too peculiar and marginal to fit into capes and tight bodysuits.—T.R. (Film Forum 1; through June 27.)

Cutter's Way (1981)—Its original title, "Cutter and Bone," is also the name of Newton Thornburg's 1976 novel, on which it's based. This moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness is set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California; it has an odd, hallucinatory lyricism—the atmosphere is never less than absorbing. John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes; Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-Fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin, the film is an attempt to get at something that—if it were arrived at—might turn out to be less subtle than all the ambiguous reaching and groping suggests. The film is packed with symbolic gestures, though they're not quite as effective as the ghostly fiesta scene behind the opening titles, with señoritas dancing to music that's different from the music we hear, and castanets silently clicking. With Lisa Eichhorn as Cutter's burned-out wife, Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt.—P.K. (Cinema Village; starting July 5.)

Dangerous Liaisons—One of the least static costume films ever made, and what costumes! The women—Glenn Close, Michelle Pfeiffer, Uma Thurman, Swoosie Kurtz, Mildred Natwick—look as if they'd been dressed by Gainsborough. (Actually, it was James Acheson, who also dressed "The Last Emperor.") Principally about the erotic power games played by the Marquise de Merteuil (Glenn Close) and the Vicomte de Valmont (John Malkovich), who were once lovers but are now allies and co-conspirators, this first-rate piece of work by the daring and agile director Stephen Frears is alive in a way that movies of classics rarely are. The paradisially beautiful Pfeiffer is wonderfully affecting as the pawn of the debauchers' final game. The screenwriter, Christopher Hampton, reworked his 1985 theatrical version of the 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Festival.)

Dead Poets Society—Robin Williams gives an astonishingly empathic performance as an eager, dedicated prep-school teacher in the late fifties. This teacher talks to his boys about the passions expressed in poetry and helps them release their creative impulses. But one of the boys, soaring on his new confidence, lacks the shrewdness and courage to deal with his rigid, uncomprehending father, and makes a disastrous choice. Directed by Peter Weir, from a script by Tom Schulman, the picture draws out the obvious and turns itself into a classic. Weir, it appears, is more interested in the elegiac than in the dramatic. Like his "Gallipoli," this film has a gold ribbon attached to it. The perception of reality here is the black and white of pulp fiction (without the visceral excitement). With Robert Sean Leonard, Ethan Hawke, Josh Charles, Gale Hansen, and Kurtwood Smith and Norman Lloyd.—P.K. (6/26/89) (Gramercy, Cinema II, Guild, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Field of Dreams—Doggerel emotion. Kevin Costner, a New Age farmer in Iowa, longs to be reconciled with his dead father, a minor-league baseball player whose outlook he had rejected in the sixties. He hears a whispered command to build a baseball field, and when he does the spirits of Shoeless Joe Jackson (Ray Liotta) and the other White Sox who were barred from baseball for life after the 1919 World Series scandal arrive and play regularly. This is only the beginning of the hero's mystical encounters. That the film is sincere doesn't mean it's not manipulative; when the weepers in the audience start up, you may feel like a pariah if you're not moved. Adapted by the writer-director Phil Alden Robinson from W. P. Kinsella's 1982 novel "Shoeless Joe."—P.K. (5/1/89) (59th Street East Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Waverly, and Worldwide Cinemas; through June 29. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Metro Cinema; through July 4.)

Heathers—Westerburg High's three rich beauties who make life hell for those less gilded are all named Heather. Their reluctant associate, Veronica (Winona Ryder), confides in her diary that she dreams of "a world without Heather," and a psychotically fearless juvenile delinquent, J.D. (Christian Slater), materializes, and goads her to become his accomplice in making her dream come true. The script, by Daniel Waters, has a lot of prankish, spiky dialogue and some good rowdy slapstick nastiness, such as Veronica and J.D.'s killing two football heroes and arranging their deaths to suggest that they were lovers in a suicide pact; the script promises that the picture will lift off into the junior division of Blue Velvetland. But layers of didacticism weigh it down, and the young, inexperienced director, Michael Lehmann (who uses hyper-bright colors for a facetious artificial effect), doesn't find the right moods for the gags. Where's the sting?—P.K. (4/17/89) (Plaza.)

Hell's Angels (1930)—The aviation footage is still something to see, with great shots of zeppelin warfare; toward the end of the first half, a zeppelin looms through the clouds, which part at moments to show London below. And the dogfight sequences, with a camera mounted on the front of a plane, still have a kinetic immediacy. There are experts who believe that this spectacular footage, which Howard Hughes worked out on blackboards and with model planes before he staged it, contains scenes that have never been surpassed. But the First World War story, involving two brothers, Oxford men who join the Royal Flying Corps (Ben Lyon and James Hall), and Jean Harlow, as the smoldering woman they both love, is plain awful. Written by Howard Estabrook and Harry Behn, the movie, which started shooting in 1927, was planned as a silent. Hughes, still in his early twenties, financed and produced, and he also directed, after disputes with a couple of directors whom he had hired. After the film was previewed, he decided to add sound. Reactions to the film have always been divided—it inspires both admiration and laughter.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 2.)

High Hopes—Mike Leigh's wacked-out comedy-drama about life in Thatcherland features three couples: the rich twits (David Bamber and Lesley Manville as a young champagne dealer and his cool socialite wife); the pushy yups (Philip Jackson and Heather Tobias as a boorish car salesman and his shrill, social-climber wife); the working poor (bearded Philip Davis and dark-eyed Ruth Sheen as a pot-smoking Marxist who scrapes by as a motorcycle messenger and his companion of ten years, who likes to grow things). This may sound like a liberal-left horror, but the English delight in extreme, preposterous silliness hasn't died even among the serious left: the characters keep turning into absurdist cartoons. It's an exuberantly likable movie—not always satisfying but never drab, never ordinary.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through June 27.)

Any performer who exhibits grace under pressure, from Nick Nolte to Kevin Costner, is inevitably compared with Ernest Hemingway's favorite actor, Gary Cooper. Cooper is frequently invoked outside the movie world to conjure up an image of confident, taciturn masculinity—recently, the Post's *editor, Jerry Nachman, called his paper's owner, Peter Kalikow, "a Gary Cooper from Queens. He doesn't waste words."*

But, as Cooper showed when he played a Scots-Canadian major in Henry Hathaway's enthralling Raj adventure, 1935's "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (playing July 5th and 6th at the Biograph Cinema, as part of a tribute to the actor), his greatest virtue isn't bucko elegance or stylistic spareness. It's his ability—like Hemingway's—to communicate between the lines.

In "Lancer," Franchot Tone is amusing as a foppish subaltern, but it's Cooper who holds the show together in a part constructed of cocksure actions and fumbling explanations. The actor's rugged, lanky swagger and his stubborn, accusing, sometimes wounded eyes express what Otis Ferguson rightly saw as the heart of the movie: "men living together and getting in each other's hair, tied together by the strange bond of work and discipline, by the common pride of doing the job." Thanks to Cooper, the movie's final showpiece is man's-man tear-jerking at its soul-stirring peak.

Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade—This mediocre third film in the Indiana Jones trilogy—a reprise of the first, "Raiders of the Lost Ark"—is a mixture of cliffhanger and anti-Nazi thriller and religious spectacle. It's enjoyable, but familiar, and the action lacks the exhilarating, leaping precision that the director, Steven Spielberg, is famous for. The only real spin is in the slapstick teamwork of Harrison Ford, as the archeologist-adventurer Indy, and Sean Connery, as Indy's father, a medievalist who's too engrossed in his studies to pay much attention to his daredevil son's triumphs. With River Phoenix playing Indy as a boy, Alison Doody, Denholm Elliott, and Julian Glover.—P.K. (6/12/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Let's Get Lost—This documentary, by Bruce Weber, isn't primarily about Chet Baker the jazz trumpeter and singer: it's about Chet Baker the love object, the fetish. And maybe because Weber, despite his lifelong fixation on this charmer, knew him only as a battered, treacherous wreck, in the two years before his death, it's one of the most suggestive (and unresolved) films ever made. The soundtrack is made up of Baker recordings that span more than three decades—the idealized essence of the man. The 16-mm. black-and-white cinematography (by Jeff Preiss) is reticent yet expressive, impassioned; the film has a great look.—P.K. (5/1/89) (Bleecker Street Cinema.)

Miss Firecracker—Adapted by the fey, witty playwright Beth Henley from her 1984 play, "The Miss Firecracker Contest," it's a farce about Southern eccentrics that's at the same time (and here's the death knell) a loving tribute to the indomitability of screwed-up, lonely dreamers. Holly Hunter is the waif Carnelle (in Yazoo City, Mississippi), who thinks that if she can just win this year's Fourth of July beauty pageant—the Miss Firecracker Contest—she'll be respected. Thomas Schlamme, directing his first feature, has tried for vividness, and the movie is never plain boring, but its comic pathos and Southern-gothic cuteness can grate on you. The only element that really makes the film worth seeing is the wild sense of fun in Tim Robbins' performance as Carnelle's courtly, impulsive cousin. (The role is a baroque contraption, and that's what Henley is good at.) Robbins and Mary Steenburgen, who plays his patrician sister, have a tingling love-hate intimacy; they're marvellous together. And he and Alfre Woodard are nuttily harmonious as lovestruck clowns.—P.K. (5/29/89) (Eastside Cinema; through June 29.)

The Rainbow—The pastoral locations are grassy vistas that seem to melt before your eyes, and the images suggest that the material—the second half of the D. H. Lawrence novel about marriage—is being approached with humility and seriousness. This isn't one of the director Ken Russell's lurid, campy pictures. But his underlying attitudes haven't really changed; the campiness is simply more restrained, and the movie is amorphous and unsatisfying. As Ursula Brangwen, who (in the novel) yearns for sexual and spiritual union, Sammi Davis seems merely petulant. One of the pioneering feminist heroines—a woman who represents an advance on previous generations, a woman on a quest—has been turned into a snippy, closed-off brat. Glenda Jackson and Christopher Gable are surprisingly relaxed (and effective) as Ursula's parents, and David Hemmings is very smooth as her smiling, corrupt uncle.—P.K. (5/29/89) (Paris.)

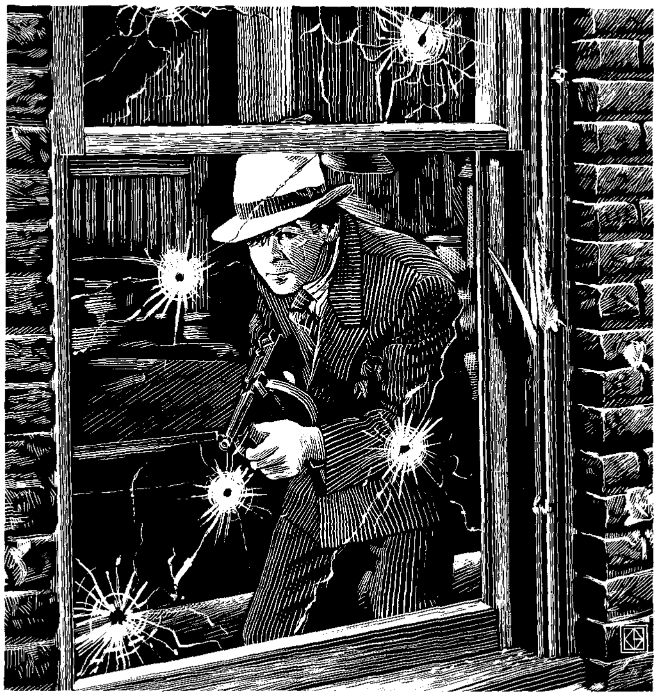
Roman Holiday (1953)—Charming. This is the picture that made Audrey Hepburn a movie star. Probably no one could have brought out her skinny, long-necked gamine magic as winningly as the director William Wyler did; his calm, elegant style prepares the scenes and builds the character until she has the audience in thrall, and when she smiles we're all goners. She plays a Central European princess on an official tour of Rome. The princess flies the royal coop and has her first experiences of freedom with an American reporter (Gregory Peck, who is at his most animated and likable) and his photographer sidekick (Eddie Albert). The plot is banal, and the movie is no more than a Cinderella-style romantic comedy, but it's enough. With Harcourt Williams, Hartley Power, Margaret Rawlings, and Tullio Carminati. The story is credited to Ian McLellan Hunter and the script to him and John Dighton, though Ben Hecht also worked on it, at one stage, and Ennio Flaiano and Suso Cecchi d'Amico are said to have rewritten it for Wyler when he was in Rome.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 30-July 1.)

Scandal—Tepid. The director, Michael Caton-Jones, and the writer, Michael Thomas, who dig up the Profumo affair, might have used it as the basis for a satirical slice of history; instead, they've made a sentimental docudrama—one more English film about the cruelty of the class system. What sustains a viewer is the narrative, with its evocative details of life in London from 1959 to 1963—how the teen-age showgirl Christine Keeler (Joanne Whalley-Kilmer), bored with the middle-aged dignitaries that the society osteopath Stephen Ward (John Hurt) introduced her to, took on a West Indian lover and then another West Indian, and how, as a result of a violent quarrel between the two, a newspaperman got on her trail. She then offered up the story of her earlier gentlemen callers, the Tory Secretary of State for War, John Profumo (Ian McKellen), and the assistant naval attaché of the Soviet Embassy (Jeroen Krabbé). And bang! The tabloids whipped up indignation over the decadence of the "Establishment"—over sadomasochism and spies and naked bathing in Lord Astor's pool. Whalley-Kilmer's opaque, unreadable Christine comes to life a bit in her scenes with her showgirl pal, Mandy Rice-Davies, played by Bridget Fonda, who brings a gamine crispness to the role. She's the movie's only wild card. With Daniel Massey, Roland Gift, Britt Ekland, Leslie Phillips, and Trevor Eve.—P.K. (5/15/89) (Sutton, Quad Cinema, and West Side Cinema. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through June 29.)

Scarface (1932)—The gangster classic, with Paul Muni as the dangerous hood with the scar on his cheek, and dark, huge-eyed Ann Dvorak as his sister. The writer, Ben Hecht, and the director, Howard Hawks, said that they wrote the story by treating the Capone family "as if they were the Borgias set down in Chicago." Over all, it's a terrific movie, even though the pacing doesn't always seem quite right. The opening sequence is a beauty: the camera moves from a street lamp with stylized skyscrapers in the background and follows a milkman into a speakeasy, where we see the remnants of a gangland New Year's Eve party and finally pick up the shadow of Scarface, who kills the gangland leader. The film's violence has the crazy, helter-skelter feeling of actual gun battles, and Paul Muni, with a machine gun in his arms, is brutal and grotesque, in a primal, childlike, fixating way. The cast includes George Raft, Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley, Boris Karloff, Vince Barnett, Edwin Maxwell, C. Henry Gordon, Tully Marshall, Henry Armetta, and Purnell Pratt. The story, based on a novel by Armitage Trail, is credited to Hecht, and the continuity and dialogue to Seton I. Miller, John Lee Mahin, and W. R. Burnett.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 2.)

Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills—The script, by Bruce Wagner, from a satirical sex-farce plot he devised with the director, Paul Bartel, calls for something like the goosey stylized acting that Charles Ludlam perfected at the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, but Bartel has directed with his usual home-movies sluggishness. Two houseboys, a cynic (Ray Sharkey) and a romantic (Robert Beltran), who work in adjacent mansions, bet on which one will be first to make out with the other's employer—one a divorcée (Mary Woronov), the other a widow (Jacqueline Bisset). The households include various siblings, offspring, and hangers-on (Arnetia Walker, Ed Begley, Jr., Wallace Shawn, Paul Mazursky, Rebecca Schaeffer, Edith Diaz, and others)—all of them libidinous or gaga. Scenes that should have some fizz and revelations that should be delirious are bland and flat, like filmed theatre. Arnetia Walker manages to bring in some zesty horseplay, and Bisset's amused calm is occasionally pleasant, but mostly this is just mistimed, failed camp, and some of the lines that are meant to be screamingly dirty-funny come out screamingly sour. (The sound recording is poor.)—P.K. (68th St. Playhouse, and Carnegie Hall Cinema. . . . ¶ Waverly; through July 4.)

Tampopo (1986)—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. In Japanese.—P.K. (Quad Cinema.)


Paul Muni in "Scarface"

A Taxing Woman (1988)—The third film written and directed by Juzo Itami is his first dull one. It's a comedy about tax evasion, pitting a dishonest and very clever businessman (Tsutomu Yamazaki) against the awesome forces of Japan's national tax office, whose relentless spirit is most purely incarnated in a tiny, dogged female inspector named Mrs. Itakura (Nobuko Miyamoto). This sounds like fun, but, despite some clever notions and a handful of inventive scenes, the movie feels tentative, not fully worked out; it's as if Itami got bogged down in research and forgot about the jokes. For whatever reason, "A Taxing Woman" is much more conventional than the director's previous films, "The Funeral" and "Tampopo" (see above). Here, he plods along competently, but rarely finds an opportunity to show off his explosive, eccentric visual wit—money just doesn't inspire him the way death, food, and sex do. The movie runs an extremely slow two hours and seven minutes. In Japanese.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

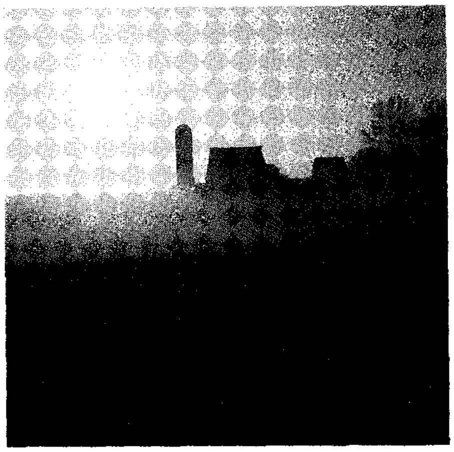
That Obscure Object of Desire (1977)—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She claims to love him but says, "If I gave in, you wouldn't love me anymore." In this fifth movie version of "La Femme et le Pantin," Pierre Louÿs' short novel about a femme fatale, the role is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, poker-faced except for a squint of amusement and a foxy, crooked smear of a smile, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl, who's physically impulsive, and sensual in a traditional heavy-eyed way. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. Buñuel sets up the Louÿs story, then treats it glancingly as a joke to hang other jokes on—and his jokes now don't have the violence underneath to make connections for us. His style is too serene for his subject. In French.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 3.)

Vampire's Kiss—Nicolas Cage is airily amazing here. As a Manhattan literary agent—a poseur with a high-flown accent and a pouty, snobbish stare—he does some of the way-out stuff that you love actors in silent movies for doing. Something between a horror picture and a black comedy, this may be the first vampire movie in which the modern office building replaces the castle as the site of torture and degradation. Despite some narrative confusion, the movie has an effective scary wackiness. With Maria Conchita Alonso, Jennifer Beals, Kasi Lemmons, and Elizabeth Ashley. Directed by Robert Bierman, with a script by Joseph Minion; Stefan Czapsky's cinematography suggests a madman's city—P.K. (6/12/89) (Beekman, 8th St. Playhouse, and Loews Paramount; through June 29.)

Vincent: The Life and Death of Vincent van Gogh (1987)—Paul Cox's documentary biography of the great painter is earnest, honorable, and uninspired. Cox has the good idea to tell the story in the artist's own words: the voice-over narration consists entirely of excerpts from letters written by van Gogh to his brother Theo. (They are read, with tremendous solemnity and perhaps an excess of actorly skill, by John Hurt.) But Cox's use of the letters is crude: van Gogh's raw, anguished meditations on life and art are presented without irony, as if he really were a profound thinker. The words actually dominate the images; at times, the beautiful paintings function only as illustrations of the deep thoughts. Cox also includes endless footage of Dutch and French countryside, as well as a handful of staged tableaux—peasants eating potatoes, a scene in a cabaret, the painter's funeral. It's all much too pretty—"painterly" in a horribly naïve way. He seems to be trying to compete with van Gogh as a maker of images; he loses. Cox's excesses mirror van Gogh's, but his art doesn't: in this film, the light always seems to be coming from the wrong direction.—T.R. (Bleecker Street Cinema.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish.—P.K. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

The Young Savages (1961)—The movie début of the celebrated TV director John Frankenheimer, who made this melodrama about juvenile gangs in Spanish Harlem, recruiting some of the boys on location. You're awfully conscious that the picture means to be hard-hitting; it sometimes succeeds, but a lot of it is just worthy. Burt Lancaster is the assistant D.A. who came out of the slums and has now got himself married to Dina Merrill, no less. Others involved include Shelley Winters, Telly Savalas, and John David Chandler. Script by Edward Anhalt and J. P. Miller, based on Evan Hunter's novel "A Matter of Conviction."—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 29.)



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THE NEW YORKER

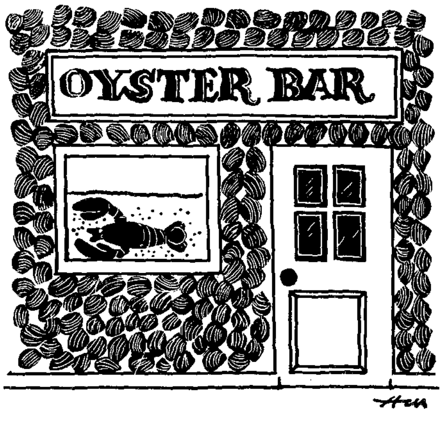
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TO judge from a recent report in the *Times* headlined "BUSH PRESSING CONGRESS TO PERMIT C.I.A. ROLE IN NICARAGUA ELECTION," some of our more dismal history is preparing to repeat itself. The precedents for meddling by the C.I.A. in Latin-American elections are numerous, and include the previous Nicaraguan elections, in 1984, and the elections that year in El Salvador. But the most resonant case is still probably what happened in Chile in 1970, when the Nixon Administration tried to keep Salvador Allende Gossens from becoming President. Wire services and newspapers were secretly subsidized; journalists were then flown in and, together with C.I.A.-funded journalists already there, produced some seven hundred anti-Allende articles, which helped to cause a bank panic and widespread economic disruption. The C.I.A. tried to organize a military coup and twice backed attempts to kidnap the commander-in-chief of the Chilean Army. (A third attempt ended in his death.) Eventually, it became clear that Allende would become Chile's President despite the C.I.A.'s efforts, and the American Ambassador cabled Washington, "Once Allende comes to power we shall do all within our power to condemn Chile and Chileans to utmost deprivation and poverty." President Nixon himself vowed to "make the economy scream." This goal was largely accomplished, and three years after the elections Allende was assassinated. Chile, historically one of the most democratic countries in South America, has suffered under a violent military dictatorship ever since.

Ronald Reagan, echoing Nixon, promised to make the leaders of Nicaragua "cry uncle," and our nation's bullying has contributed heavily to Nicaragua's present destitution. Now Vice-President Quayle is taking up the cudgels for the Bush Administration. Mr. Quayle has made two trips to Central America in the past four months. According to the *Times*, he decided to "focus on the region" after he and his aides "concluded that he could have a substantial influence on Central America policy if he developed an expertise in the region." On his most recent trip, the Vice-President stopped in El Salvador, where he met with Roberto d'Aubuisson, the ultrarightist former Army major who has long been associated with the death squads in that country. Mr. Quayle gave Mr. d'Aubuisson what he called a "lecture," admonishing him not to "embarrass" Alfredo Cristiani, El Salvador's new President, with any new barbarities.

According to the Washington *Post*, the purpose of Mr. Quayle's tour of Central America was to "promote democracy" and "build a consensus" against the Panamanian leader, Manuel Noriega, and against the Sandinistas. Mr. Quayle was apparently trying to combine two of these objectives when he announced from Honduras that next February's elections in Nicaragua would be a "sham." What the Bush Administration actually seems to fear, however, is the possibility that the Nicaraguan elections will *not* be a sham. Henry Kissinger, who directed the Nixon Administration's efforts to subvert democracy in Chile, expressed this sort of fear well when, referring to Chile, he said, "I don't see why we need to stand by and watch a country go Communist due to the irresponsibility of its own people." Mr. Kissinger made no effort to hide his conviction that Latin Americans are not to be trusted with their own destiny and should be subject to correction from this country. Mr. Quayle's "lecture," and his apparent belief that the problem with murder and torture is the "embarrassment" they cause, is merely the current expression of this very old attitude in Washington.



It's an attitude that encourages equivocation. When the Nicaraguan government announced, last week, that it was about to start requiring visas for American visitors—Nicaraguans, as it happens, have always needed visas to enter the United States—our State Department accused the Nicaraguans of seeking to limit the number of international observers who would be able to monitor the upcoming elections. It seems likely, however, that the Nicaraguans were more interested in limiting the access to their country of the C.I.A. agents the Bush Administration is reserving the right to send there.

The Administration has refused to assure Congress that the C.I.A. will not try to tamper with the Nicaraguan elections, and one of the reasons it has given is that, as the *Times* put it, "the whole issue is too sensitive to be debated publicly in Congress." One has to wonder what concept of democracy informs this argument—that we must discuss in secret whether to secretly corrupt elections that we hope will lead to more “democracy.” Congress has already voted large amounts of aid to the non-Sandinista contestants in the Nicaraguan elections, just as it has sent aid to Solidarity, in Poland, and, in belated compensation for the disaster we helped bring upon Chile, to the anti-Pinochet forces in the recent plebiscite there. While the merits of sending money to influence elections in other countries are not at all clear, the merits of public debate of each case are. They are the merits of democracy itself.

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Time Share

Ben Shahn's painting “The Jury Box” has been exhibited in Tokyo, London, and Edinburgh and in several New York galleries. Now it is in suburban Philadelphia. We saw it at the Kays' house. The next day, we went to the Kendalls', near the Kays', and saw it again. A week later, at the Lifsons', we saw it once more.

The Kays, the Kendalls, the Lifsons, and the Levins jointly own “The Jury Box.” A partnership agreement gives each couple the right to “enjoy the painting for three months of each calendar year.” Four times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, the painting is picked up by the next months' guardians and driven to their house. A complicated schedule allows each family to have the painting for at least one fall, one winter, one spring, and one summer. Special occasions are considered. For example, when a Lifson daughter was married the Lifsons took the painting so they and their guests could enjoy it during the wedding reception.

The painting—gouache on Masonite, to be technical—is one of a series Ben Shahn did on the trial of Thomas J. Mooney, an American labor agitator who lived from 1882 to 1942. In 1916, Mooney was accused of participating in bomb killings at the San Francisco Preparedness Day Parade and was sentenced to death. Afterward, confessions of perjured testimony drew international attention to the trial, and in 1939, after many appeals, Mooney was pardoned and released. From 1932 to 1933, Ben Shahn did fifteen gouaches and a tempera panel of him.

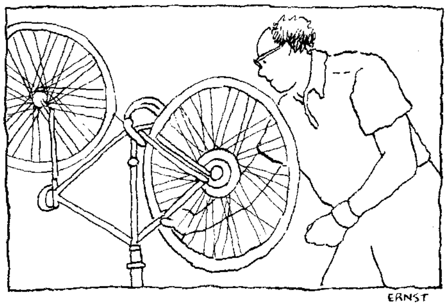
The Kays live in a split-level house that was built in the fifties. They have been collecting art for twenty years, and there is art everywhere: ceramics, glass, masks, furniture, even a totem pole. Mostly, though, the Kays have twentieth-century American paintings. Before the Kays showed us *the* painting, Jules Kay, a businessman who owns and runs a pair of discount stores, took off the T-shirts that were covering a couple of other paintings. The T-shirts protect the colors from sunlight, he said.

“The Jury Box” was propped up against the fireplace. “You could talk for an hour on this painting,” Connie Kay said. Connie Kay is an art appraiser, and it was she who bought “The Jury Box” and wrote the partnership agreement.

The scene is a courtroom. Jurors standing in a jury box face the viewer. To their right is the defendant. The Kays pointed out that a clock above the defendant shows it to be ten o'clock. This is significant to the case, though the Kays cannot remember why. In the foreground, the judge sits on a high-backed orange chair. Everyone looks very stern. No one's expression reveals the verdict. An hour's talk on the painting would probably include some discussion of how your eye is drawn to the judge's chair and his green desk top.

“It's an interesting painting, an important painting, but I don't love it,” Debby Kendall told us on the phone. We asked her if she would ever buy another painting with a group. “We have a very amicable agreement, but, no, I'd rather buy something for me,” she said. An hour later, she called back to say that her husband said they *would* do it again.

When we went to the Kendalls', Debby Kendall told us that they have several other major paintings, and she showed us one: “Waterloo Road,” by Robert Spencer. “He's a nut,” she said. “His wife hated him and burned all his paintings, and then he committed suicide. They're all nuts, but they can really be talented.”



She also showed us a painting that she bought because it depicts the spot, in the Pocono Mountains, where she and her husband met. “I buy from the heart,” she said.

“The Jury Box” was hanging on a brick wall in the den, surrounded by photographs of the Kendall children. When it isn't there, a surrealist painting, by Peter Paone, ordinarily takes its place. Actually, “The Jury Box” was supposed to be at the Lifsons', but the Kendalls had borrowed it for a dinner party, and the Kays wanted to borrow it before it went back to the Lifsons', so that they could show it to a curator from the Honolulu Academy of Arts.

We asked if the painting, which measures sixteen and a half by twenty-three inches, was hard to transport. “Not at all,” Debby Kendall said. “Though I worry that it's getting too much sun in our house.”

Caryl and Mike Levin wouldn't get custody of “The Jury Box” until August, but we visited them anyway. Caryl Levin showed us the painting that was standing in for “The Jury Box”—an abstract watercolor that otherwise hangs upstairs in her daughter Margie's room. “It's not much,” she said. “It just holds the space.”

“Do guests notice when you have ‘The Jury Box’?” we asked.

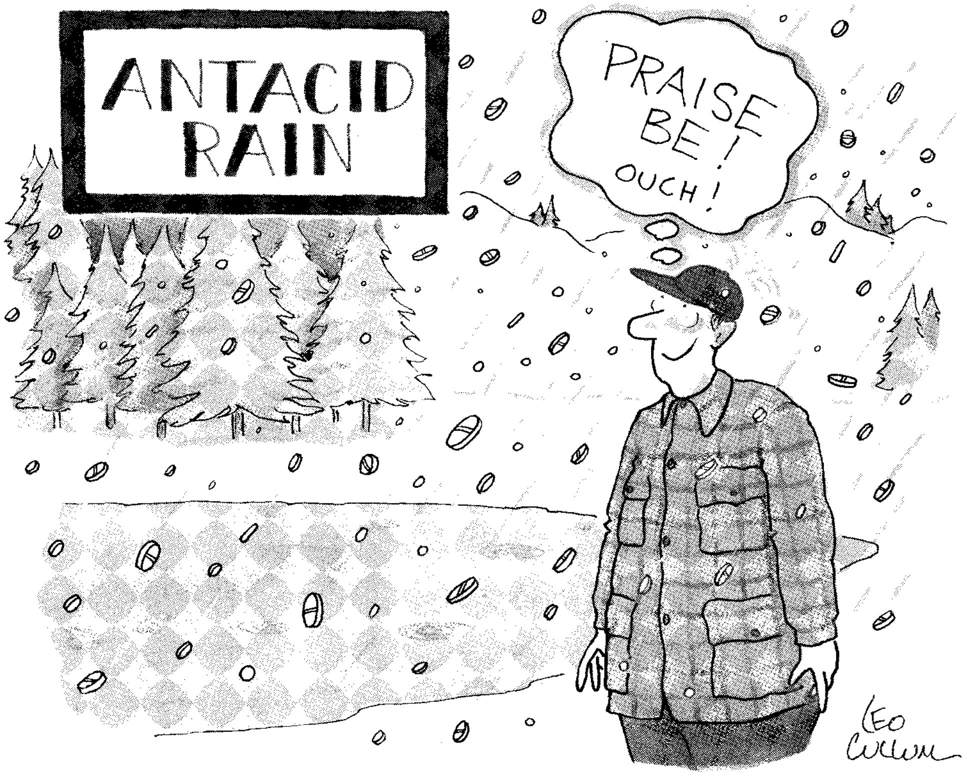
“Most do,” said Caryl Levin.

“Because they've been warned,” said Mike Levin.

Finally, we went to the Lifsons', where “The Jury Box” was hanging on a wall in the sunroom. “I have no taste in art whatsoever and no interest,” Kal Lifson told us. “My passion is Presidential memorabilia. But I have complete confidence in Connie Kay. And it is a historical fact that if you choose art with any skill at all, its value will be enhanced.”

Kal Lifson has a law degree, so we asked him why there are only ten jurors in the jury box instead of the standard twelve. “I asked that same question,” he said. “And I never received an answer.”

In 1992, the partners must sell “The Jury Box.” If everyone agrees, though, it may be sold earlier. Each couple put in twenty-five thousand dollars for the painting, and the cost of insurance (two hundred and sixty dollars a year) is also split evenly. If one of the partners dies, the estate or the surviving spouse may either stay in the partnership or sell the share to the remaining partners or their offspring. No mention is made in the partnership agreement of divorce. On our way home from the Lifsons', we thought about buying the "Mona Lisa." We figured we would need about eighty thousand partners.



Street Selling

WE'VE been missing the independent Senegalese venders in midtown lately: except for watch peddlers, who can sometimes be found hiding in the shadows under construction scaffolding during the day, and out on some avenues in a little more force at night, the venders, who in the past few summers have lent the city the happy atmosphere of a tropical bazaar, seem to have vanished, taking a good chunk of the sparkle of street life with them. We miss them for more than aesthetic reasons. As a friend of ours remarked, the Senegalese sell things you can *use:* when the sun is shining, they sell sunglasses, and when it rains they sell umbrellas.

It turns out that the Senegalese venders haven't disappeared; they've simply moved elsewhere. We learned this from our friend Gallasse, who lives in a large residential hotel in Harlem that has been nicknamed "the vertical Senegalese village," because so many French-speaking West Africans, most of them from Senegal (the others come from Mali or Guinea or the Ivory Coast), live there. Gallasse, who is twenty-nine and is tall and handsome, with a round, good-natured face, used to sell watches, but the police kept arresting him and confiscating his merchandise, until he gave up and got a job as a clerk in a sewing-machine company. The pay was so low, though, that he gave *that* up and tried selling T-shirts, toys, and women's belts on Junction Boulevard, in Queens. On his first day out, the police took everything he had, and when we saw him, a few days later, some of his characteristic cheerfulness had evaporated. "It's no good this time," he reported glumly. "You try to sell on the street, you get trouble with the police. You get a regular job, they don't pay you good." A few weeks later, sounding only slightly less glum, he called to tell us that he was back in business, this time at 149th Street and Grand Concourse, in the Bronx, and he invited us to visit him there.

We went up on an overcast Friday, and found the sidewalk on the south side of 149th Street from Grand Concourse to Park Avenue solidly lined with venders. Most of them were West Africans selling T-shirts, sunglasses, or purses, but we also saw several Mexicans selling flowers and peeled oranges, and some Ecuadorans and Middle Easterners selling clothes. Gallasse was on the overpass spanning the Metro North train tracks, and he was lounging comfortably, barefoot and eating a hero sandwich, behind an array of bracelets, necklaces, change purses, and wide elasticized belts displayed on a couple of oilcloths spread out on the sidewalk. He said business was terrible, and by way of explanation added, "All the places where police don't bother you are no good for selling."

Down the street, Gallasse's friend Seïdy was selling sunglasses, cassette tapes, air fresheners for cars, key cases and key chains, and black leather pendants with cutout designs of the continent of Africa. Seïdy is tall and slender and light-complexioned, and he taught biology in Guinea, his native country, until 1980, when he fled a purge of intellectuals by the government of Ahmed Sékou Touré. Since then, he has lived in Senegal, Guinea-Bissau, Mali, the Ivory Coast, Liberia, and Mauritania; he came here nine months ago and worked as a dishwasher in a restaurant and as a deliveryman in a supermarket before he started selling on the street. We asked him if business was good, and he said politely, "For me, no. If I get my papers, I prefer to work."

Before Gallasse came to America to stay, he spent a week here with one of his brothers, who sells American-made women's clothes in Conakry, the capital of Guinea, and who brought Gallasse with him on a buying trip. "When I first come to this country, I think this country is good, because you got a lot of building here, you got a lot of money here," he told us. Then he laughed ruefully. "The second time I'm coming here, I see what is America." While he was talking, Gallasse sold a necklace, and then a belt and a change purse. The vender next to him, Sarr, sold three T-shirts—one that said "SUMMER OF 89," and two of the kind that can't be described in a family magazine, which were bought by a pair of teen-age boys. The sun came out, and there was a little flurry of activity around Seïdy's sunglasses, but then the working day was over, the sidewalk traffic thinned, and the venders began to pack up and go home.

A few days later, we called the Police Department and learned that merchandise confiscated from unlicensed venders is sold at auction. (The waiting list for a license to sell merchandise on the street is closed except to veterans, so the Senegalese couldn't get licenses even if they were citizens; only booksellers can sell without a license, because they're protected by the First Amendment.) A few days after that, we went back to the Bronx to report to Gallasse on the fate of his lost merchandise, and he smiled the small, bitter smile of a man whose worst suspicions have been confirmed. Sarr wasn't around—Gallasse said he was looking for a regular job—but we found Seïdy, who told us he'd spent the previous Saturday selling in Queens. "But it's very dangerous," he said soberly. "The police take *everything*. It's *disgusting*." After a moment, he added quietly, "But they are right."

When we asked why, his English failed him momentarily, so he switched to French and explained, very slowly and clearly, and with the patience of a born teacher, "We don't have any authorization from the government to sell these things. What we are doing is against the law in this country. So we are wrong, and the police are right to take our things away." Then, in English, he concluded, "But what can we do? We can't get a job. We have to pay rent. We have to buy food. We have to wash our clothes. So we have to sell all these things."

Last time we saw Gallasse and Seïdy, Gallasse told us the police had swept through 149th Street and Grand Concourse and cleared all the venders out of the area, and that he was going to look for a regular job. We asked Seïdy what he was going to do now, and he threw up his hands in a gesture of despair. "I don't know," he said.

Details

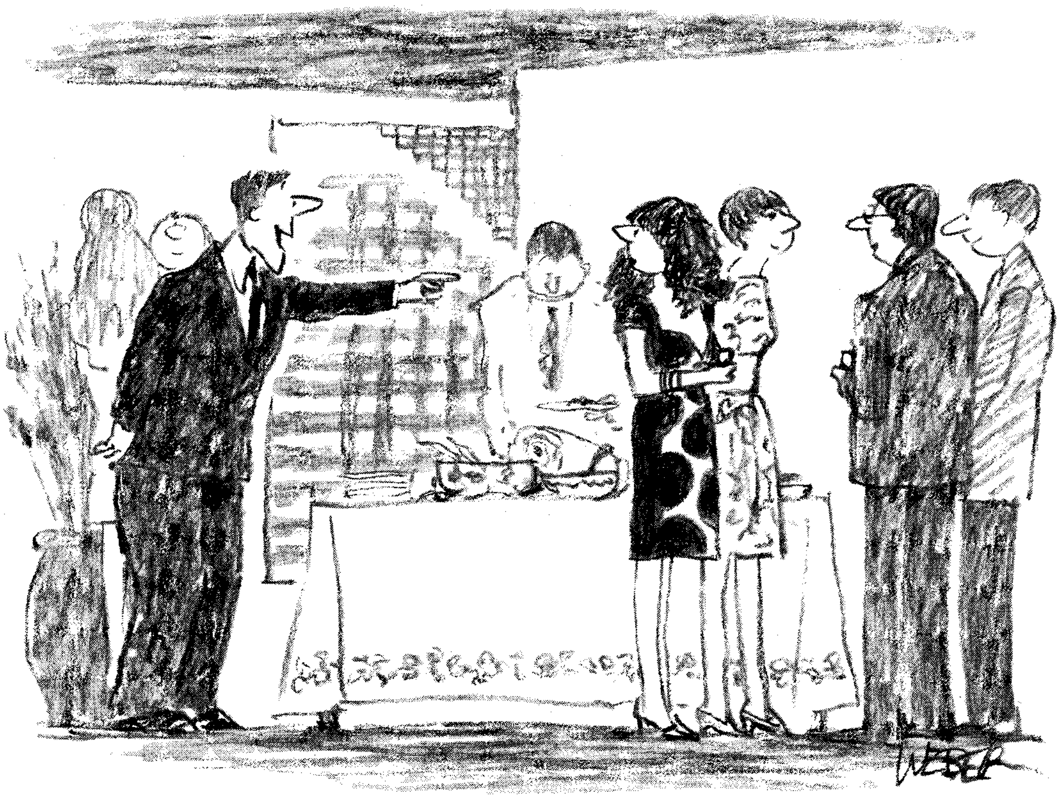
A FRIEND writes:

This winter, I kept thinking about volunteering somewhere. I attended an ACT UP meeting, but it was so crowded that I couldn't find a seat. I heard that to work with homeless and runaway kids at Covenant House you have to enroll in a lengthy training program. The Harvey Milk High School didn't respond to my letter and résumé, and someone at the center for disabled people on my street told me—mistakenly, it turns out—that they don't accept volunteers. Then, early in April, I was jogging on the Christopher Street Pier when I came upon what looked like a marching band. It was almost dark, but as I circled the pier, at a safe and anonymous distance, I realized two things: (1) it had to be a gay marching band, because no other band would be rehearsing on *this* pier; and (2) it had no trombone player.

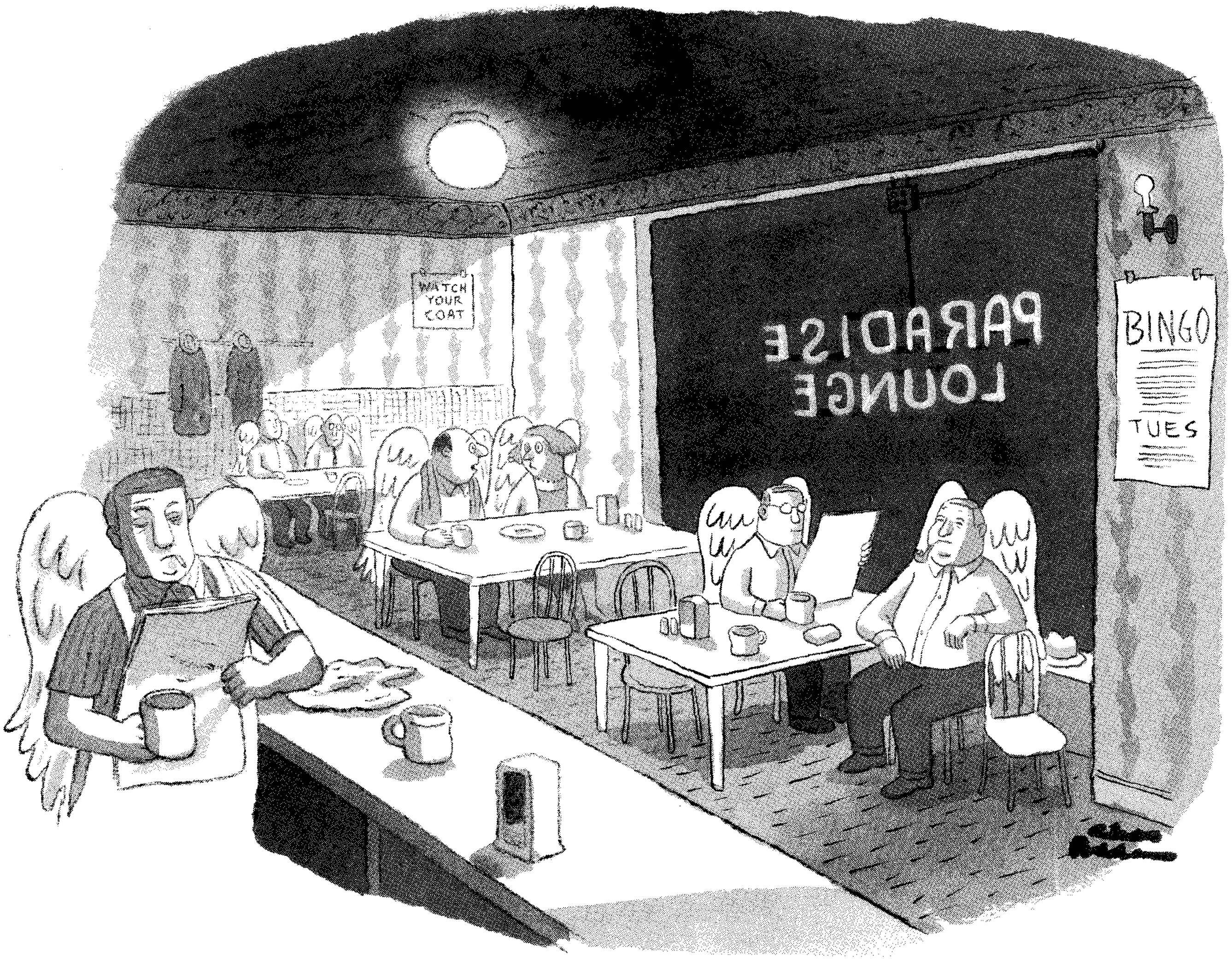
I hadn't touched a trombone since the day I quit playing in high school. Those uniforms, the regimentation, the patriotic music, the rehearsals in the mornings before classes—at the age of fifteen, I found it all absurd. Sixteen years later, standing at a rehearsal with a dented trombone in my face, I was the newest member of the Lesbian and Gay Big Apple Corps Marching Band.

My first event, late in April, was the parade celebrating the Bicentennial of George Washington's Inauguration. In March, the band's executive committee had applied to the parade coördinators, Radio City Music Hall Productions, billing us as an "award-winning precision marching unit," and sending along an audiocassette and a photograph of the band in its simple, respectable, mostly polyester uniforms: a red "Aussie" hat with white plume, a red ascot, a matching cummerbund over gray trousers, and a white shirt with epaulettes. Along with high-school, college, community, and military bands from all over the country, we had been accepted for the parade.

There are many details that for a trombone player come between the idea of a parade and the parade itself. A whole vocabulary exists to describe them. Embouchure is the way you buzz your lips together when pressing them up against the mouthpiece of a wind instrument. My embouchure is lousy. A week before the parade, after rehearsing outside for an



"Ahoy! Didn't I meet you at the South Street Seaport?"



"It's O.K., I guess, but somehow I expected more."

• •

hour I can barely reach a standard high D, let alone the necessary F. The euphonium player who marches next to me in my rank looks skeptical, and warns me to "guide right." That means I should keep an eye on the person to my right in my rank while watching the person in front of me in my file to make sure we're marching straight, or, as one of our drum majors puts it, "as straight as gays can be."

More details: Slide oil is what keeps a trombone lubricated, to facilitate its distinctive glissando—a raucous smearing noise that I can't believe I'm being encouraged to make at my age. A lyre is a device you clip to a trombone, or any band instrument, to hold your little black flip folder of music. My lyre keeps drooping, so I have to stop every dozen steps, falling out of rank, to fix it.

Still more details: Our drum majors (one a copy editor by trade, the other an administrator at A.T. & T.—everybody in this band works a job) signal "Roll off" by swinging their three-foot-long maces over their heads. They hold up one, two, three, or four fingers to signal which song we are to play. If they wiggle their fingers, it means we're to start the routine that goes with the song. Our routines include one blatantly cornball kick step at the end of "New York, New York," and something called the Spiral, a follow-the-leader formation we do to get into "La Bamba." It's supposed to look impressive in the middle of a parade route, but as I walk around in circles in the rain (another detail) all I can think of is this: The line between pageantry and nonsense is alarmingly arbitrary.

A very important parade detail is the step-off time. The step-off time for the Bicentennial of the Inauguration parade was noon, and the place was way downtown, near South Street Seaport. Our band had swelled for this event with instrumentalists from four of the nineteen other Lesbian and Gay Bands of America. The parade's organizers had put us near the back, and we waited on Fulton Street, between the Seaford High School Marching Band and a group that called itself the Long Lake Gals' Kazoo Band. The Princeton University band was somewhere up ahead of us, too. Our baton twirler practiced his moves while half the band smoked cigarettes. Eventually, we got the order to fall in, and, to our own strong cadence, we rounded the corner onto Wall Street. Then we marched up to Federal Hall, and right on past President and Mrs. Bush, playing "If My Friends Could See Me Now."

YOU'RE UGLY, TOO

YOU had to get out of them occasionally, those Illinois towns with the funny names: Paris, Oblong, Normal. Once, when the Dow Jones dipped two hundred points, a local paper boasted the banner headline "NORMAL MAN MARRIES OBLONG WOMAN." They knew what was important. They did! But you had to get out once in a while, even if it was just across the border to Terre Haute for a movie.

Outside of Paris, in the middle of a large field, was a scatter of brick buildings, a small liberal-arts college by the improbable name of Hilldale-Versailles. Zoë Hendricks had been teaching American history there for three years. She taught "The Revolution and Beyond" to freshmen and sophomores, and every third semester she had the senior seminar for majors, and although her student evaluations had been slipping in the last year and a half —*Professor Hendricks is often late for class and usually arrives with a cup of hot chocolate, which she offers the class sips of*—generally the department of nine men was pleased to have her. They felt she added some needed feminine touch to the corridors—that faint trace of Obsession and sweat, the light, fast clicking of heels. Plus they had had a sex-discrimination suit, and the dean had said, well, it was time.

The situation was not easy for her, they knew. Once, at the start of last semester, she had skipped into her lecture hall singing "Getting to Know You"—all of it. At the request of the dean, the chairman had called her into his office, but did not ask her for an explanation, not really. He asked her how she was and then smiled in an avuncular way. She said, "Fine," and he studied the way she said it, her front teeth catching on the inside of her lower lip. She was almost pretty, but her face showed the strain and ambition of always having been close but not quite. There was too much effort with the eyeliner, and her earrings, worn, no doubt, for the drama her features lacked, were a little frightening, jutting out the sides of her head like antennae.

"I'm going out of my mind," said Zoë to her younger sister, Evan, in Manhattan. *Professor Hendricks seems to know the entire soundtrack to "The King and I." Is this history?* Zoë phoned her every Tuesday.

"You always say that," said Evan, "but then you go on your trips and vacations and then you settle back into things and then you're quiet for a while and then you say you're fine, you're busy, and then after a while you say you're going crazy again, and you start all over." Evan was a part-time food designer for photo shoots. She cooked vegetables in green dye. She propped up beef stew with a bed of marbles and shopped for new kinds of silicone sprays and plastic ice cubes. She thought her life was O.K. She was living with her boyfriend of many years, who was independently wealthy and had an amusing little job in book publishing. They were five years out of college, and they lived in a luxury midtown high rise with a balcony and access to a pool. "It's not the same as having your own pool," Evan was always sighing, as if to let Zoë know that, as with Zoë, there were still things she, Evan, had to do without.

"Illinois. It makes me sarcastic to be here," said Zoë on the phone. She used to insist it was irony, something gently layered and sophisticated, something alien to the Midwest, but her students kept calling it sarcasm, something they felt qualified to recognize, and now she had to agree. It wasn't irony. "What is your perfume?" a student once asked her. "Room freshener," she said. She smiled, but he looked at her, unnerved.

Her students were by and large good Midwesterners, spacey with estrogen from large quantities of meat and eggs. They shared their parents' suburban values; their parents had given them things, things, things. They were complacent. They had been purchased. They were armed with a healthy vagueness about anything historical or geographic. They seemed actually to know very little about anything, but they were good-natured about it. "All those states in the East are so tiny and jagged and bunched up," complained one of her undergraduates the week she was lecturing on "The Turning Point of Independence: The Battle at Saratoga." "Professor Hendricks, you're from Delaware originally, right?" the student asked her.

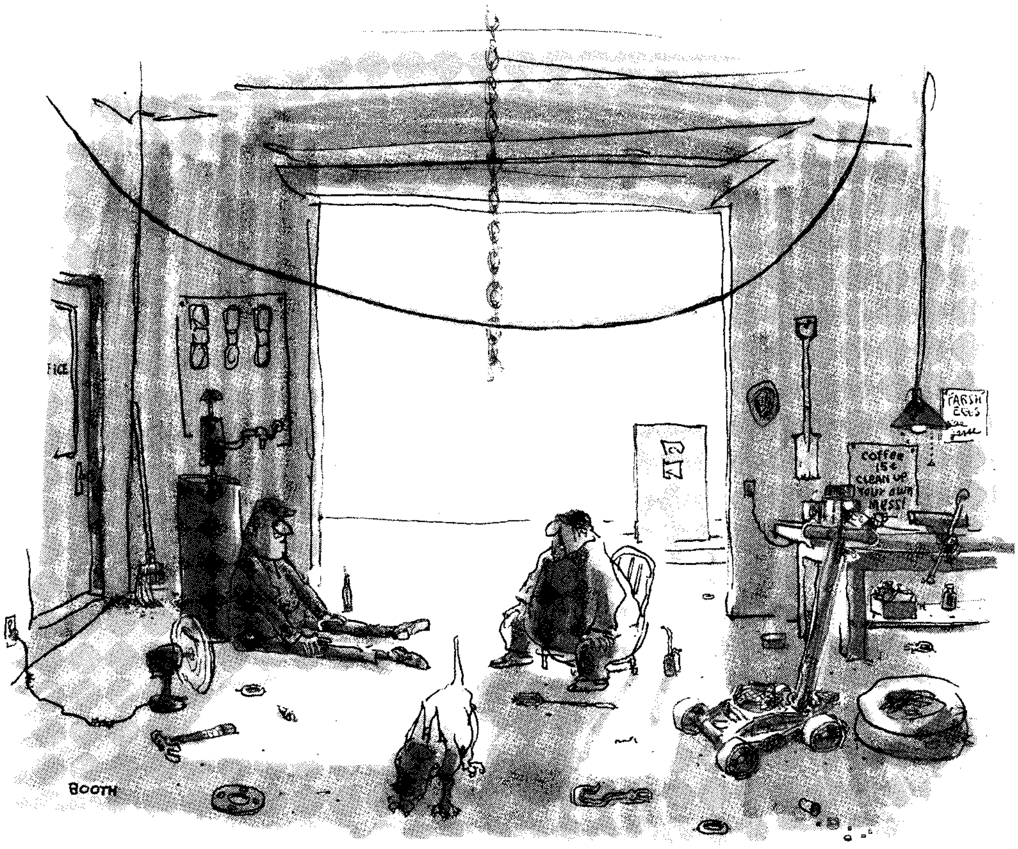
"Maryland," corrected Zoë.

"Aw," he said, waving his hand dismissively. "New England."

Her articles—chapters toward a book called "Hearing the One About: Uses of Humor in the American Presidency"—were generally well received, though they came slowly for her. She liked her pieces to have something from every time of day in

them—she didn't trust things written in the morning only—so she reread and rewrote painstakngly. No part of a day—its moods, its light—was allowed to dominate. She hung on to a piece for a year sometimes, revising at all hours, until the entirety of a day had registered there.

The job she'd had before the one at Hilldale-Versailles had been at a small college in New Geneva, Minnesota, Land of the Dying Shopping Mall. Everyone was so blond there that brunettes were often presumed to be from foreign countries. *Just because Professor Hendricks is from Spain doesn't give her the right to be so negative about our country.* There was a general emphasis on cheerfulness. In New Geneva you weren't supposed to be critical or complain. You weren't supposed to notice that the town had overextended and that its shopping malls were raggedy and going under. You were never to say you weren't "fine, thank you—and yourself?" You were supposed to be Heidi. You were supposed to lug goat milk up the hills and not think twice. Heidi did not complain. Heidi did not do things like stand in front of the new I.B.M. photocopier saying, "If this fucking Xerox machine breaks on me one more time, I'm going to slit my wrists."


COFFEE IS 5¢ CLEAN UP YOUR OWN MESS!
FARSH EGGS
BOOTH

"About three o'clock yesterday it was hot as hell. The dog was panting, making those clicky-clacky noises like a dog does, ya know. Jess heard the dog, and damn if he didn't adjust Ferguson's valves and put on a new fan belt."

• •

But now in her second job, in her fourth year of teaching in the Midwest, Zoë was discovering something she never suspected she had: a crusty edge, brittle and pointed. Once she had pampered her students, singing them songs, letting them call her at home even, and ask personal questions, but now she was losing sympathy. They were beginning to seem different. They were beginning to seem demanding and spoiled.

"You act," said one of her senior-seminar students at a scheduled conference, "like your opinion is worth more than everyone else's in the class."

Zoë's eyes widened. "I *am* the teacher," she said. "I do get paid to act like that." She narrowed her gaze at the student, who was wearing a big leather bow in her hair like a cowgirl in a TV ranch show. "I mean, otherwise *everybody* in the class would have little offices and office hours." *Sometimes Professor Hendricks will take up the class's time just talking about movies she's seen.* She stared at the student some more, then added, "I bet you'd like that."

"Maybe I sound whiny to you," said the girl, "but I simply want my history major to mean something."

"Well, there's your problem," said Zoë, and, with a smile, she showed the student to the door. "I like your bow," she said.

Zoë lived for the mail, for the postman—that handsome blue jay—and when she got a real letter with a real full-price stamp from someplace else, she took it to bed with her and read it over and over. She also watched television until all hours and had her set in the bedroom—a bad sign. *Professor Hendricks has said critical things about Fawn Hall, the Catholic religion, and the whole state of Illinois. It is unbelievable.* At Christmastime she gave twenty-dollar tips to the mailman and to Jerry, the only cabbie in town, whom she had gotten to know from all her rides to and from the Terre Haute airport, and who, since he realized such rides were an extravagance, often gave her cut rates.

"I'm flying in to visit you this weekend," announced Zoë.

"I was hoping you would," said Evan. "Charlie and I are having a party for Halloween. It'll be fun."

"I have a costume already. It's a bonehead. It's this thing that looks like a giant bone going through your head."

"Great," said Evan.

"It is, it's great."

"All I have is my moon mask from last year and the year before. I'll probably end up getting married in it."

"Are you and Charlie getting *married*?" Zoë felt slightly alarmed.

"Hmmmmmmnnno, not immediately."

"Don't get married."

"Why?"

"Just not yet. You're too young."

"You're only saying that because

you're five years older than I am and *you're* not married."

"*I'm* not married? Oh, my God," said Zoë, "I forgot to get married."

Zoë had been out with three men since she'd come to Hilldale-Versailles. One of them was a man in the municipal bureaucracy who had fixed a parking ticket she'd brought in to protest and then asked her out for coffee. At first, she thought he was amazing—at last, someone who did not want Heidi! But soon she came to realize that all men, deep down, wanted Heidi. Heidi with cleavage. Heidi with outfits. The parking-ticket bureaucrat soon became tired and intermittent. One cool fall day, in his snazzy, impractical convertible, when she asked him what was wrong he said, "You would not be ill served by new clothes, you know." She wore a lot of gray-green corduroy. She had been under the impression that it brought out her eyes, those shy stars. She flicked an ant from her sleeve.

"Did you have to brush that off in the car?" he said, driving. He glanced down at his own pectorals, giving first the left, then the right, a quick survey. He was wearing a tight shirt.

"Excuse me?"

He slowed down at an amber light and frowned. "Couldn't you have picked it up and thrown it outside?"

"The ant? It might have bitten me. I mean, what difference does it make?"

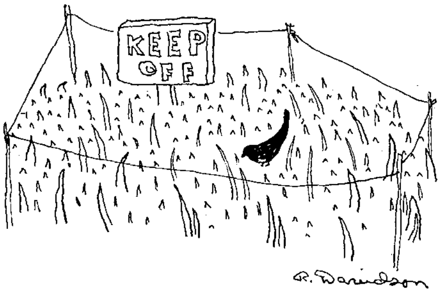
"It might have bitten you! Ha! How ridiculous! Now it's going to lay eggs in my car!"

The second guy was sweeter, lunkier, though not insensitive to certain paintings and songs, but too often, too, things he'd do or say would startle her. Once, in a restaurant, he stole the garnishes off her dinner plate and waited for her to notice. When she didn't, he finally thrust his fist across the table and said, "Look," and when he opened it, there was her parsley sprig and her orange slice crumpled to a wad. Another time, he described to her his recent trip to the Louvre. "And there I was in front of Delacroix's 'The Barque of Dante,' and everyone else had wandered off, so I had my own private audience with it, all those agonized shades splayed in every direction, and there's this motion in that painting that starts at the bottom, swirling and building up into the red fabric of Dante's hood, swirling out into the distance, where you see these orange flames—" He was breathless in the telling. She found this touching, and smiled in encouragement. "A painting like that," he said, shaking his head. "It just makes you shit."

"I have to ask you something," said Evan. "I know every woman complains about not meeting men, but really, on my shoots I meet a lot of men. And they're not all gay, either." She paused. "Not anymore."

"What are you asking?"

The third guy was a political-science professor named Murray Peterson, who liked to go out on double dates with colleagues whose wives he was attracted to. Usually, the wives would consent to flirt with him. Under the table sometimes there was footsie, and once there was even kneesie. Zoë and the husband would be left to their food, staring into their water glasses, chewing like goats. "Oh, Murray," said one wife, who had never finished her master's in physical therapy and wore great clothes. "You know, I know everything about you: your birthday, your license-plate number. I



THE WING DIKE AT LOW WATER

1
The Corps of Engineers bulldozed it out
From the limestone bluffs at a point between
A towhead and the shallows, a conscript
Calm which pays out water so gradually
Its scudding surface seems an image of
The mower's motion, of pale, upended
Grain stalks tumbling heavily from the scythe.

2
And yet somewhere below the light bevel
Of its watercourse an undercurrent
Quarries through acres of sand, gouging out
A barge road in mute, invisible, in-
Cessant bursts, which is how we imagine
Conscience works, rivering the mind until
The mind's capacities are shaped by it.

3
To make of water a topiary:
Declensions in the form of the maple
Samara, the slope-backed channel swimmer
Shouldering a wave, embodied psalm sound,
Hemstitch, a cat's hackle that's been worried
Clean. Or Odysseus' arrow punched up
To the feathers in Antínoös' throat.

4
As though in the air above it spirits
Lingered, the drunk at midnight reënacts
(For friends who've given up calling him back)
The myth of the water-walker: braced mid-
River, his arms outreach the multitudes,
All suddenly assumed into the echo-
Lalia streaming through him from the dark.

—Sherod Santos

• •

have everything memorized. But then that's the kind of mind I have. Once, at a dinner party, I amazed the host by getting up and saying goodbye to every single person there, first *and* last names."

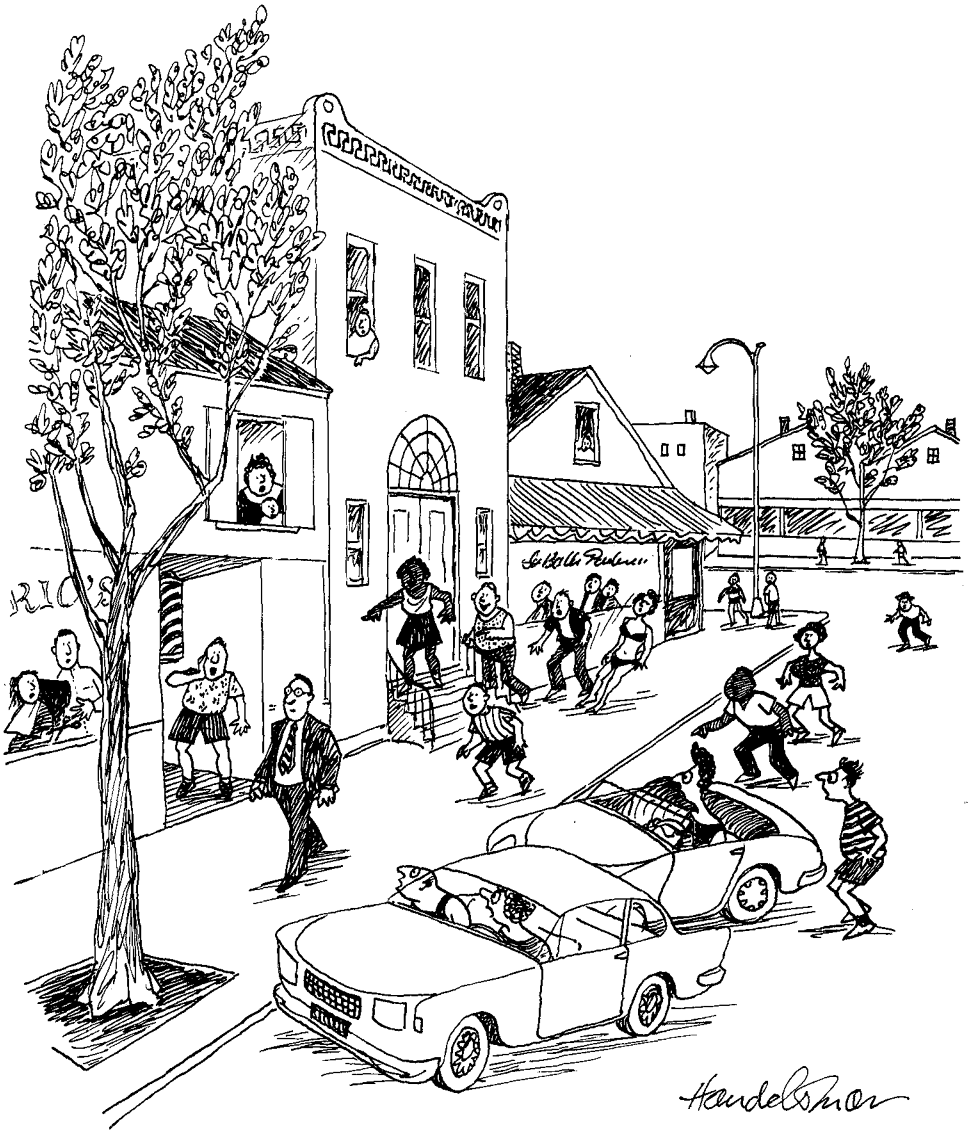
"I knew a dog who could do that," said Zoë with her mouth full. Murray and the wife looked at her with vexed and rebuking expressions, but the husband seemed suddenly twinkling and amused. Zoë swallowed. "It was a Talking Lab, and after about ten minutes of listening to the dinner conversation this dog knew everyone's name. You could say, 'Take this knife to Murray Peterson,' and it would."

"Really," said the wife, frowning, and Murray Peterson never called again.

"Are you seeing anyone?" said Evan. "I'm asking for a particular reason. I'm not just being like Mom."

"I'm seeing my house. I'm tending to it when it wets, when it cries, when it throws up." Zoë had bought a mint-green ranch house near campus, though now she was thinking that maybe she shouldn't have. It was hard to live in a house. She kept wandering in and out of the rooms, wondering where she had put things. She went downstairs into the basement for no reason at all except that it amused her to own a basement. It also amused her to own a tree.

Her parents, in Maryland, had been very pleased that one of their children had at last been able to afford real estate, and when she closed on the house they sent her flowers with a congratulations card. Her mother had even U.P.S.'d a box of old decorating magazines saved over the years—photographs of beautiful rooms her mother used to moon over, since there never had been any money to redecorate. It was like getting her mother's pornography, that box, inheriting her drooled-upon fantasies, the endless wish and tease that had been her life. But to her mother it was a rite of passage that pleased her. "Maybe you will get some ideas from these," she had written. And when Zoë looked at the photographs, at the bold and beautiful living rooms, she was filled with longing. Ideas and ideas of longing.



Sensation in the Hamptons: A Man Strolls Down Main Street Wearing a Tie

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Right now Zoë's house was rather empty. The previous owner had wallpapered around the furniture, leaving strange gaps and silhouettes on the walls, and Zoë hadn't done much about that yet. She had bought furniture, then taken it back, furnishing and unfurnishing, preparing and shedding, like a womb. She had bought several plain pine chests to use as love seats or boot boxes, but they came to look to her more and more like children's coffins, so she returned them. And she had recently bought an Oriental rug for the living room, with Chinese symbols on it she didn't understand. The salesgirl had kept saying she was sure they meant "Peace" and "Eternal Life," but when Zoë got the rug home she worried. What if they didn't mean "Peace" and "Eternal Life"? What if they meant, say, "Bruce Springsteen"? And the more she thought about it, the more she became convinced she had a rug that said "Bruce Springsteen," and so she returned that, too.

She had also bought a little baroque mirror for the front entryway, which, she had been told by Murray Peterson, would keep away evil spirits. The mirror, however, tended to frighten *her*, startling her with an image of a woman she never recognized. Sometimes she looked puffier and plainer than she remembered. Sometimes shifty and dark. Most times she just looked vague. "You look like someone I know," she had been told twice in the last year by strangers in restaurants in Terre

Haute. In fact, sometimes she seemed not to have a look of her own, or any look whatsoever, and it began to amaze her that her students and colleagues were able to recognize her at all. How did they know? When she walked into a room, how did she look so that they knew it was she? Like this? Did she look like this? And so she returned the mirror.

"The reason I'm asking is that I know a man I think you should meet," said Evan. "He's fun. He's straight. He's single. That's all I'm going to say."

"I think I'm too old for fun," said Zoë. She had a dark bristly hair in her chin, and she could feel it now with her finger. Perhaps when you had been without the opposite sex for too long, you began to resemble them. In an act of desperate invention, you began to grow your own. "I just want to come, wear my bonehead, visit with Charlie's tropical fish, ask you about your food shoots."

She thought about all the papers on "Our Constitution: How It Affects Us" she was going to have to correct. She thought about how she was going in for ultrasound tests on Friday, because, according to her doctor and her doctor's assistant, she had a large, mysterious growth in her abdomen. Gallbladder, they kept saying. Or ovaries or colon. "You guys practice medicine?" asked Zoë, aloud, after they had left the room. Once, as a girl, she brought her dog to a vet, who had told her, "Well, either your dog has worms or cancer or else it was hit by a car."

She was looking forward to New York.

"Well, whatever. We'll just play it cool. I can't wait to see you, hon. Don't forget your bonehead," said Evan.

"A bonehead you don't forget," said Zoë.

"I suppose," said Evan.

The ultrasound Zoë was keeping a secret, even from Evan. "I feel like I'm dying," Zoë had hinted just once on the phone.

"You're not dying," said Evan, "you're just annoyed."

"ULTRASOUND," Zoë now said jokingly to the technician who put the cold jelly on her bare stomach. "Does that sound like a really great stereo system or what?"

She had not had anyone make this much fuss over her bare stomach since her boyfriend in graduate school, who had hovered over her whenever she felt ill, waved his arms, pressed his hands upon her navel, and drawled evangelically, "Heal! Heal for thy Baby Jesus' sake!" Zoë would laugh and they would make love, both secretly hoping she would get pregnant. Later they would worry together, and he would sink a cheek to her belly and ask whether she was late, was she late, was she sure, she might be late, and when after two years she had not gotten pregnant they took to quarrelling and drifted apart.

"O.K.," said the technician absently.

The monitor was in place, and Zoë's insides came on the screen in all their gray and ribbony hollowness. They were marbled in the finest gradations of black and white, like stone in an old church or a picture of the moon. "Do you suppose," she babbled at the technician, "that the rise in infertility among so many couples in this country is due to completely different species trying to reproduce?" The technician moved the scanner around and took more pictures. On one view in particular, on Zoë's right side, the technician became suddenly alert, the machine he was operating clicking away.

Zoë stared at the screen. "That must be the growth you found there," suggested Zoë.

"I can't tell you anything," said the technician rigidly. "Your doctor will get the radiologist's report this afternoon and will phone you then."

"I'll be out of town," said Zoë.

"I'm sorry," said the technician.

Driving home, Zoë looked in the rearview mirror and decided she looked —well, how would one describe it? A little wan. She thought of the joke about the guy who visits his doctor and the doctor says, "Well, I'm sorry to say, you've got six weeks to live."

"I want a second opinion," says the guy. *You act like your opinion is worth more than everyone else's in the class.*

"You want a second opinion? O.K.," says the doctor. "You're ugly, too." She liked that joke. She thought it was terribly, terribly funny.

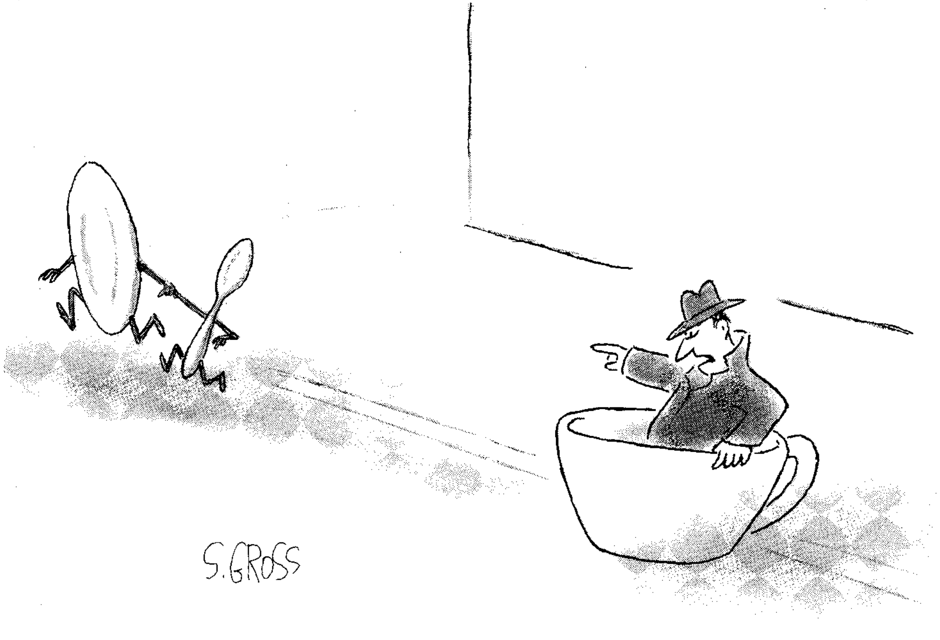
She took a cab to the airport. Jerry the cabbie was happy to see her.

"Have fun in New York," he said, getting her bag out of the trunk. He liked her, or at least he always acted as if he did. She called him Jare.

"Thanks, Jare."

"You know, I'll tell you a secret: I've never been to New York. I'll tell you two secrets: I've never been on a plane." And he waved at her sadly as she pushed her way in through the terminal door. "Or an escalator!" he shouted.

The trick to flying safely, Zoë always said, was to never buy a discount ticket and to tell yourself you had nothing to live for anyway, so that when the plane crashed it was no big deal. Then, when it didn't crash, when you had succeeded in keeping it aloft with



"Quick! Follow that dish and spoon!"

your own worthlessness, all you had to do was stagger off, locate your luggage, and, by the time a cab arrived, come up with a persuasive reason to go on living.

“YOU’RE here!” shrieked Evan over the doorbell, before she even opened the door. Then she opened it wide. Zoë set her bags on the hall floor and hugged Evan hard. When she was little, Evan had always been affectionate and devoted. Zoë had always taken care of her—advising, reassuring—until recently, when it seemed Evan had started advising and reassuring *her*. It startled Zoë. She suspected it had something to do with her being alone. It made people uncomfortable.

“How *are* you?”

“I threw up on the plane. Besides that, I’m O.K.”

“Can I get you something? Here, let me take your suitcase. Sick on the plane. *Eeeyew.*”

“It was into one of those sickness bags,” said Zoë, just in case Evan thought she’d lost it in the aisle. “I was very quiet.”

“Dad, where were you when the big money was being made?”

• •

The apartment was spacious and bright, with a view all the way downtown along the East Side. There was a balcony, and sliding glass doors. “I keep forgetting how nice this apartment is. Twenty-first floor, doorman . . .” Zoë could work her whole life and never have an apartment like this. So could Evan. It was Charlie’s apartment. He and Evan lived in it like two kids in a dorm, beer cans and clothes strewn around. Evan put Zoë’s bag away from the mess, over by the fish tanks. “I’m so glad you’re here,” she said. “Now what can I get you?”

Evan made them lunch—soup from a can and saltines.

“I don’t know about Charlie,” she said after they had finished. “I feel like we’ve gone all sexless and middle-aged already.”

“Hmm,” said Zoë. She leaned back into Evan’s sofa and stared out the window at the dark tops of the buildings. It seemed a little unnatural to live up in the sky like this, like birds that out of some wrongheaded derring-do had nested too high. She nodded toward the lighted fish tanks and giggled. “I feel like a bird,” she said, “with my own personal supply of fish.”

Evan sighed. “He comes home and just sacks out on the sofa, watching fuzzy football. He’s wearing the psychic cold cream and curlers, if you know what I mean.”

Zoë sat up, readjusted the sofa cushions. “What’s fuzzy football?”

“We haven’t gotten cable yet. Everything comes in fuzzy. Charlie just watches it that way.”

“Hmm, yeah, that’s a little depressing,” Zoë said. She looked at her hands. “Especially the part about not having cable.”

“This is how he gets into bed at night.” Evan stood up to demonstrate. “He whips all his clothes off, and when he gets to his underwear he lets it drop to one ankle. Then he kicks up his leg and flips the underwear in the air and catches it. I, of course, watch from the bed. There’s nothing else. There’s just that.”

“Maybe you should just get it over with and get married.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. I mean, you guys probably think living together like this is the best of both worlds, but—” Zoë tried to sound like an older sister; an older sister was supposed to be the parent you could never have, the hip, cool mom. “But I’ve always found that as soon as you think you’ve got the best of both worlds”—she thought now of herself, alone in her house, of the toad-faced cicadas that flew around like little men at night and landed on her screens, staring; of the size-14 shoes she placed at the doorstep, to scare off intruders; of the ridiculous, inflatable blowup doll someone had told her to keep propped up at the breakfast table—“it can suddenly twist and become the worst of both worlds.”

“Really?” Evan was beaming. “Oh, Zoë. I have something to tell you. Charlie and I *are* getting married.”

“Really.” Zoë felt confused.

“I didn’t know how to tell you.”

“Yeah, I guess the part about fuzzy football misled me a little.”

“I was hoping you’d be my maid of honor,” said Evan, waiting. “Aren’t you happy for me?”

“Yes,” said Zoë, and she began to tell Evan a story about an award-winning violinist at Hilldale-Versailles—how the violinist had come home from a competition in Europe and taken up with a local man who made her go to all his summer softball games, made her cheer for him from the stands, with the wives, until she later killed herself. But when Zoë got halfway through, to the part about cheering at the softball games, she stopped.

"What?" said Evan. "So what happened?"

"Actually, nothing," said Zoë lightly. "She just really got into softball. You should have seen her."

Zoë decided to go to a late-afternoon movie, leaving Evan to chores she needed to do before the party—"I have to do them alone, really," she'd said, a little tense after the violinist story. Zoë thought about going to an art museum, but women alone in art museums had to look good. They always did. Chic and serious, moving languidly, with a great handbag. Instead, she walked down through Kips Bay, past an earring boutique called Stick It in Your Ear, past a hair salon called Dorian Gray. That was the funny thing about *beauty*, thought Zoë. Look it up in the yellow pages and you found a hundred entries, hostile with wit, cutesy with warning. But look up *truth*—Ha! There was nothing at all.

Zoë thought about Evan getting married. Would Evan turn into Peter Pumpkin Eater's wife? Mrs. Eater? At the wedding, would she make Zoë wear some flouncy lavender dress, identical with the other maids'? Zoë hated uniforms, had even in the first grade refused to join Elf Girls because she didn't want to wear the same dress as everyone else. Now she might have to. But maybe she could distinguish it. Hitch it up on one side with a clothespin. Wear surgical gauze at the waist. Clip to her bodice one of those pins that say in loud letters "SHIT HAPPENS."

At the movie—"Death by Number"—she bought strands of red licorice to tug and chew. She took a seat off to one side in the theatre. She felt strangely self-conscious sitting alone, and hoped for the place to darken fast. When it did, and the coming attractions came on, she reached inside her purse for her glasses. They were in a Baggie. Her Kleenex was also in a Baggie. So was her pen and her aspirin and her mints. Everything was in Baggies. This was what she'd become: *a woman alone at the movies with everything in a Baggie.*

MAPS

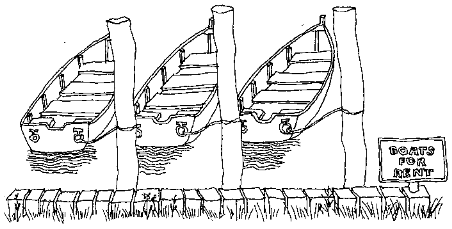
Those days, we had no maps.
I would walk home from anywhere and find it.
The house was something high,
as though hundreds of leaves, none identical,
buoyed it up, an offering
above the street, backfiring trucks, damaged
neighbors intent on the next
dark wish. We heard them
humid nights, Miss Starr
in the next apartment, falling over chairs, yelling,
Get out of here all of you. Get out
of here. Clunk, bang,
then silence. She was past sixty, and we,
shy as that creature part
of the moon eclipsed by earth, paced
our small adjoining porch, wondering who we were
to do things. You hiked over
the railing, inched along the gable, her kitchen
a few steps more. *Miss Starr*? Sprawled backward, alone,
she just looked at you, senator for the whole
dumb planet. You, too, she said,
in elegant burn, and turned away.

That was years ago, and what right have I?
Miss Starr must be dead by now, and the house—who knows—
full of earnest, optimistic strangers.
But you, climbing back that night
into our tiny place, those lines in you
—such secrets in the body—I could follow them down
to the world's first sorrow, and drown myself
as simply as a child might, her parents
barely out of earshot. You took both
my hands in yours. We listened
at the wall, untangling kindness
from the map of kindness, until normal sounds
returned—a bath being drawn, drawers
opening and closing—and the years
began their clockwork.

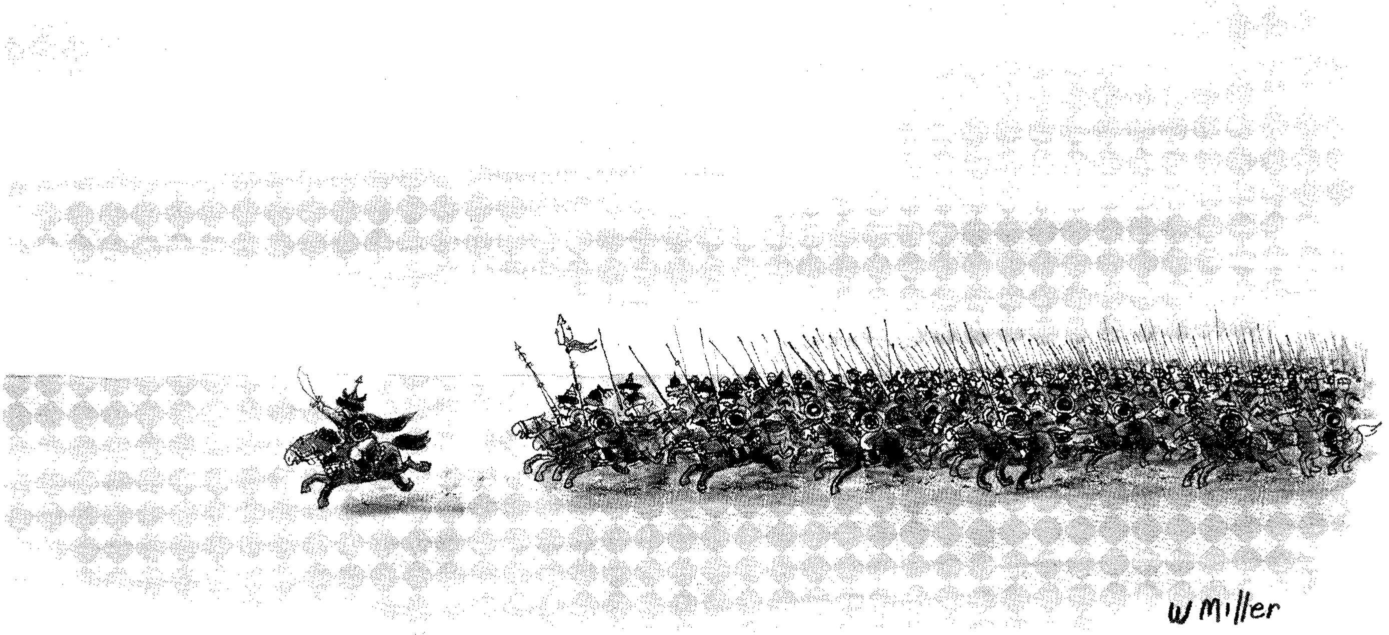
—Marianne Boruch

• •

AT the Halloween party, there were about two dozen people. There were people with ape heads and large hairy hands. There was someone dressed as a leprechaun. There was someone dressed as a frozen dinner. Some man had brought his two small daughters: a ballerina and a ballerina's sister, also dressed as a ballerina. There was a gaggle of sexy witches—women dressed entirely in black, beautifully made up and jewelled. "I hate those sexy witches. It's not in the spirit of Halloween," said Evan. Evan had abandoned the moon mask and dolled herself up as a hausfrau, in curlers and an apron, a decision she now regretted. Charlie, because he liked fish, because he owned fish and collected fish, had decided to go as a fish. He had fins, and eyes on the sides of his head. "Zoë! How are you! I'm sorry I wasn't here when you first arrived!" He spent the rest of his time chatting up the sexy witches.



"Isn't there something I can help you with here?" Zoë asked her sister.



Attila The Horizontally Mobile

• •

"You've been running yourself ragged." She rubbed her sister's arm, gently, as if she wished they were alone.

"Oh, God, not at all," said Evan, arranging stuffed mushrooms on a plate. The timer went off, and she pulled another sheetful out of the oven. "Actually, you know what you can do?"

"What?" Zoë put on her bonehead.

"Meet Earl. He's the guy I had in mind for you. When he gets here, just talk to him a little. He's nice. He's fun. He's going through a divorce."

"I'll try," Zoë groaned. "O.K.? I'll try." She looked at her watch.

When Earl arrived, he was dressed as a naked woman, steel wool glued strategically to a body stocking, and large rubber breasts protruding like hams.

"Zoë, this is Earl," said Evan.

"Good to meet you," said Earl, circling Evan to shake Zoë's hand. He stared at the top of Zoë's head. "Great bone."

Zoë nodded. "Great tits," she said. She looked past him, out the window at the city thrown glitteringly up against the sky; people were saying the usual things: how it looked like jewels, like bracelets and necklaces unstrung. You could see the clock of the Con Ed building, the orange-and-gold-capped Empire State, the Chrysler like a rocket ship dreamed up in a depression. Far west you could glimpse Astor Plaza, with its flying white roof like a nun's habit. "There's beer out on the balcony, Earl. Can I get you one?" Zoë asked.

"Sure, uh, I'll come along. Hey, Charlie, how's it going?"

Charlie grinned and whistled. People turned to look. "Hey, Earl," someone called from across the room. "Va-va-va-voom."

They squeezed their way past the other guests, past the apes and the sexy witches. The suction of the sliding door gave way in a whoosh, and Zoë and Earl stepped out onto the balcony, a bonehead and a naked woman, the night air roaring and smoky cool. Another couple were out there, too, murmuring privately. They were not wearing costumes. They smiled at Zoë and Earl. "Hi," said Zoë. She found the plastic-foam cooler, dug in and retrieved two beers.

"Thanks," said Earl. His rubber breasts folded inward, dimpled and dented, as he twisted open the bottle.

"Well," sighed Zoë anxiously. She had to learn not to be afraid of a man, the way, in your childhood, you learned not to be afraid of an earthworm or a bug. Often, when she spoke to men at parties, she rushed things in her mind. As the man politely blathered on, she would fall in love, marry, then find herself in a bitter custody battle with him for the kids and hoping for a reconciliation, so that despite all his betrayals she might no longer despise him, and, in the few minutes remaining, learn, perhaps, what his last name was and what he did for a living, though probably there was already too much history between them. She would nod, blush, turn away.

"Evan tells me you're a history professor. Where do you teach?"

"Just over the Indiana border into Illinois."

He looked a little shocked. "I guess Evan didn't tell me that part."

"She didn't?"

"No."

"Well, that's Evan for you. When we were kids we both had speech impediments."

"That can be tough," said Earl. One of his breasts was hidden behind his drinking arm, but the other shone low and pink, full as a strawberry moon.

"Yes, well, it wasn't a total loss. We used to go to what we called peach pearapy. For about ten years of my life, I had to map out every sentence in my mind, way ahead, before I said it. That was the only way I could get a coherent sentence out."

Earl drank from his beer. "How did you do that? I mean, how did you get through?"

"I told a lot of jokes. Jokes you know the lines to already. You can just say them. I love jokes. Jokes and songs."

Earl smiled. He had on lipstick, a deep shade of red, but it was wearing off from the beer. "What's your favorite joke?"

"Uh, my favorite joke is probably—O.K., all right. This guy goes into a doctor's office, and—"

"I think I know this one," interrupted Earl, eagerly. He wanted to tell it himself. "A guy goes into a doctor's office, and the doctor tells him he's got some good news and some bad news—that one, right?"

"I'm not sure," said Zoë. "This might be a different version."

"So the guy says, 'Give me the bad news first,' and the doctor says, 'O.K. You've got three weeks to live.' And the guy cries, 'Three weeks to live! Doctor, what is the good news?' And the doctor says, 'Did you see that secretary out front? I finally fucked her.' "

Zoë frowned.

"That's not the one you were thinking of?"

"No." There was accusation in her voice. "Mine was different."

"Oh," said Earl. He looked away and then back again. "What kind of history do you teach?"

"I teach American, mostly—eighteenth- and nineteenth-century." In graduate school, at bars the pickup line was always "So what's your century?"

"Occasionally, I teach a special theme course," she added. "Say, 'Humor and Personality in the White House.' That's what my book's on." She thought of something someone once told her about bowerbirds, how they build elaborate structures before mating.

"Your book's on *humor*?"

"Yeah, and, well, when I teach a theme course like that I do all the centuries." *So what's your century?*

"All three of them."

"Pardon?" The breeze glistened her eyes. Traffic revved beneath them. She felt high and puny, like someone lifted into Heaven by mistake and then spurned.

"Three. There's only three."

"Well, four, really." She was thinking of Jamestown, and of the Pilgrims coming here with buckles and witch hats to say their prayers.

"I'm a photographer," said Earl. His face was starting to gleam, his rouge smearing in a sunset beneath his eyes.

"Do you like that?"

"Well, actually, I'm starting to feel it's a little dangerous."

"Really?"

"Spending all your time in a dark room with that red light and all those chemicals. There's links with Parkinson's, you know."

"No, I didn't."

"I suppose I should wear rubber gloves, but I don't like to. Unless I'm touching it directly, I don't think of it as real."

"Hmm," said Zoë. Alarm buzzed mildly through her.

"Sometimes, when I have a cut or something, I feel the sting and think, *Shit*. I wash constantly and just hope. I don't like rubber over the skin like that."

"Really."

"I mean, the physical contact. That's what you want, or why bother?"

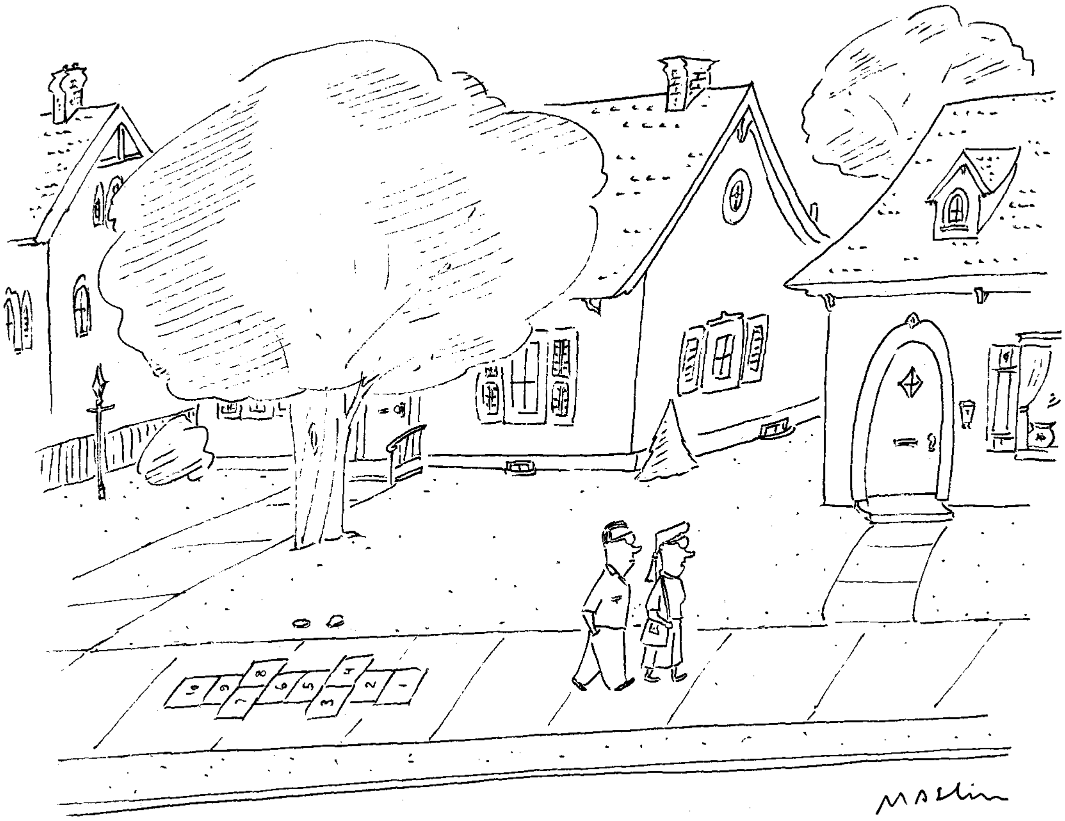
"I guess," said Zoë. She wished she could think of a joke, something slow and deliberate with the end in sight. She thought of gorillas, how when they had been kept too long alone in cages they would smack each other in the head instead of mating.

"Are you—in a relationship?" Earl suddenly blurted.

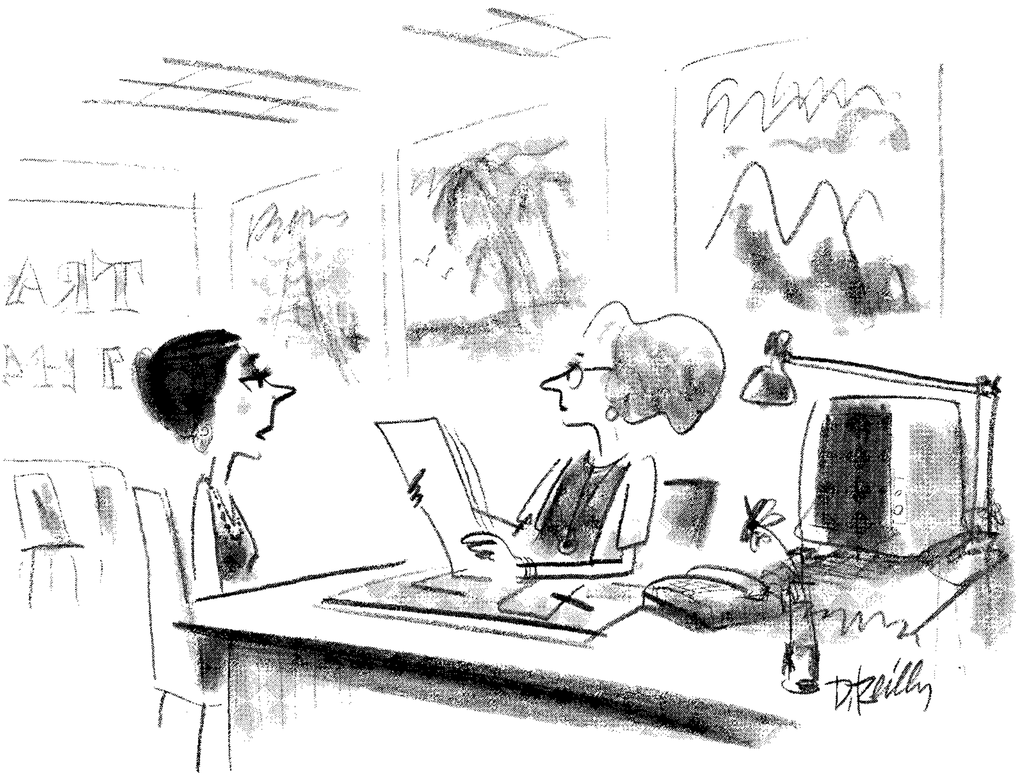
"Now? As we speak?"

"Well, I mean, I'm sure you have a *relationship* to your *work*." A smile, a little one, nestled in his mouth like an egg. She thought of zoos in parks, how when cities were under siege, during world wars, people ate the animals. "But I mean, with a *man*."

"No, I'm not in a relationship with a *man*." She



"You've played hopscotch before."



"In your opinion, is it possible to do France on fifteen hundred calories a day?"

rubbed her chin with her hand and could feel the one bristly hair there. "But my last relationship was with a very sweet man," she said. She made something up. "From Switzerland. He was a botanist—a weed expert. His name was Jerry. I called him Jare. He was so funny. You'd go to the movies with him and all he would notice was the plants. He would never pay attention to the plot. Once, in a jungle movie, he started rattling off all these Latin names, out loud. It was very exciting for him." She paused, caught her breath. "Eventually, he went back to Europe to, uh, study the edelweiss." She looked at Earl. "Are you involved in a relationship? With a *woman*?"

Earl shifted his weight and the creases in his body stocking changed, splintering outward like something broken. His pubic hair slid over to one hip, like a corsage on a saloon girl. "No," he said, clearing his throat. The steel wool in his underarms was inching down toward his biceps. "I've just gotten out of a marriage that was full of bad dialogue like 'You want more *space*? I'll give you more space!' *Clonk.* Your basic Three Stooges."

Zoë looked at him sympathetically. "I suppose it's hard for love to recover after that."

His eyes lit up. He wanted to talk about love. "But I keep thinking love should be like a tree. You look at trees and they've got bumps and scars from tumors, infestations, what have you, but they're still growing. Despite the bumps and bruises, they're—straight."

"Yeah, well," said Zoë, "where I'm from they're all married or gay. Did you see that movie 'Death by Number'?"

Earl looked at her, a little lost. She was getting away from him. "No," he said.

One of his breasts had slipped under his arm, tucked there like a baguette. She kept thinking of trees, of parks, of people in wartime eating the zebras. She felt a stabbing pain in her abdomen.

"Want some hors d'oeuvres?" Evan came pushing through the sliding door. She was smiling, though her curlers were coming out, hanging bedraggled at the ends of her hair like Christmas decorations, like food put out for the birds. She thrust forward a plate of stuffed mushrooms.

"Are you asking for donations or giving them away?" said Earl wittily. He liked Evan, and he put his arm around her.

"You know, I'll be right back," said Zoë.

"Oh," said Evan, looking concerned.

"Right back. I promise."

Zoë hurried inside, across the living room into the bedroom, to the adjoining bath. It was empty; most of the guests were using the half-bath near the kitchen. She flicked on the light and closed the door. The pain had stopped, and she didn't really have to go to the bathroom, but she stayed there anyway, resting. In the mirror above the sink, she looked haggard beneath her bonehead, violet-grays showing under the skin like a plucked and pocky bird's. She leaned closer, raising her chin a little to find the bristly hair. It was there, at the end of the jaw, sharp and dark as a wire. She opened the medicine cabinet, pawed through it until she found some tweezers. She lifted her head again and poked at her face with the metal tips, grasping and pinching and missing. Outside the door, she could hear two people talking low. They had come into the bedroom and were discussing something. They were sitting on the bed. One of them giggled in a false way. Zoë stabbed again at her chin, and it started to bleed a little. She pulled the skin tight along the jawbone, gripped the tweezers hard around what she hoped was the hair, and tugged. A tiny square of skin came away, but the hair remained, blood bright at the root of it. Zoë clenched her teeth. "Come on," she whispered. The couple outside in the bedroom were now telling stories, softly, and laughing. There was a bounce and squeak of mattress, and the sound of a chair being moved out of the way. Zoë aimed the tweezers carefully, pinched, then pulled gently, and this time the hair came, too, with a slight twinge of pain, and then a great flood of relief. "Yeah!" breathed Zoë. She grabbed some toilet paper and dabbed at her chin. It came away spotted with blood, and so she tore off some more and pressed hard until it stopped. Then she turned off the light, opened the door, and rejoined the party. "Excuse me," she said to the couple in the bedroom. They were the couple from the balcony, and they looked at her, a bit surprised. They had their arms around each other, and they were eating candy bars.

EARL was still out on the balcony, alone, and Zoë rejoined him there. "Hi," she said.

He turned around and smiled. He had straightened his costume out a bit, though all the secondary sex characteristics seemed slightly doomed, destined to shift and flip and zip around again any moment. "Are you O.K.?" he asked. He had opened another beer and was chugging.

"Oh, yeah. I just had to go to the *bathroom.*" She paused. "Actually, I have been going to a lot of doctors recently."

"What's wrong?" asked Earl.

"Oh, probably nothing. But they're putting me through tests." She sighed. "I've had sonograms. I've had mammograms. Next week I'm going in for a candygram." He looked at her, concerned. "I've had too many gram words," she said.

"Here, I saved you these." He held out a napkin with two stuffed mushroom caps. They were cold and leaving oil marks on the napkin.

"Thanks," said Zoë, and pushed them both in her mouth. "Watch," she said with her mouth full. "With my luck it'll be a gallbladder operation."

Earl made a face. "So your sister's getting married," he said, changing the subject. "Tell me, really, what you think about love."

"*Love?*" Hadn't they done this already? "I don't know." She chewed thoughtfully and swallowed. "All right. I'll tell you what I think about love. Here is a love story. This friend of mine—"

"You've got something on your chin," said Earl, and he reached over to touch it.

"What?" said Zoë, stepping back. She turned her face away and grabbed at her chin. A piece of toilet paper peeled off it, like tape. "It's nothing," she said. "It's just—it's nothing."

Earl stared at her.

"At any rate," she continued, "this friend of mine was this award-winning violinist. She travelled all over Europe and won competitions; she made records, she gave concerts, she got famous. But she had no social life. So one day she threw herself at the feet of this conductor she had a terrible crush on. He picked her up, scolded her gently, and sent her back to her hotel room. After that, she came home from Europe. She went back to her old home town, stopped playing the violin, and took up with a local boy. This was in Illinois. He took her to some Big Ten bar every night to drink with his buddies from the team. He used to say things like 'Katrina here likes to play the violin' and then he'd pinch her cheek. When she once suggested that they go home, he said, 'What, you think you're too famous for a place like this? Well, let me tell you something. You may think you're famous, but you're not *famous* famous.' Two famouses. 'No one here's ever heard of you.' Then he went up and bought a round of drinks for everyone but her. She got her coat, went home, and shot a bullet through her head."

Earl was silent.

"That's the end of my love story," said Zoë.

"You're not at all like your sister," said Earl.

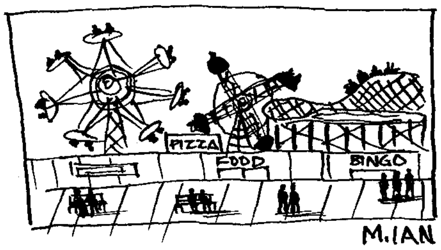
"Oh, really," said Zoë. The air had gotten colder, the wind singing minor and thick as a dirge.

"No." He didn't want to talk about love anymore. "You know, *you should* wear a lot of blue—blue and white—around your face. It would bring out your coloring." He reached an arm out to show her how the blue bracelet he was wearing might look against her skin, but she swatted it away.

"Tell me, Earl. Does the word 'fag' mean anything to you?"

He stepped back, away from her. He shook his head in disbelief. "You know, I just shouldn't try to go out with career women. You're all stricken. A guy can really tell what life has done to you. I do better with women who have part-time jobs."

"Oh, yes?" said Zoë. She had once read an article entitled "Professional Women and the Demographics of Grief." Or, no, it was a poem. *If there were a lake, the moonlight would dance across it in conniptions.* She remembered that line. But perhaps the title was "The Empty House: Aesthetics of Barrenness." Or maybe "Space Gypsies: Girls in Academe." She had forgotten.



Earl turned and leaned on the railing of the balcony. It was getting late. Inside, the party guests were beginning to leave. The sexy witches were already gone. "Live and learn," Earl murmured.

"Live and get dumb," replied Zoë. Beneath them on Lexington there were no cars, just the gold rush of an occasional cab. He leaned hard on his elbows, brooding.

"Look at those few people down there," he said. "They look like bugs. You know how bugs are kept under control? They're sprayed with bug hormones—female bug hormones. The male bugs get so crazy in the presence of this hormone they're screwing everything in sight—trees, rocks, everything but female bugs. Population control. That's what's happening in this country," he said drunkenly. "Hormones sprayed around, and now men are screwing rocks. Rocks!"

In the back, the Magic Marker line of his buttocks spread wide, a sketchy black on pink, like a funnies page. Zoë came up, slow, from behind, and gave him a shove. His arms slipped forward, off the railing, out over the street. Beer spilled out of his bottle, raining twenty stories down to the street.

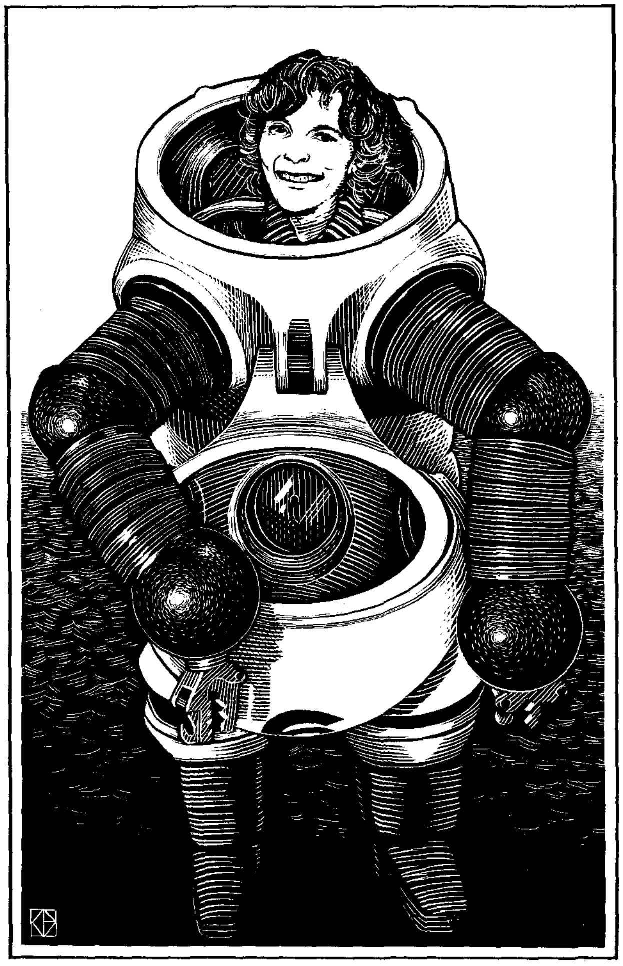
"Hey, what are you doing!" he said, whipping around. He stood straight and readied, and moved away from the railing, sidestepping Zoë. "What the *hell* are you doing?"

"Just kidding," she said. "I was just kidding." But he gazed at her, appalled and frightened, his Magic Marker buttocks turned away now toward all of downtown, a naked pseudo woman with a blue bracelet at the wrist, trapped out on a balcony with—with *what?* "Really, I was just kidding!" Zoë shouted. The wind lifted the hair up off her head, skyward in spines behind the bone. If there were a lake, the moonlight would dance across it in conniptions. She smiled at him and wondered how she looked.

—Lorrie Moore

PROFILES

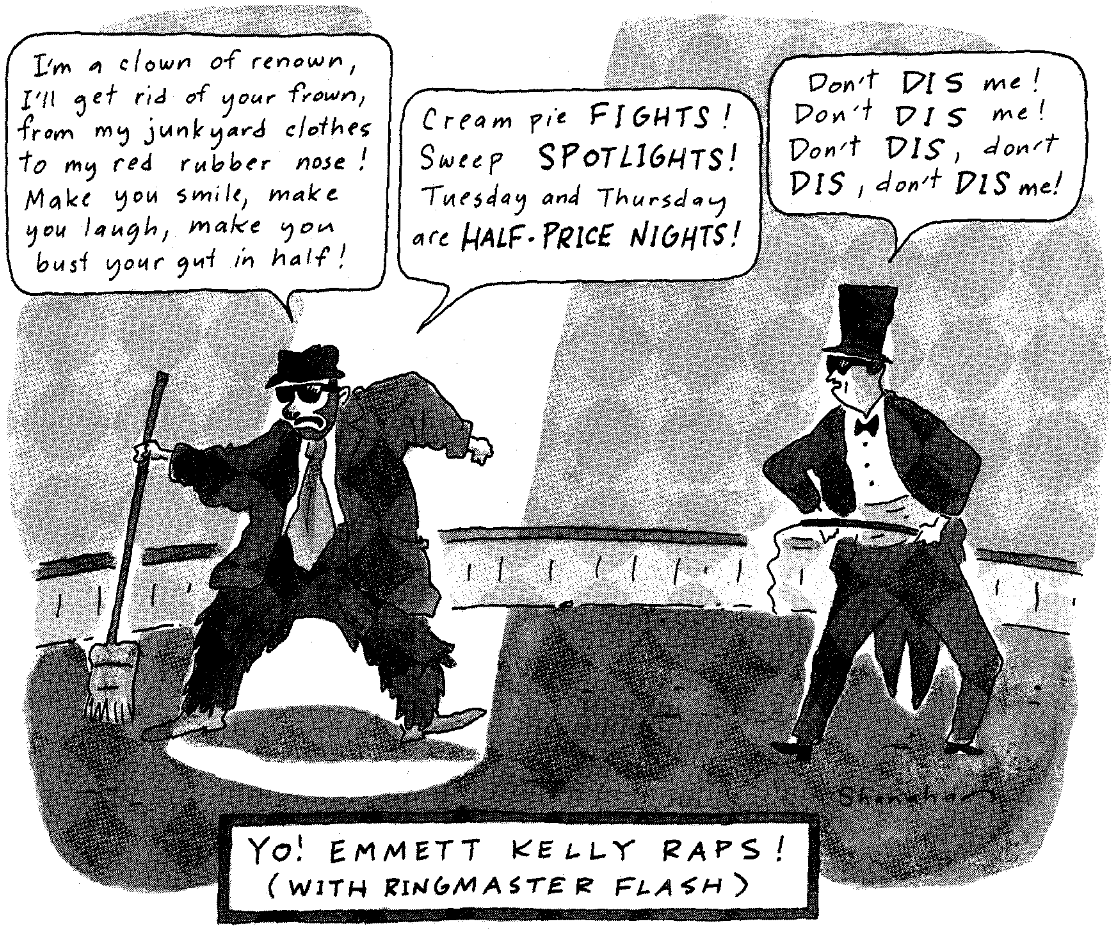
HER DEEPNESS



FLYING over Prince William Sound, Alaska—an expanse of silver-gray seas, blindingly white mountains, stark blue glaciers, wild islands, and rainbow-hued streamers of spilled petroleum snaking through thousands of square miles of ocean—Dr. Sylvia A. Earle looked out the window of a Coast Guard helicopter and shouted over the noise of the rotors, "It's an inexcusable outrage!" It was a Sunday afternoon in April, three weeks after the supertanker Exxon Valdez had run aground on Bligh Reef, a few miles from the mainland, leaking more than ten million gallons of crude oil into the sea—the worst oil spill in our country's history. (It was not the world's largest—that was a spill of some eighty-eight million gallons off Trinidad and Tobago in 1979, in very different ocean conditions—but it may be the world's worst in another sense, since the varied coastline, the cold waters, and the tidal conditions in the huge, sheltered sound have made cleanup efforts extraordinarily difficult, with environmentalists predicting that deleterious effects upon the region's ecology may persist for a decade or more.) Dr. Earle, a marine botanist and biologist, who is perhaps the world's best-known woman marine scientist, had been in Alaska for four days, during which she had surveyed several stretches of ocean, tramped over a number of oil-blackened beaches, attended many meetings, and engaged in consultations with other scientists who were among the hordes of people to have invaded the small, formerly tranquil town of Valdez following the catastrophe. By this time, everyone—including the Exxon Corporation—acknowledged that the spill was out of control. Great patches of unprocessed oil now extended over about three thousand square miles of sea. Some of the oil was in its characteristic darkly iridescent state, similar to what you might see on your garage floor. Some of it—whipped by wave action—had turned into long, rust-colored floating strips of clotted stuff known as mousse. Some of it had slipped beneath the surface, either in sheets or in blobs, where it would continue to affect the ecosystem, unseen. The damage was more obvious onshore: more than eight hundred miles of rocky beaches were covered with a heavy black coating, which penetrated the subsoil. In the rest of the country, the public's attention was being focussed to a great extent on the plight of wildlife: by now, several thousand birds and some three hundred sea otters were known to have died, while untold numbers of smaller, less visible species had been condemned to death. In and around Valdez, a high-level circus was in full swing in the form of a non-stop, highly emotional round of activities involving federal and state agencies, Exxon, scores of scientists, and the United States Coast Guard, all of whom were trying to ameliorate the effects of the disaster but were—to more than one observer—managing to recall the Keystone Cops.

I had accompanied Dr. Earle to Alaska in order to see the results of the spill and to watch her as she helped to assess the damage and to carry on related research. Over the previous year, I had spent a good deal of time with Sylvia Earle, and had come to realize that she is a woman of many accomplishments. She is not only a highly visible environmentalist—having made her mark as a writer and lecturer and participant in various conservationist organizations—but a renowned marine explorer, who has dived all over the world in various kinds of miniature submarines, or submersibles, and has set a number of records during more than three decades as a biologist, a leader of scientific expeditions, a resident of undersea habitats, a pilot of advanced subaquatic vehicles, and a pioneer of experimental marine equipment. Moreover, fellow-oceanographers recognize her as one of the most experienced, most versatile, and most intrepid divers in the history of underwater exploration. An ichthyologist who has worked with her for many years, Dr. John McCosker, the head of San Francisco's Steinhart Aquarium, once told me, "I think Sylvia may have mellowed a bit in recent years, and thank goodness, because her magnetism and dynamism are almost impossible to keep up with. I mean that Sylvia, in her most enthusiastic state of life, is just too hot to handle."

In the Coast Guard helicopter—a big H-3—Sylvia sat just behind the pilot and co-pilot, talking with them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YO! EMMETT KELLY RAPS! (WITH RINGMASTER FLASH)
Shanahan

over headsets as they surveyed Naked Island, one of several mountainous, tree-covered islands that extend like a small archipelago through Prince William Sound. The day before, flying over the same island in another helicopter, she had noticed a milky, cloudlike formation in the water off a rocky point—the milt, or sperm, of spawning herring. (One result of the oil spill was that within a week and a half the area's herring season, a mainstay of several nearby fishing communities, had been cancelled by Alaskan authorities. Herring fisheries in the area normally bring in twelve million dollars a year. Salmon hatcheries, another multi-million-dollar industry, were also in a near-critical state.) Today, Sylvia was trying to locate that same point of land, so that she could go down and examine the milt at close range. Just ahead of us, dead in the waters of Outside Bay, was the Exxon Valdez, tended by tugboats and surrounded by containment booms to prevent more oil from spreading. The huge tanker had been refloated and towed to this spot, about thirty miles from the place where it had run aground, but it had taken a salvage crew twelve days to figure out how to do it.

After we had made two circuits of the island, Sylvia determined that we were at the spot of the previous day's milt, which was no longer obvious from the air. Arcing downward, the helicopter landed on a sloping stretch of rocky beach, and three of us climbed out—Sylvia, Charles Jurasz, and I. Jurasz, a sandy-haired man in his forties, is the director of a non-profit marine research and educational organization called Sea Search, Ltd., of Juneau; he is an old friend of Sylvia's, having worked with her some twelve years earlier on a project involving humpback whales in the Pacific. The H-3 lifted off again—the Coast Guardsmen had other work to do—and then, while I scrambled along behind, Sylvia and Chuck Jurasz began doing a biological survey of the area. A light, misty rain that had been falling for several hours added to the slickness of the terrain. The boulders and smaller rocks and pebbles on the beach were almost uniformly slate gray, but plant life—fucus and other algae—formed a carpet of heavy, slippery growth that brought the rugged beach alive with rusts, golds, and greens. Mussels and barnacles clung to the rocks by the thousand. Here and there were small tidal pools, many of them filled with tiny forms of life and some of them with glittering swirls of oil. Though we were within sight of the tanker, this beach had not received the full onslaught of the spill, and therefore, Sylvia explained, there was a good chance that its plant and animal species might not have been irreversibly damaged.

Now Sylvia set out, camera in hand, to climb over some jagged rocks toward the place where she had seen the milt. For a world-class explorer, Sylvia Earle is surprisingly slight of build. A wiry bantamweight, she stands five feet three and weighs a hundred and ten pounds; and with her regular features, amused-looking brown eyes, soft-brown hair, and ready smile, she radiates enough all-American dazzle for TV commercials. (She once made one for Tang.) But her appearance is deceptive: among fellow marine explorers, she is known as a strong and extremely tough diver, having spent more than five thousand hours submerged, much of the time in chancy conditions or hazardous situations. She had told me that she hoped to return to this area in a couple of months to do some scientific diving. Today though, except for a little wading, she was keeping to the shore, wearing yellow rubber boots and an orange flotation suit with a hood. She bent to examine amphipods, copepods, whelks, and other small creatures, and at one point she reached into a small pool and picked up a tiny starfish on her fingertip—an apparent casualty that soon began to show signs of life. The most significant find, though, was a

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vast blanket of herring roe. Through tidal action, millions of herring eggs had been deposited on the beach—tiny, crystalline objects, which, as they clung to branches of fucus and other growth, seemed to cover the plants with glistening hoarfrost.

Over the next two hours, Sylvia and Jurasz took samples of the roe at carefully chosen places on the beach, and Jurasz made a written record of each find. "Let's be sure to take two samples from each site," Sylvia said to him. Then she explained to me, "We'll have these studied in several ways. We'll test to see whether the roe contains any hydrocarbons, and then we'll rear some of the eggs, let them hatch, and eventually dissect the herring to see whether they have any deformities or other disorders." From time to time, Sylvia looked out to sea, where we could see otters swimming, and once she spotted a group of six harbor seals. "That's a good sign, but they're certainly not out of danger," she said. Glaucous gulls swooped overhead, and later three eagles flew over the beach. (Eagles and other raptors were considered to be in special peril, since so many water birds—the eagles' prey—had been killed by oil; by ingesting them the eagles were almost certain to be fatally poisoned.) As I watched Sylvia going about her work, I could see that she was utterly absorbed in it—kneeling to examine a single blade of alga or crawling over rocks to inspect the variety of living things within a small pool. When, after about two and a half hours, we heard the H-3's rotors overhead, she looked up and exclaimed, "Oh, no—not *yet!*" But the Coast Guard had its schedule, so the three of us climbed into the copter and headed back to Valdez. During the flight, we looked down and saw other beaches—far more severely damaged than the one we had visited—where a broad stretch of glittering black, reaching to the high-tide mark, was as clearly separated from the natural gray of the rocks as if it had been painted there by a giant brush.

Valdez is a town of about three thousand inhabitants, many of whom, by this time, were becoming visibly disconcerted by the influx of outsiders. Motels and many private homes were filled with officials, researchers, and reporters. In the command center of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, which had been set up in the town's largest hostelry, the two-story Westmark Hotel, Sylvia was soon conferring with other scientists and making a non-stop series of phone calls. (At one point, I counted six calls within two minutes.) She had been doing this sort of thing for four days now—ever since she arrived in Valdez. In that time, she had been involved in such matters as these:

A visit to a tarry, oil-ravaged beach on Mummy Bay at the southern tip of Knight Island, in the company of a group of officials and experts that included Admiral Paul Yost, the commandant of the Coast Guard; Vice-Admiral Clyde E. Robbins, the commander of the Coast Guard Pacific Area and Maritime Defense Zone Pacific, who had just been appointed the on-scene coördinator at Valdez; Dr. William Evans, the administrator of NOAA; and Clifton E. Curtis, executive director of the Oceanic Society. As Sylvia walked around the gravelly, blackened area, she turned over a heavily coated rock and studied some dead barnacles, and said in a characteristically soft voice, "This little beach tells a story all by itself."

Evening science meetings (at seven o'clock sharp) in the Valdez Community Center, attended by a hundred or so biologists, geologists, chemists, and other professionals, at which lengthy reports were delivered on things like water-quality studies, shoreline surveys, intertidal sampling, the merits of various beach-cleanup proposals, and the condition of thousands of birds and hundreds of sea otters that had been received at rescue centers.

A particularly long science meeting, on Friday, at which Admiral Yost addressed the assembled experts, saying that he had just arrived in Alaska after receiving instructions in the Oval Office from President Bush, who had decided to put the Coast Guard in charge of the cleanup. (For the past three weeks, most people involved in the confused operation seemed to have been playing a game of "Who's in charge?") Exxon officials, Admiral Yost said, had told him that they did not want to take cleanup measures that would later be denounced as ill-advised, so he intended to remain in close contact with the scientists. The Admiral, a ramrod-straight, clear-eyed man, said, "I intend to clean beaches."

A visit to the nearby fishing community of Cordova, whose economy is in chaos.

A visit to the Valdez Otter Rescue Center, in a public school, where forty-two traumatized animals cowered in cages, under the round-the-clock care of scientists and veterinarians (and where a rumor circulated that someone wanted to buy the pelts of the dead otters).

Four helicopter flights and an overflight of Prince William Sound in a Coast Guard C-130.

A visit to the temporary headquarters of Alaska's Department of Environmental Conservation, where a sign advertised "TANKER FROM HELL" T-shirts.

Several tense hours on Friday, after Sylvia learned by telephone that her husband, a British engineer named Graham Hawkes, had been in a plane crash in Florida. (She has been married to Hawkes for three years; two earlier marriages ended in divorce.) Toward evening, she learned to her relief that Hawkes and the pilot of the small plane—an aging Tiger Moth—had crash-landed in a tree, an outcome that damaged the aircraft but permitted its two occupants to climb to the ground unscathed.

ONE evening toward the end of her stay in Valdez, Sylvia lingered over vanilla ice cream (the only flavor on the menu) in the Westmark's restaurant and glanced at a handout from a local citizens' group that read, "Mr. President, please come to Alaska. . . . Your people are hurting. They are angry at this senseless environmental destruction. . . . The Prince William Sound disaster cannot be understood from the White House horseshoe pit." She nodded, and showed the handout to the rest of us at the table. While agreeing that it was vital for the President to view the damage at first hand—in fact, she believed that he should have declared the situation a national disas-

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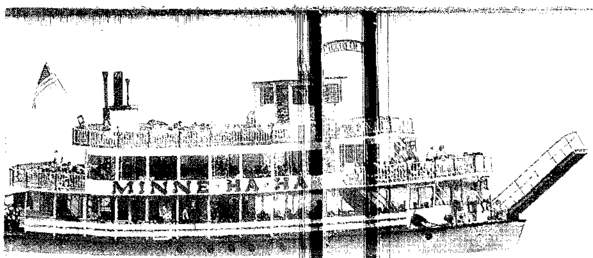

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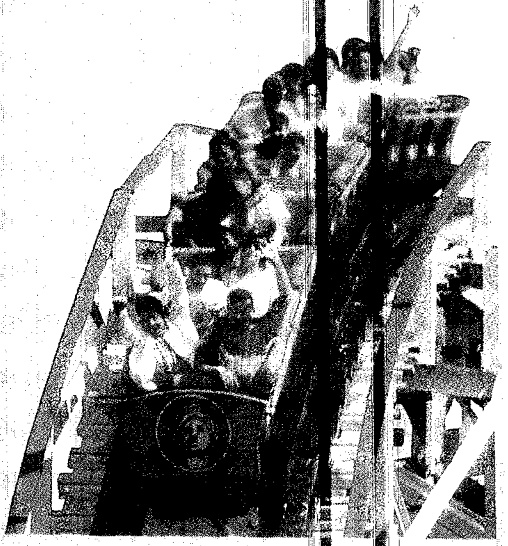

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ter—she went on to make several other points. First, she said, the immediate reaction to the spill—on the part of Exxon, as well as of state and federal governments—had been woefully late and grossly inadequate. Second, she had grave doubts about the wisdom of the belated and, to varying degrees, misguided cleanup efforts, and even of many of the scientific studies that were being undertaken here. While they were undoubtedly acting with good intentions, she thought, the crowds of scientists who were now encamped in Valdez—some working under the aegis of NOAA and some under contract to Exxon—seemed to be participating in a kind of "feeding frenzy" of experiments and studies, many of questionable value, as if simply keeping busy were an end in itself.

"To begin with, I would have used mechanical means to clean up the spill within the first twenty-four hours," she said. "I'm very dubious of chemical means—such as dispersants sprayed on the water—because you're just adding more chemicals to the environment, and these chemicals carry with them unknown risks. In any case, we know that meaningful work didn't get started here for days. The Alyeska Pipeline Service Company"—the consortium of seven oil companies which operates the pipeline and its terminal—"had a contingency plan, but the plan failed. And let's face it—four or five days went by before the Coast Guard had a sizable presence here. For heaven's sake, when you see the enemy attacking, you pick up the pitchfork, and you enlist everybody you see. You don't stand around arguing about who's responsible, or who's going to pay. What's so tragic about the whole thing is that we know better. There *are* ways to solve this kind of problem. It's a fact of life that there will be oil spills, as long as oil is moved from place to place, but we must have provisions to deal with them, and a capability that is commensurate with the size of the oil shipments. We should, for example, mandate double-hulled vessels, and compartments in tankers, and smaller vessels. In the past, the oil companies have protested that these measures would not be economical. Well, what's economical about this catastrophe?"

One of the others at our table—a biochemist working with NOAA—mentioned that Exxon was now predicting a rapid cleanup. There was an exchange of skeptical glances, and Sylvia said, "I'm uncomfortable with the idea of Exxon's being in charge of this cleanup anyway. Exxon gets to pay the bill—that's only logical—but, as far as I'm concerned, it has assaulted this area, and it has thereby lost the right to make decisions about how the work is done. If somebody dumps something noxious in my back yard, the dumper is the *last* one I would call on to repair the damage. Still, I'm not really angry at the oil companies. What does anger me—greatly—is the policies that make such an abomination possible. This really is a policy issue, and it seems like such an obvious place to apply money and effort. There *are* resources. There *is* money. And there *is* authority. And since the oil companies are not self-disciplined we should insure that there will be very stiff consequences for an act of this kind in the future. Even more important, we should use our authority to work toward prevention—now—and never let this happen again. The environment here in Prince William Sound *will* continue as a living, productive system, but we know that it will never be the same. There are a lot of subtle needs in a system like this one, and much of the time we don't even know what questions to ask, let alone the answers. But simply to attack the most visible damage—to wipe the rocks on the beach with paper towels—is almost laughable. What do you do with the paper towels?"

During her four days in Alaska, Sylvia encountered innumerable strangers, many of whom reacted immediately to her name, since within the world of marine science and exploration she is something of a celebrity. The most surreal of these encounters occurred on Saturday morning, at a beach in Port Valdez, a few hundred yards from the Trans-Alaska Pipeline Terminal, the complex of structures that serves as the terminus for the pipeline carrying crude oil across Alaska from the rich oil fields at Prudhoe Bay, some eight hundred miles to the north. On that morning, Sylvia and Chuck Jurasz were collecting specimens of the shrimplike crustaceans called krill—mostly dead—from the beach. Before long, four scuba divers emerged from the bay not far from where Sylvia was working. Introductions were made. When Sylvia's name was mentioned, the lead scuba diver—who turned out to be a fireman from the University of Alaska at Fairbanks—exclaimed, "Jim suit!" Translation: The diver recognized Sylvia as the person who in 1979 had worn a diving system called a Jim suit to walk on the ocean floor at twelve hundred and fifty feet, in the deepest dive ever made without a tether to the surface—an accomplishment for which she still holds the record. As they talked, Sylvia said with a laugh, "I don't suppose you have a card with you." Still dripping, the man reached into his diving suit and produced a business card.

MARKET
M. IAN

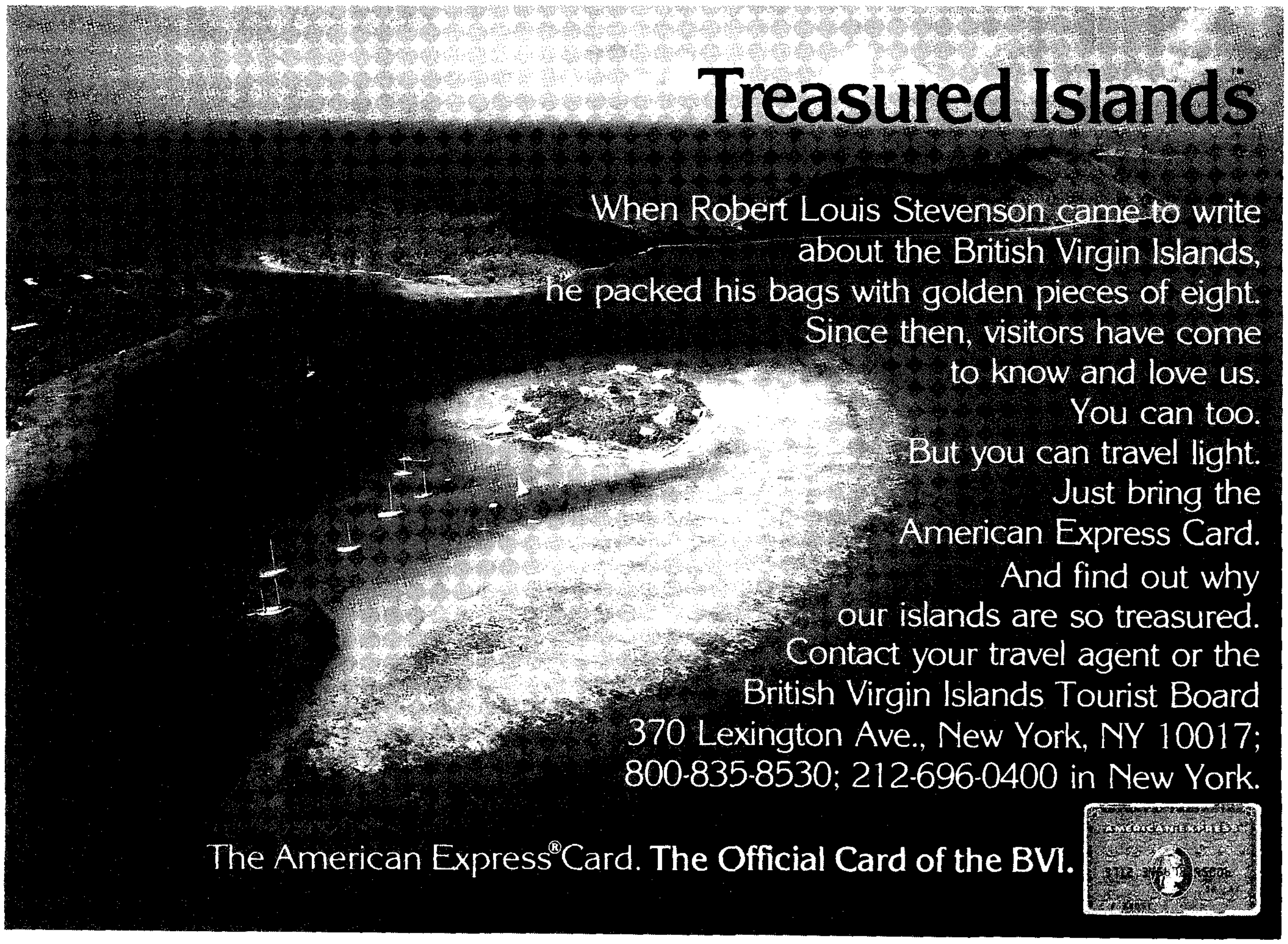
Sylvia Earle's recognizability in the world of marine activities—and, to an extent, with the general public—has come about gradually during a career that began with a narrow specialization and has grown broader as she has kept moving toward more comprehensive, and often highly adventurous and daring, activities. Over the years, she has become well known not only for the quality of her thinking and her dedication to the environment but also for her drive and energy and astonishing toughness. Once, while scuba diving among sharks—something she enjoys—she noticed that a member of the school was twitching its body ominously as it circled her, and, in a nice bit of underwater karate, she sent the offender packing with a kick to the snout. Sylvia, however, tends to discount any talk of unusual courage on her part, preferring to emphasize that the world beneath the oceans, lakes, and rivers is essentially a benign and even wondrous place, and that with continually advancing knowledge and technology people have every reason to spend more time there. She supports this view in the same way she approaches most of her projects—with an optimistic, go-for-it sense of adventure that can be contagious.

Some years ago—not long after she

had made the record-breaking dive remembered by the card-carrying diver at Valdez—colleagues began referring to Sylvia as Her Royal Deepness, or simply Her Deepness. She is not the first woman to be active in marine science; in the nineteen-thirties and forties there were some outstanding women in the field, among them Jocelyn Crane, Grace Pickford, and Marie Poland Fish. But marine scientists in those days were severely limited by the state of technology, and *female* marine scientists were subject to a rigid mind-set that, almost into the nineteen-sixties, forbade a woman to go on an oceanographic vessel unless she was in the company of her scientist-husband. More recently, Dr. Eugenie Clark, who began her career about a decade before Sylvia, has become well known for her work with sharks. But Sylvia has crossed so many boundaries, done so much original field work, and been active in so many areas simultaneously—pure science, exploration, technology, communications, and conservation—that she seems to have broken all previous molds.

In May of last year, Sylvia was honored, together with five other outstanding women in science and exploration, including the ethologist Jane Goodall, at a formal dinner at the National Geographic Society, in Washington. The next morning, over breakfast at her hotel, Sylvia told me something about how her interests had developed over the years. Her parents both had rural backgrounds, and neither had gone beyond high school, but they clearly possessed some homespun strengths that they were able to transmit to their children. The Earles' first four children, all boys, died young—one in an accident and the others because of medical conditions that nowadays probably would not prove fatal. As a result, Sylvia Alice Earle, who was born in 1935, in Gibbstown, New Jersey, formed part of what was, in effect, her parents' second family, growing up with a brother two years older and another four years younger. Though times were tough, their father, Lewis, did have steady employment, as an electrician with Du Pont. His wife, Alice, kept house and looked after the children. When Sylvia was three years old, the family moved to a farm about fifteen miles south of Camden, which turned out to provide an ideal setting for the future biologist.

"We lived in a big brick-and-stone farmhouse that was built before the Revolutionary War," Sylvia told me. "All the nails in the house and barn were handmade. There were lots of wonderful, wild creatures there. We had squirrels and raccoons, and so many birds—the sky was filled with birds, as I haven't seen them since. And I really owe a lot of my interest in wild things to my mother. She just had a natural rapport with the world around her. Unlike a lot of parents, she would never say, 'Yuk! Don't touch that slimy thing!' Instead, she'd bring a snake into the house and say, 'Isn't this an elegant creature? Touch it gently, because it's very sensitive.' And it wasn't zoology, at least not in any formal way. It was just an empathy for life. There was a pond in the back yard, and I used to go sit on a willow tree and spend hours there. And I always had jars filled with fish and frogs and tadpoles, and I made observations and kept notebooks. Nobody had to *tell* me to do those things—I just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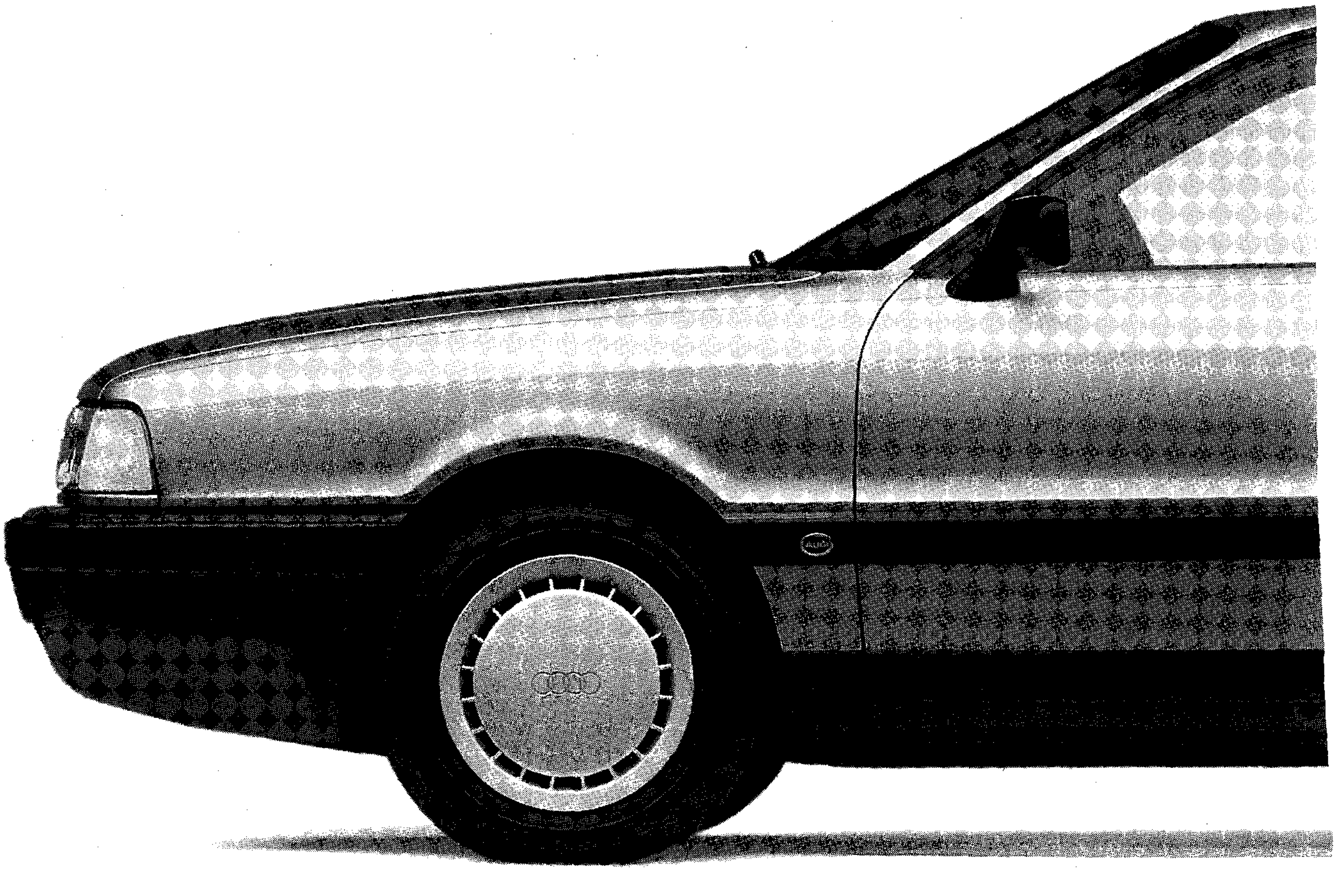

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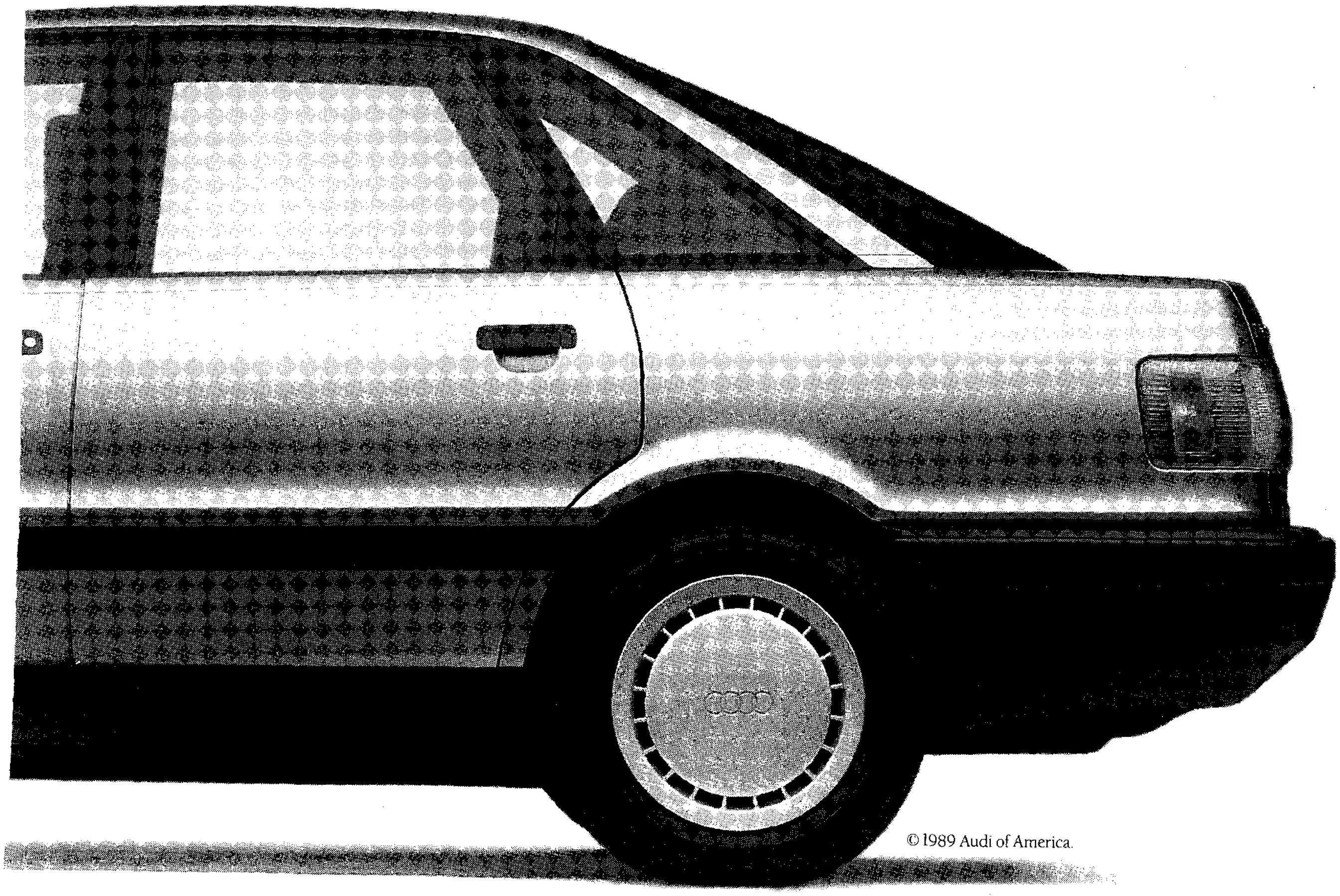

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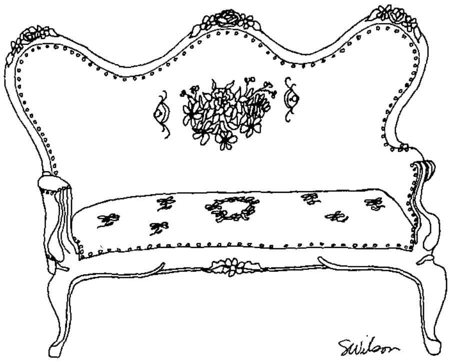
did them. And I always *knew*, somehow, that I was going to be a biologist or a botanist or something, even before I knew what those things were called."

In the summers, the Earles vacationed in Ocean City, where Sylvia first became acquainted with the marine world. She and her brothers would spend two weeks running along the shore catching crabs, pawing through seaweed, and investigating some of the larger creatures that occasionally washed up on the beach. In 1948, after twenty-seven years with Du Pont, her father left the company ("without a pension, without anything," she said with an uncharacteristic trace of bitterness) and moved the family to Dunedin, a small town bordering Clearwater, Florida. There, after a few difficult years, he set up his own electrical concern. Dunedin is on a bay of the Gulf of Mexico, and Sylvia considered the Gulf her back yard, spending as much time as possible in or on or around the water. "And in those days Clearwater used to live up to its name—it used to have *clear water*," she said. "Now it's constantly turbid from all the dredging activity, the industrial pollution and agricultural runoff and other chemicals that flow into the Gulf." Sylvia was always a fast learner (she describes pleasant evenings buried in an encyclopedia), and she was encouraged in her academic aspirations both by her parents and by an aunt, Helen Richie, who taught school and who lived with the family. Sylvia graduated from high school at sixteen, received an associate of arts degree from St. Petersburg Junior College at seventeen, got her B.A. from Florida State University at nineteen, and received her master's degree from Duke University at twenty.

After a brief flirtation with Cornell, she returned to Duke and plunged into a doctoral program. All through her college years, since her parents could not contribute much financial help, she took jobs and earned scholarships. In graduate school, she supplemented her income by working as a lab assistant and doing illustrations for her professors' botany papers. At least once, though, she was denied a valued teaching assistantship—for which she was the best-qualified candidate—because of her sex: "They said, 'It has to go to a man, because a woman will just get married and have babies.' Of course I was indignant, but that attitude wasn't considered unusual in those days." As Sylvia began working toward her Ph.D., she sought and received the sponsorship of Dr. Harold Humm as her major professor. She says that it was Dr. Humm's fascination with algae—primitive, plantlike organisms that range all the way from microscopic forms to three-hundred-foot-long kelp—that tilted her toward concentrating on them. (A lot of ichthyologists find the subject insufferably boring, since—unlike fish and other marine animals—algae just seem to *sit* there. Sylvia, though, is apt to speak of the beauty of her objects of study, and especially their importance in the ecosystem—through photosynthesis, algae produce most of the oxygen in the earth's atmosphere.)

THEN came several events that altered the course of Sylvia's life profoundly. Soon after beginning work on her Ph.D., she fell in love with a graduate student in zoology named John Taylor, married him, and suspended her studies. "I had been stuffing my brain with books and lab work for as long as I could remember," she said. "I was still only twenty-one, and I think I was suffering from information overload. I decided that I wanted to go out and do things that were *real*." In 1960, she gave birth to her daughter Elizabeth. For a while, Sylvia and Jack Taylor worked together in the National Park Service, and there was a good deal of moving about, during which Sylvia took part-time teaching jobs and eventually resumed work on her doctorate. Her second child, John—who has always been called by his middle name, Richie—was born in 1962, and by this time she and her husband had settled into a house in Dunedin not far from that of her parents.

"In the summer of 1964, I received an invitation to go on an expedition, and it turned out to be one of those things that changed my life forever," she told me. "I was asked to join a scientific team aboard the National Science Foundation's research vessel Anton Bruun, for a six-week voyage to the Indian Ocean and other places. It was not the usual thing for women to go off on expeditions like that in those days—a few other women had done what I was about to do, and had had a terrible time, because they were either harassed or kidded to death. I think the reason that I was able to handle it was that it wasn't the first time I'd been alone, working in a group of men. All through college, I had frequently been the only girl in a science class—which wasn't such a bad deal." She laughed. "But, you see, I really was serious about what I was doing. And this expedition was not a *lark*. I worked very hard, and I never looked for favors. In fact, I've found throughout my life that there are just about as many advantages as disadvantages in being a woman. Naturally, there have been obstacles. And later in life I learned that the business world can be especially difficult for a woman. But in science, at least, I've often found that the door is open *because* you're a woman, and they want to give you a special opportunity. Then, of course, it's up to you. You can fall flat on your nose unless you can carry your weight."



The expedition on the Anton Bruun took Sylvia to the Comoros, Aldabra, the Seychelles, the Farquhar Islands, Nairobi, Mombasa, Cairo, Athens, and Rome. Back in Florida, her parents and her husband—whom she describes as very supportive—looked after the two children. "After that, there were more invitations," she recalled. "During that whole era, from 1964 to '66, I really was out there doing things that, in my mind, were *real*. But I was also working on my dissertation and trying to finish up a lot of classwork. I went on an expedition to the Galápagos Islands, and another one to the Juan Fernández Islands, off the coast of Chile, and another one to the Panama Canal Zone. I really spent a lot of time at sea. And going on those expeditions I began to develop a network of colleagues and friends and associates, and to gain a professional acceptance that was above and beyond anything I'd ever had before. In the meantime, Jack was working on his Ph.D., at Gainesville. And—well, I guess it really is not a wonder that my marriage eventually came apart. There was a lot of compatibility, but also a lot of differences. Jack is a fine naturalist, and he was quite happy to take on a little green patch in Florida and settle down in the pine trees, and I didn't want to settle down at all. I just wanted to take on the world."

AFTER Sylvia and Jack Taylor separated, the children remained with her, and in June of 1966 she received her Ph.D. in botany from Duke. Her dissertation, which had taken her more than a decade to complete, was considered unusual for several reasons. Up until the nineteen-fifties, researchers in marine biology had been forced to gather most of their evidence secondhand, either by scavenging bits of life that had washed up onshore or else by dredging or by dragging nets behind boats in order to bring up a mishmash of animals and plants, which were almost invariably damaged or dead. But Sylvia had begun her graduate studies not long after the Aqua-Lung, or scuba, was developed by Jacques-Yves Cousteau and Émile Gagnan. In 1953, when she started working under Dr. Humm, she became one of the first people in marine science to use scuba equipment. Also, because of the extended length of her project, she was able to chart significant changes in the region—the sort of thing that few graduate students have time to do. Soon after she submitted her dissertation, she received her doctorate and went out to the University of California at Berkeley, where Dr. Paul C. Silva, a leader in marine algology, helped prepare the dissertation for publication. Within a few months, it was accepted by *Phycologia*, the major international publication in the field, which, in an unprecedented move, devoted an entire issue to it. Among marine scientists Sylvia's dissertation, "Phaeophyta of the Eastern Gulf of Mexico," is still referred to as a landmark study.

By this time, Sylvia already seemed headed for a distinguished career as a marine botanist. But other fairly challenging opportunities kept coming her way. She continued to go on expeditions. And she was also attending scientific conferences around the country and getting acquainted with more and more people in her field. At one of these gatherings, she met Dr. Giles W.

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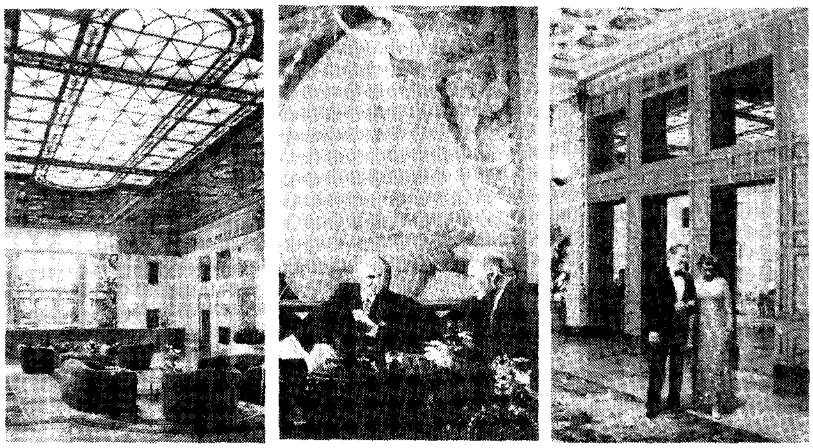

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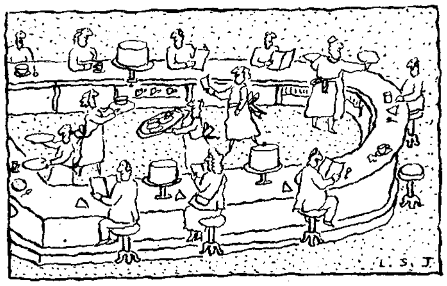
Mead, the curator of fishes at the Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoology. Dr. Mead had been working in the forefront of marine science and was known as an outstanding researcher. He was about ten years her senior and had three children from a previous marriage. "We had many friends in common—it's a small group, after all—and each of us was already known to the other by reputation," she said. "At that point, Giles had been unmarried for several years, and he was sort of looking for somebody. And I was sort of looking for somebody— No, I *wasn't* looking for anybody, really. But I was *found* by somebody, and we began to share this vision of being able to do some exciting, original scientific and exploratory work together."

Sylvia and Giles were married in December, 1966, and she soon obtained appointments as a research scholar at the Radcliffe Institute for Independent Study and as a research fellow at Harvard's Farlow Herbarium. She and her husband found "one of those skinny little row houses on Beacon Hill," and after a few months her children came up from their grandparents' place, in Dunedin, to join them. She and Giles were able to go on several expeditions together, and during these—and subsequent—absences her parents would almost always be on hand to look after the children. Meanwhile, there was a lot of commuting. In 1965, Sylvia was named resident director of the Cape Haze Marine Laboratory, in Sarasota, Florida—replacing Eugenie Clark, who had become executive director—a post she held through the spring of 1967. "It was a period when I tried to do everything for everybody," she recalled. "It was a great balancing act. But then, it's always been a great balancing act." In addition, it was a period when she was getting involved in some rather startling technological experiments.

As she was aware, underwater technology had always lagged behind terrestrial—and, more recently, space—technology. Attempts to dive deep or to sojourn underwater began long ago, but in man's efforts to emulate fish two very tough problems have always plagued designers of equipment: providing a supply of breathable air—or a suitable artificial mixture of gases—and protecting a diver from the immense pressure created by the weight of the water above him. Discussing the situation with me on one occasion, Sylvia expressed her impatience with the fitfulness of progress, noting that the military side of things has always proceeded with some consistency, while the scientific-exploratory side has seldom received much funding in any country. Of course, attempts to dive deep or to remain submerged for extended periods have not always proceeded smoothly and a number of them have resulted in deaths and serious injuries. But in the early nineteen-sixties Jacques-Yves Cousteau supervised the creation of a couple of successful underwater habitats, in which people could live for weeks at a time, and from which divers could explore the surrounding waters and return at will. Other, similar experiments followed, and in 1968 the Smithsonian Institution sponsored its Man-in-Sea Project, which was a followup of earlier Man-in-Sea Projects, pioneered by Edwin A. Link, the inventor of a widely used flight simulator.

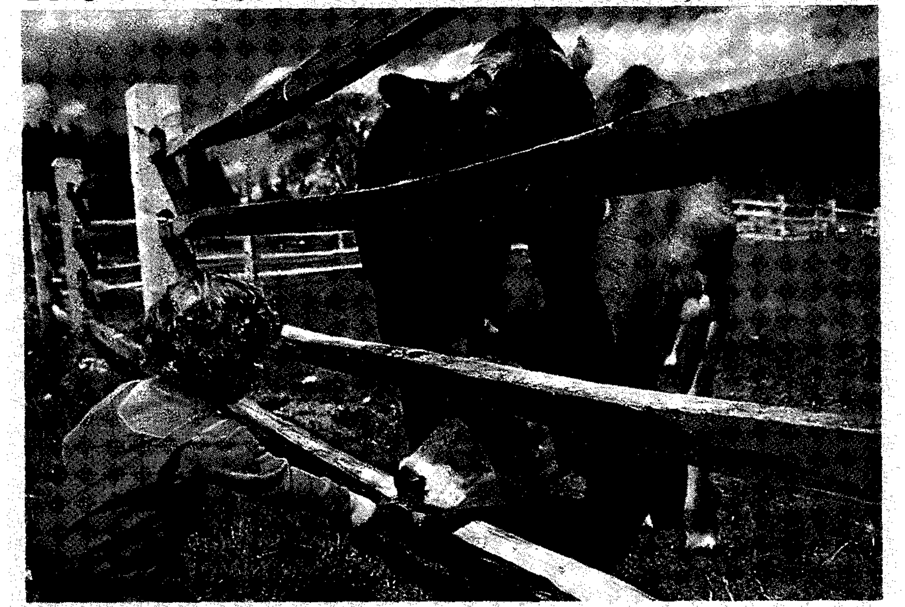
The 1968 Man-in-Sea Project involved several types of underwater vehicles and living units, and it also exposed participants to extended periods of saturation diving, which was then fairly new. In saturation diving, a person is exposed to pressure for a period long enough, or at a depth great enough, so that the person's system begins to absorb excess nitrogen from the gas he or she breathes. After about twenty-four hours, a human being's bloodstream will have absorbed all the nitrogen it can, and it will be considered saturated. A diver can live under these conditions for extended periods, but on coming back up special precautions must be taken to prevent decompression sickness—the bends—which can be crippling or fatal. On returning to the surface after long periods of submersion, a diver may have to spend a week or more inside a decompression chamber. When Sylvia heard about this new project, she immediately applied for it, and after several weeks she was accepted. In February, 1968, she joined a team of scientists in the Bahamas and descended in a vehicle called Deep Diver, which Link had designed and which was the first modern submersible with a lockout chamber, permitting divers to leave and return to the vehicle underwater. When Deep Diver descended to a hundred feet, Sylvia became the first woman scientist to lock out of a submersible. She set another record, too, since she was four months pregnant at the time. She had consulted doctors beforehand and had been told to expect no difficulties with the pregnancy. She had none, and her daughter Gale was born the following July.



However, the Man-in-Sea Project paled beside Sylvia's next adventure. In the winter of 1969, a project called Tektite—sponsored jointly by the Navy, the Department of the Interior, and NASA—had got under way off St. John, in the United States Virgin Islands. The project involved successive teams of scientists living in an underwater habitat fifty feet down. Tektite was named after a glassy meteorite that is often found on the ocean floor, and one of its goals was to study people's ability to live and work underwater for weeks at a stretch. When Sylvia found out that there was to be another such project—Tektite II—she resolved to become part of it, and her effort to do so resulted in a not very surprising contretemps. "Nobody else who applied for the project had as much diving experience as I did—more than a thousand hours underwater at the time," she said. "And I also had designed a good project around studying the fish and the plants of the area, together with ichthyologists, in an ecologically compatible exercise. I knew I had a good chance. And when I was accepted I was just delighted. But then I learned that there was a catch. It seems the review committee in Washington hadn't expected any *women* to apply. But when women *did* apply, and had credentials as good as—if not better than—most of the men, they almost couldn't say no. But there were still some remarkably prudish attitudes in Washington in those days, and the people in charge just couldn't cope with the idea of men and women *living together* under*water*."

Washington, ingenious as ever, created a special women's team, with Sylvia as its leader. Tektite II's Mission 6—the all-female one—took place in the summer of 1970, and it began when Sylvia and four other women swam down to enter a habitat resting on the seafloor near a coral reef. From the outside, the habitat had a ghostly, forbidding look. It consisted of a rectangular foundation surmounted by two squat, tanklike towers that were joined, like Siamese twins, by a small cylindrical passage near the top. One of the tanks contained a lockout hatch and support equipment, and the other contained living quarters. For two weeks, Sylvia and her fellow-aquanauts swam from their habitat into the surrounding waters, made observations, and took photographs, spending so much time with tarpons, snappers, lizard fish, batfish, and other "critters" native to the area that they came to recognize an individual animal not merely as an eel, say, but "*that* eel which lives under *that* rock." Sometimes the divers wore scuba tanks and sometimes rebreathers, which are backpacks by means of which a person's exhaled breath is "scrubbed"—the carbon dioxide is removed—and recirculated, so that the same air can be used for extended periods. One advantage of rebreathers is that they do not give off bubbles, which can startle marine life. The scientific results of the Tektite Project were later published in two volumes, which Sylvia co-edited, but the more immediate outcome of the project was Sylvia's abrupt entrance into the media spotlight—something altogether new to her.

"It was Tektite that really turned me around," she said. "And it really did change my life forever. When we came back to the States, they made a circus out of it, and we hadn't expected anything of the sort. But we no sooner emerged than we were showered with attention and given honors and awards and pursued by the media as if we were celebrities. For one thing, of course, it was only a year after astronauts had landed on the moon, and we were sort of swept up by the strong interest in man in space and its parallel, man in the ocean. But suddenly I just found myself propelled onto center stage. I addressed a special congressional group, and we were honored at the White House. I think the biggest shock came in Chicago. They gave us a ticker-tape parade, and we rode through the streets in Mayor Daley's open car—it was *fur-lined*—and Mahalia Jackson sang. And then, with about two minutes' warning, I was told



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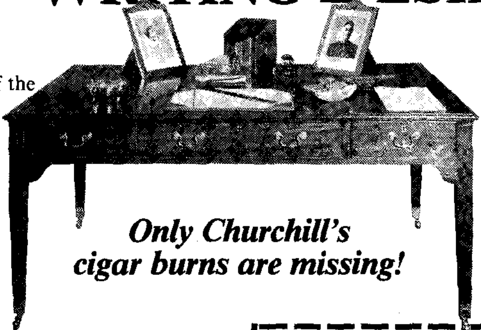

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that, since I was the leader of the team, it would be very nice if I would say a few words to the public—just like that. There I was, never having addressed crowds, and now there were dozens of radio and television stations carrying my words. So I was forced to reach into myself and think of what I could say about our experience to a general audience, and try to talk coherently—in a way that untrained people could understand—about something that I cared about deeply. And afterward this sort of thing kept happening, and it caused me to think very hard about how I could convey something about the animals and plants in the ocean—the system which actually dominates our planet, and which had come to mean so much to me—to millions of people, some of whom had never *seen* a fish in its natural habitat. So much of that system has yet to be explored—like the vast Midocean Ridge, which winds through the world's oceans for thirty-seven thousand miles. How do you get people interested in that, and how can you make people care about this vital system, which is filled with forms of life that are as unknown to us as residents of Mars would be? I mean, if you came back with the tiniest scoop of green guck from Mars—as long as it was certified as alive—it would make headlines all over the world. And it *should* make headlines. But I still cannot understand why there isn't more excitement about the incredible diversity of life that we're just beginning to get acquainted with in the sea."

Significant as the Tektite Project was, Sylvia added, it never had a sequel, and its potential was never developed. Government, it seems, had learned what it wanted to learn, and had moved on to other things.

As it happened, Tektite and its aftermath coincided with a very important shift in Sylvia's life. Just before she set off for the Caribbean and the underwater habitat, she and Giles Mead moved from Massachusetts to California, where Giles had accepted the post of director of the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History, one of the top five or six such institutions in the country. He had grown up in Southern California and was a member of one of Los Angeles' socially prominent families. Now Sylvia and Giles and their six children—three from his previous marriage, two from hers, and their two-year-old daughter, Gale—settled into a thirteen-room Georgian-style house in Hancock Park, just off Wilshire Boulevard. As often as possible, they also spent time at the Mead family's large ranch in the Napa Valley.

"So we started over, with all kinds of new activities and new duties," Sylvia said. "Giles was the head of the museum, with a staff of more than a hundred. And I soon found that I was becoming Mrs. Museum—I was entertaining senators and was called upon to be a hostess in a way that I had never even imagined. I also took a position as a research associate in botany at the museum, and, as usual, I had my lab at home, and I had a teaching job at U.C.L.A. Frequently my parents would come out to stay with us, and that helped a lot. It was a wonderful, exciting time, but there were six kids in the family, and I was serving on various committees, and I was still trying to get off on expeditions when I could. Unfortunately, there were only twenty-four hours in the day. And in the wake of the Tektite Project I could have given ten talks a week. I did give at least one a week. I mean, I was aware that I had this huge investment riding on my shoulders, and that I had a responsibility—a duty, really—to tell people about what I had experienced. That can be an awesome thing."

Soon after the Meads moved to California, the Los Angeles *Times* named Sylvia its "Woman of the Year." As another result of her increasing fame—or notoriety, as she calls it—Sylvia found that she was being asked to write about her experiences, and she eventually accepted a proposal from the *National Geographic* that she do an article on the Tektite Project. (She has since done several more pieces for that magazine, and has also written or collaborated on several books and films.) But in so doing she came up against one of the shibboleths of her academic discipline: Thou shalt not write for the general public, lest thou be considered a mere popularizer. Still, she told me, she was learning to live with criticism that came her way from behind ivied walls, believing that it was more important to let people know about her experiences, and to communicate her insights about the planet's rapidly changing ecological systems, than to worry about raised eyebrows in academe.

Meanwhile, invitations to go on expeditions kept arriving. In 1971, one of these expeditions took her to Panama. In 1972, she was named chief scientist aboard the research vessel Searcher on a cruise to the Galápagos Islands. That year, she was also named chief scientist on a project called Flare, which gave her still more experience in saturation diving, from an underwater habitat in the Florida Keys. In 1973, she made her first trip to China, as a member of a group called American Women for International Understanding, and over the next few years she was appointed chief scientist for three saturation-diving projects involving a cylindrical underwater laboratory called Hydrolab, in the Bahamas, and participated in some early dives of Johnson Sea-Link submersibles.

In March, 1975, Sylvia set off on an expedition to the Comoro Islands, in the Indian Ocean, which she had visited briefly on her first expedition, on the Anton Bruun, eleven years earlier. This latest expedition was a project of the California Academy of Sciences in San Francisco and was headed by John McCosker. The project's primary goal was to bring back a live coelacanth—a large fish belonging to a broad group called crossopterygians. Fossil coelacanths have been found dating from three hundred and twenty million years ago, and until the nineteen-thirties the fish were thought to have died out about the time the dinosaurs did. Then, in 1938, a fisherman caught one in the Indian Ocean, and clubbed it to death. Since then, several more coelacanths have been caught, but none has been brought back alive for scientific study.

"In the end, we didn't find a coelacanth," she said. "But we did find something totally unexpected—a tiny fish called a photoblepharon, which has a bioluminescent spot under each eye. Photoblepharons were not known to inhabit those waters, but diving at night we found them by the *thousand*. We were making reasonably deep dives —down to two hundred and fifty feet, which is right to the edge of where you can go, breathing compressed air—and we'd see these little blinking lights. We'd put five or six photoblepharons in a plastic bag, and they'd give off a beautiful, spooky blue-green light. It was just like having an underwater lantern. And all the while the water was so clear that, even at fifty or a hundred feet, we could look up and see Venus and some of the stars. We could use the moon for orientation. It was like walking through the woods by starlight."

It was at about this point that the personal side of Sylvia's life again grew troubled. Her first marriage had lasted nine years, and she had been married to Giles Mead for nine. But there had been some fairly deep-seated problems in her second marriage all along, she told me now. Despite repeated efforts to patch things up, Sylvia explained, when she returned from the coelacanth expedition her marriage was effectively over. Not surprisingly, she faced the situation with mixed feelings. "My parents—my role models—were married young, and they were absolutely loyal to each other through their entire lives and eventually shared their sixtieth anniversary. My father died soon thereafter, in 1981. But that's what I grew up believing that life should be, and marriage should be, and the family should be." The situation was clearly a distressing one for both the Meads. They decided on a divorce—the second for each of them—and for several months after their separation Sylvia continued to live and work in Los Angeles.

Soon after her marital breakup, a dramatic new project came her way, and she hastened to sign on. It involved going on a research vessel to the Caroline Islands, in the western Pacific, in order to work with Al Giddings, a prominent underwater photographer and filmmaker, and a team of divers among sunken ships in Truk Lagoon. In June, Sylvia and Giddings and the rest of the team undertook to explore a vast graveyard of sunken ships in the forty-mile-wide lagoon, where little scientific work had previously been

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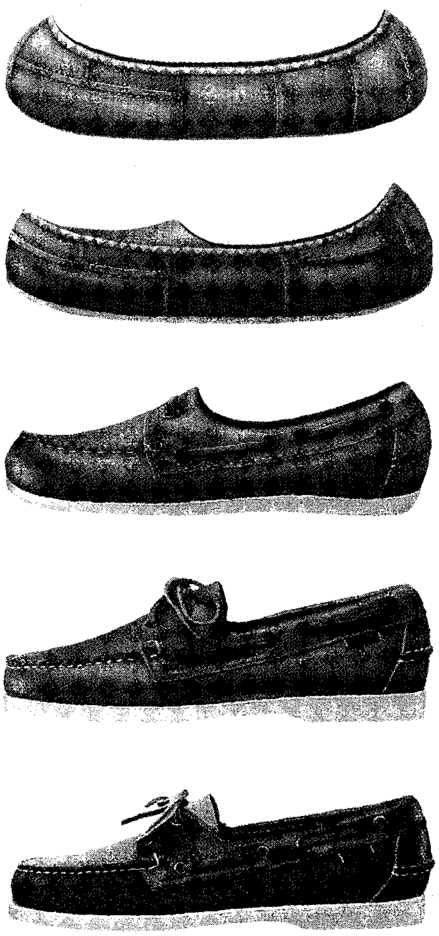

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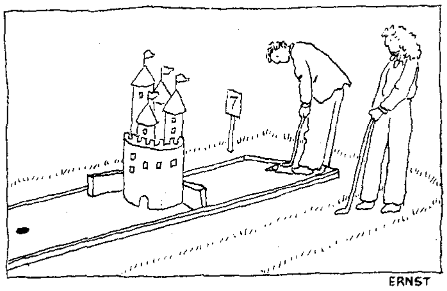
Early in 1976, Sylvia decided to move with her three children to the San Francisco area, where she had a number of professional contacts. After a good deal of searching—because of their ages, her children would all attend different schools—she bought a large house in hills overlooking the bay. She soon got a half-time appointment as a research associate in aquatic biology at the California Academy of Sciences and also an appointment as a research associate in botany and biology at the University of California at Berkeley. She supplemented her income from these sources by "just going out on my own and doing things." And not long after she moved to the Bay Area, she says, she received an invitation that hastened the expansion of her professional activities in dealing with threats to the environment, and prefigured the kind of concerns that would occupy her some years later in Alaska.

"In 1976, I was asked to give an address at a conference of the World Wildlife Fund, a gathering of about five hundred people at the St. Francis Hotel, in San Francisco," she recalled. "It was a very impressive audience, and I felt that I had an obligation to say something meaningful. So I spoke to the gathering about Palau, a group of islands in the western Pacific. Or, rather, I used Palau as a focal point, because my subject was really the oceans. It was a plea to take care of the oceans, because things are changing—*we* are changing things—at a rate that is unprecedented in the history of the planet. I don't like to take the spotlight off the rain forest, or other habitats that are in peril, but the greatest significance—in terms of the broad divisions of life that matter—really *is* in the ocean. The ocean covers nearly three-quarters of our planet, and about ninety per cent of all living things are found there. Well, it was only a forty-five-minute address, but I worked very hard to say a lot of things that represented a lifetime of thinking. And I seem to have made an impact, because some contributions were made immediately after my talk—one foundation gave a hundred thousand dollars to help protect Palau. And that talk turned out to be another very important turning point for me.

"Increasingly, I had come to realize that I had to speak out about the irreversible damage we are doing to the world we live in. I mean, we're ripping through our resources at an alarming rate, consuming and not giving back, chewing up forests for lumber and newsprint and not sustaining those forests, using freshwater resources without sustaining our rivers and lakes, wreaking havoc on our coastlines and the entire ocean system. And it has been estimated that we are losing ten thousand species a year—plants, insects, birds, fish, mammals, microörganisms—many of them before we even know they exist. We need *sustainable* life, not just something that will go out in a blaze of glory in this century. We human beings have modified the system on this planet. And nothing could be more obvious than that we are dependent on a healthy planet for our own survival. And the health of this planet, in turn, depends upon the living ecosystems. And the fact that there is direct interaction between the living and nonliving worlds—the living creatures and the physical environment—is irrefutable. It's there. It's all-pervasive. When you pick up any piece of this planet, you find that, one way or another, it's attached to everything else—if you jiggle over here, something is going to wiggle over there. And really, in a very fundamental way, I'm changed forever because I lived underwater for two weeks in 1970. I wish that *everybody* could go live underwater, if only for a day. We need this sense of the continuing interconnectedness of the system as part of the common knowledge, so that politicians feel it and believe it, and so that voters feel it and believe it, and so that kids feel it and believe it, so that they'll grow up with an ethic. Because what we do—or don't do—*now* will be an inheritance for all time."



IN the spring of 1988, not long after the dinner at the National Geographic Society, in Washington, I visited Sylvia at her home—the house in Oakland that she moved to in 1976. It is a neo-rustic, rambling structure near the crest of a hill, and looks as if it might have grown out of a wilderness of trees, shrubs, and perennially blossoming flowers. Behind the house are several frame outbuildings and a swimming pool, which doubles as a testing tank for underwater equipment. One large room at the rear of the house serves as Sylvia's laboratory and contains thousands of specimens of algae. The household includes Sylvia's husband, Graham Hawkes; her son, Richie; her daughters, Elizabeth and Gale; Elizabeth's husband, Edward Miller, who is a curator at the Steinhart Aquarium; and two dogs, six cats, a parrot, a macaw, two geese, an iguana, an East African horned chameleon, several snakes, some fish, some tarantulas, a caiman, and an alligator. (The alligator is called Charlie and will eat a fish out of your hand, sometimes.)

It was Saturday morning when I stopped by, and while other members of the household were occupied with weekend chores Sylvia and I sat at her kitchen table and talked. The period after she moved here had been "a very heady one," she told me. "On the one hand, I was working at the California Academy and going off on expeditions, and, on the other hand, I was getting more and more involved with the environmental movement. By this time, of course, I had overcome ideas from my younger days that being a professional conservationist was a lightweight sort of thing. As a graduate student, I used to think that *real* scientists were supposed to spend their lifetimes buried in a lab. Well, I've come a hundred and eighty degrees since then. In the summer of 1976, I was asked to address a film-and-lecture conference in Syracuse, New York. So I went there and discussed the ecology of coral reefs, including some of the serious changes that have been taking place in them. Naturally, I was interested in what the other speakers had to say, and one of them was Dr. Roger Payne. He's a well-known expert on whales, and he had made recordings of the songs of humpback whales, which at that time had recently been issued. I listened to him in utter fascination, and after the presentation Roger and I talked on into the night and into the early hours of the morning. Eventually we said, 'Listen, we each have an area of expertise. What if we were to work together and start looking at whales the way Jane Goodall looks at chimpanzees?' In other words, what if we could get close enough to the whales, and spend enough time with them in the water, so that we could get to know them as individuals, the way Jane Goodall had come to know chimpanzees in the years she lived in Tanzania? No one had ever done that."

As a result of that late-night talk, Sylvia and Roger Payne decided to combine forces. Sylvia enlisted Al Giddings in the project, and after a lot of hard work—approaching foundations, and managing to secure the interest of a British film company called Survival Anglia—a project got under way which was to last several years. From January through March of 1977, Sylvia lived on a boat off the Hawaiian Islands with Payne and his wife, Katherine, who is a zoologist, and a photographic team led by Giddings and his chief assistant, Chuck Nicklin. At times, Sylvia and other team members would leave the main vessel and go out in a Zodiac—an inflatable rubber boat—from which they would use either snorkels or scuba equipment or rebreathers and venture fifty or more feet down to swim or drift among the whales, which, they determined, were often in family groups.

"We really *did* get to know them as individuals," Sylvia told me. "And in the process we learned a great deal about how whales behave. They're so huge, but they're not at all what people imagine—they don't move along like Greyhound buses. In the water, a whale is as supple as an otter. And when they sang underwater it was uncanny. You could feel your whole body vibrating."

After that stay in Hawaii, the project

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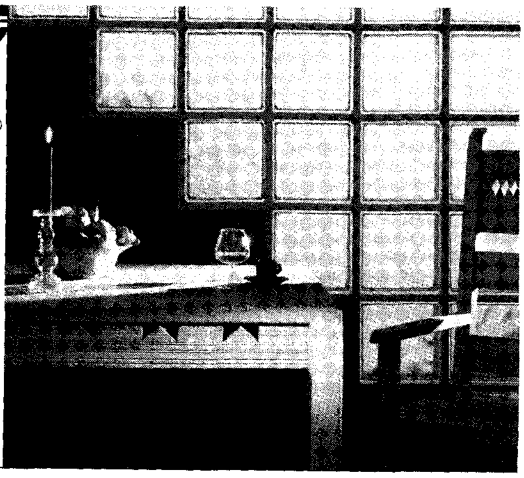
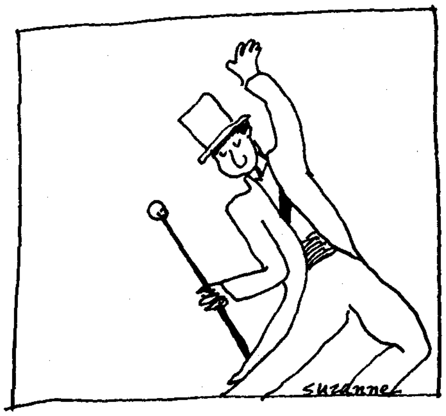


continued throughout 1977, entailing a second trip to Hawaii and trips to waters off New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, and Bermuda. There was also an extended stay in waters off Alaska, where Chuck Jurasz—whom I was to meet in Valdez—became a principal participant. Jurasz, through his Sea Search, Ltd., specializes in the behavior of marine mammals, and most of the Alaskan filming was done from his boat, the Ginjur. Repeated voyages stretched the whale project into 1980. "As we had planned, a film did emerge, and I think it transmits some of the glory of that experience," Sylvia said. The hour-long film, "Gentle Giants of the Pacific," is narrated by Richard Widmark, and it contains scenes of humpback whales living their daily lives in both tropical and arctic waters —scenes that, along with other work done on the project, proved that Pacific whales migrate from Hawaii to Alaska in the summertime.

The whale project affected her life strongly in another way, Sylvia explained: "That was the first time—aside from my research on seaweeds, as a graduate student—that I had consciously said, 'This is something I want to do, and I'll go out and beat on doors to find financial support, and *do* it.' Because up to then, I realized, most of what I had been doing—in terms of expeditions and so on—had been *reacting* to opportunities. Someone would invite me along on an expedition, and I would go. Of course, many of those experiences had been wonderful. But now, in a new way, I was beginning to take control of my own life." Meanwhile, Sylvia said, she continued to see a good deal of her parents. But in the late nineteen-seventies her father's health deteriorated, and eventually there were nursing-home expenses, which Sylvia helped to defray, together with her two brothers—Lewis, who is a dentist in Orlando, and Evan, who runs the family electrical business in Dunedin. Since her father's death eight years ago, Sylvia's mother has continued to live on four acres or so of land, with its own little lake, in Dunedin.

During Sylvia's years with the whales, she was also in demand as a writer, a lecturer, and a participant in a number of organizations dealing with the oceans or with conservation issues. She was appointed a trustee of the World Wildlife Fund and became associated with a variety of other environmentally concerned groups, including the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources, and the President's National Advisory Committee on Oceans and Atmosphere. For several years, she also served as an unpaid consultant to the designers of EPCOT's Living Seas Pavilion, in Florida. While continuing her work at the California Academy of Sciences, she was also travelling all over the world to participate in meetings and conferences. (I first encountered her in St. Louis, in 1982, when she was co-moderator, with the actor Cliff Robertson, of the Charles A. Lindbergh Fund's annual awards dinner. She had been elected to the Fund's board the previous year.) A series of other honors and awards came her way, too, the highest of which—for a scientist—may be having had a number of species of marine plants and animals named for her. In 1986, a life-size figure of Sylvia Earle was installed in Hydrolab, which was being retired to the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington.

Meanwhile, she had formed a close working relationship with Al Giddings, and in 1978 she and Giddings and Christopher Dann, a former director of the World Wildlife Fund, recruited several other leaders in science and environmentalism to create the Ocean Trust Foundation. This was a nonprofit organization that would enlist well-known marine scientists to do on-site research in the world's oceans and, in the process, to create films not unlike Cousteau's. Sylvia mortgaged her house so that an old Coast Guard minesweeper could be purchased and converted into an up-to-date research ship. While the research ship was being outfitted in San Francisco, Sylvia continued with her manifold activities, taking the whale film to the Soviet Union and then to Hong Kong and China, where she met Mme. Sun Yat-sen. "Madame Sun invited us to dinner, so that we could show the film to her friends and members of her staff," Sylvia recalled. "I think they had a hard time getting their minds around what they were actually seeing. It was just so far removed from anything they had even thought about before."



IN September, 1979, Sylvia journeyed to Hawaii to participate in a project that was to result in the Jim dive, the deepest dive ever made without a cable to the surface, which was to earn her the sobriquet Her Deepness. She and Giddings had already collaborated on several articles and films and were now gathering information for two new, related undertakings. They were preparing a book titled "Exploring the Deep Frontier" for the National Geographic Society, and Giddings was assembling material for an ABC television special to be called "Mysteries of the Sea." For both these projects, Sylvia wanted to use a diving system called Jim—often referred to as a Jim suit—which recently had been modernized by the British engineer Graham Hawkes. She also was eager to evaluate Jim for scientific use—until then it had been used mainly for industrial purposes. A Jim suit is a descendant of the cumbersome, extremely heavy metal diving suits that were used as early as the nineteen-twenties to lower a person, via a cable, a few hundred feet. A diver named Jim Jarratt was the first to wear one of those suits, the Iron Man (he used it in 1935 to find the sunken Lusitania at a depth of three hundred and thirty feet, off the coast of Ireland), and today's Jim suits—there are now thirteen of them—are named for him.

The pressurized Jim suit that Sylvia wore looked something like an astronaut's space suit, and with good reason, since the purpose of the suit is to maintain a normal atmosphere inside while sealing out a hostile environment. Sylvia's Jim suit was made of plastics and magnesium alloy. Its head and body were in one curved piece and were mostly white. Each multi-jointed arm, or manipulator, was black and ended in a fierce-looking metal pincer. There were joints between the body and the fat black-and-white legs, which had knee joints and ended in stubby boots. Inside Jim, Sylvia had some room to shift around—for instance, she could pull her arms out of the suit's arms in order to write in her notebook. She could also move her head freely and was able to see through four acrylic portholes—one directly in front of her face, one above her head, and one on each side. On Jim's back, like a knapsack, was a rebreather. Walking in the suit was difficult and very slow, but after some practice, Sylvia says, she became adept at it.

As Sylvia prepared to descend into the ocean, Graham Hawkes—whom she had just met—was in communication with her from the Holokai, a support ship. Meanwhile, Giddings and a veteran pilot named Bohdan Bartko were inside a submersible called Star II, which was to transport her downward, and to which she would remain connected throughout her dive by an eighteen-foot tether. Sylvia, inside Jim, was also attached by a safety belt to a platform extending from the bow of Star II. A similar Jim system had been used a year or so earlier to carry a person down to fourteen hundred and forty feet off the coast of Spain, but in that operation the diver had been lowered and raised by a cable. What Sylvia was doing now was far more dangerous, because if anything went seriously wrong at the depths she was heading for it would be almost impossible to rescue her.

The dive began as a multi-piggyback operation. First, Star II, with Sylvia attached to it, had been placed aboard a launch-recovery transport, or L.R.T., a flat-decked underwater vehicle that, from a position alongside the Holokai, descended to sixty feet. Then Star II—a bulbous little submersible that looked as if it had piscine antecedents—used its own power to leave the L.R.T. and carry Sylvia toward the bottom. On earlier trials over the past few days, Sylvia's dives had been cancelled twice when communications abruptly failed. This time, communications seemed normal. Every hundred feet or so, Giddings would report the depth, and while Sylvia made scientific observations she was entranced to see swarms of tiny luminous creatures through the portholes—hitherto unknown forms of life. For about a half hour, Star II cruised above a seafloor that was gradually sloping downward, in an area where—as in more than ninety per cent of the ocean—no one had ever been. At twelve hundred and fifty feet, Giddings told her that Bartko recommended that they end their descent, because the current was picking up, and also because they had already used up a lot of power and breathable air. Bartko stabilized the sub by venting air from its ballast tanks, and then Giddings turned a handle which released the safety belt that had held the Jim-suited aquanaut in place. Moving slowly, Sylvia stepped onto the ocean floor.

In "Exploring the Deep Frontier" she wrote of what she experienced then:

> As I stepped from the platform, I was aware that I was venturing onto terrain in some ways comparable to the surface of the moon. Not only do the slopes and craggy ridges of the deep seafloor resemble a moonscape, but they also are equally unexplored. And, until recently, they have been just as inaccessible. There is a significant difference, however. Astronauts on the moon have been impressed with its bleak, stark barrenness. . . . In the extreme darkness of the deep sea, a small circle of light from Star II illuminated for the first time a dozen or so long-legged, bright-red galatheid crabs swaying on the branches of a pink sea fan; a small, sleek, dark brown lantern fish darting by with lights glistening along its sides; an orange fish and several plumelike sea pens clinging to the rocky bottom near the edge of visibility. And when I turned away from the sub's lights, I could see sparks of living light, blue-green flashes of small, transparent creatures brushing against my faceplate. . . . As I wandered through the area, the sub powering along behind, I concentrated on observing the corals, especially the bioluminescent spirals of bamboo. Why do they pulse with light? Why do they glow at night? How do they and their neighbors survive in the eternal night of the deep sea?

Questions like these could be posed about underwater life the world over, and, as Sylvia often points out, most of them have yet to be answered. Now, for about two and a half hours, Sylvia walked—with extreme effort, since at those pressures Jim's joints tend to get arthritic—over the ocean floor. When Giddings told her that time was up, she says, she thought that only about twenty minutes had gone by. Since Jim is not agile enough to permit her to return easily to the sub's platform and be strapped back onto it, Star II's long return trip to the surface was made with Sylvia dangling beneath it from her eighteen-foot tether.

When news of her dive began to spread, it made an impact both on the public and in scientific circles. The ABC television special, which was narrated by William Holden, was broadcast in 1980, and "Exploring the Deep Frontier" was published the same year. When Sylvia talks about the dive nowadays, she is apt to concentrate on the exhilaration she felt and on the beauties of the deep, dark

"O.K. Take the upper hand."

• •

sea. (This is typical Earle. She is loath to talk about underwater perils or numbing ordeals. Such things are not nearly as bad as what you encounter on the streets of New York or on any highway, she says.) But in fact her dive did involve serious risks. There were hundreds of things that might have gone wrong, among them another communications failure, a failure of her air supply, and a failure of the suit's insulation. A serious leak in the suit would have subjected Sylvia to the tremendous pressure of the water at that depth—about six hundred pounds per square inch—which would have crushed her.

"Sylvia really does have nerves of steel," Giddings told me later. "She and I have been on some very hairy diving expeditions together—I mean deep-water business, and long exposures, and shark situations, and so on. And Sylvia is a rare combination of the scientist who's incredibly bright and articulate and also very brave. She's very physical, very capable in the water, and she just knows all the parameters and possibilities of physiology, physics, and the mechanical aspects of what she's doing. That Jim-suit dive in Hawaii was *very* risky. I was *very* nervous about the whole thing. In fact, she and I had breakfast one morning, and I was leaning into it just a bit much. I was saying, 'What if *this* happens? What if *that* happens?' We were getting down to some real nitty-gritty stuff, and Sylvia decided she didn't want to hear any more about it, and that was the end of our breakfast. She wasn't huffy about it. She just got up and left."

Her Deepness—when I visited her one morning in her office at a company called Deep Ocean Engineering, in San Leandro, just south of the Oakland Airport—was wearing a navy-blue suit, a white shirt, dark stockings, and black pumps. It was around ten o'clock, but she had already been at her office for several hours. (One secret of her success, it is rumored, is that she is able to get by on three or four hours' sleep, night after night. According to another rumor, she catches up on sleep at the hairdresser's.) Her office appears designed for efficiency. It is medium-sized and fluorescent-lighted, and without windows, but it has a door opening toward other offices and another door opening toward the company's workshop and design studio. On one wall was a map of the world studded with hundreds of colored pushpins representing places she has dived, and on a table was a small model of a submersible called Deep Rover, which Graham Hawkes designed, and which Sylvia pioneered after its launching in June, 1984. Deep Rover is a compact, bubble-shaped craft, and it is one of the first tetherless submersibles designed to hold one person; most previous submersibles were much larger and heavier and held two or more people.

Sylvia made a couple of brief phone calls, and then settled down to tell me something about the way her life had continued to change and expand in the late nineteen-seventies, as she became more involved with advanced marine technology.

As Sylvia described her first meeting with Graham Hawkes, at the time of the Jim dive in Hawaii, it sounded like something out of a romantic comedy in which the hero and heroine "meet cute." She said, "The first engineering discussion that I can remember with Graham was when I was complaining about the manipulator arm of Jim. I said, 'That *stupid* pincer! All I can do is reach out, and things just fly right through its *jaws!* It's like having a pair of pliers on the end of a *stick!*' It was only later that I found out that he had designed it. I was so embarrassed. I must say that he was very good about it. And also, in talking with Graham I began to realize what a really difficult engineering challenge it is to build a manipulator that has a human arm on the inside and the pressure of the deep sea on the outside. It's no mean task."

Not surprisingly, Sylvia and Graham continued to talk with each other. At first, they focussed on the goal of going still deeper in the ocean. The difficulties were—and continue to be—daunting. For one thing, a person must be able to breathe. For another thing, a diver wants to be able to function—to move about, to perform tasks, to communicate with people on the surface—while at pressures that could prove fatal.

"So I learned a lot," Sylvia said. "Even though I'd already had a lot of underwater experience, I discovered that things that sound dead simple can be extremely difficult and challenging and hard to overcome in an engineering sense. I mean, here I was talking with this extremely creative engineer, and I would say, 'Why *can't* we just jump into the water and go down to the bottom of the ocean? We climb mountains, don't we? We go up in airplanes, don't we? We've even gone into space.' Jim was rated to go down two thousand feet—and I was just stubborn enough to say, 'O.K., why can't we build vehicles to go seven miles down—the deepest known place in the sea?' "

After the Jim dive, Sylvia and Graham began a correspondence, and they also bumped into each other at various gatherings. When they were in Washington for the publication of "Exploring the Deep Frontier," while having breakfast one morning they discussed the possibility of designing a one-person submersible that would be able to travel underwater with complete freedom, unconnected to anything at the surface. Many engineers insist on tethers, since they seem to provide a strong safety factor—a sure way of hauling somebody out of the water in an emergency. But Sylvia has always disliked tethers, believing that they are more trouble than they are worth. Since they can easily get tangled or snagged, she says, they may actually be more dangerous than simply venturing out on your own. Graham began sketching on a napkin, and the sketch turned out to be the first involving the craft that eventually became Deep Rover.

Several months later, Sylvia and Graham ran into each other at a meeting in San Francisco, and this time he showed her evidence of the progress he had been making in manipulator design. They soon began talking seriously about starting a venture together—one that would focus on developing new technology to increase access to the ocean. After a good deal of soul-searching, Graham decided to leave the company he was with in England and move to the United States, and after still more soul-searching, he and Sylvia decided that the best way of achieving their goal was to forgo the usual philanthropic-grant approach—becoming dependent on foundations and so forth—and to join the free-enterprise system.

In July, 1981, they pooled their resources and founded Deep Ocean Technology, or D.O.T. The next year, they created Deep Ocean Engineering, a sister company with a different financial structure. Graham became president and chief executive officer, and Sylvia became vice-president and secretary-treasurer. (Today, Graham has taken on the more technical duties of chief engineer and chief operating officer, and Sylvia is president and C.E.O.) From the beginning, the two companies set up an advisory board to help oversee the course of research and development. The board now includes such people as Dr. Edwin E. (Buzz) Aldrin, Jr., the astronaut; Dr. John Craven, the director of the Law of the Sea Institute at the University of Hawaii; Dr. Paul MacCready, who is the first person to have developed successful means of human-powered flight and solar-powered flight; Dr. Bruce Robison, who is a senior scientist at the Monterey Bay Aquarium Research Institute; Dr. Jacques Piccard, who, together with his father, Auguste Piccard, pioneered deep-diving submersibles in the nineteen-fifties; and Dr. Don Walsh, who in 1960, with Jacques Piccard, used the Piccard bathyscaphe Trieste to become one of the only human beings ever to descend to the deepest known place in the ocean—a spot thirty-seven thousand and five hundred feet down, in the Mariana Trench, off Guam. (A bathyscaphe resembles a dirigible, and Piccard and Walsh's descent, a United States Navy project, was a sort of inverse balloon ride. For reasons having to do with a dearth of funding and a puzzling lack of interest in official quarters, no one has attempted to dive nearly as deep since. Sylvia says that one of her fondest hopes is to be able to descend to that depth someday, with a new kind of equipment—probably designed by Hawkes—which will enable her to move about and do scientific work on the very bottom of the sea.)

"No over-all national policy exists for developing this sort of technology," Sylvia told me, with a trace of indignation. "There is no underwater equivalent of NASA, and there never has been. This means that we are more committed to going to other planets—and I'm all for space exploration, by the way—than we are to getting to the more than seventy per cent of our own planet that has never been explored. There is some very limited funding for underwater research through the National Science Foundation. And, of course, there's NOAA, which is a very valuable body, but, again, it does not provide a lot of funding for underwater activities. Graham and I discussed all this, and it was obvious that the main source of funding for underwater technology is industry. So we decided that if we were to go ahead with our scientific-research vehicles we might be able to finance them by building equipment that would appeal to the offshore-oil industry. And, as a person who is passionate about the environment, I see no contradiction in this, since the kind of equipment we make should, if anything, help the oil industry to take better care of its rigs and to perform more safely. For example, some of our equipment can make well blowouts much less likely. Personally, I'd like to see the world switch to alternative forms of energy—like solar and wind—as soon as possible. But for the near future, anyway, the oil industry is *there*, whether we like it or not."

The new companies set up offices and a workshop in this warehouse-like building in San Leandro. In the meantime, Giddings' work had taken him more toward Hollywood—he went on to do underwater photography for action-adventure films like "The Deep" and "The Abyss"—and the Ocean Trust Foundation was put on hold. One of the first vehicles that Graham worked to complete was Deep Rover, and when it was launched five years ago it created a lot of comment among marine scientists. For one thing, it was relatively light and cheap. While Deep Rover cost around six hundred and fifty thousand dollars and can be launched in a number of fairly simple ways, a larger and heavier submersible (like Alvin, the Navy-owned vehicle that Dr. Robert Ballard used in 1986 in exploring the wreck of the Titanic) can cost several million dollars, is apt to rent for around thirty thousand dollars a day, and can be launched only from a dedicated support ship. Also—through somewhat crabbed reasoning—submersible designers used to believe that scientists were either too inept or too absent-minded to operate an underwater vehicle, so trained pilots had to be employed. But Sylvia and other scientists soon began using Deep Rover in many kinds of aquatic situations, easily proving that an advanced degree does not disqualify someone

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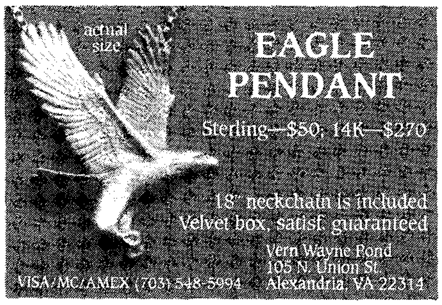

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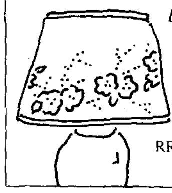

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from sitting at the controls of a sub.

Soon after moving to the Bay Area, Graham, who has four children from an earlier marriage, moved into Sylvia's house in the Oakland hills. Before long, he set up a design studio behind the house, with a glass-walled southern exposure facing the swimming pool that doubles as a testing tank. To the surprise of almost no one, Sylvia and Graham were married in May, 1986.

SINCE Sylvia was obliged to go over some records with the company's accountant, I stepped out into the design-and-workshop portion of the building. D.O.E. employs about twenty-five people—a noticeably enthusiastic bunch—and several of them were busy at workbenches or drafting tables. Bending over a silicon-intensified camera was a quiet fellow with reddish-blond hair, who turned out to be Sylvia's son, Richie. Both he and his sister Elizabeth work here full-time; their younger sister, Gale, is away at college. As I wandered around the workshop, I saw enough mechanical, electrical, electronic, and miscellaneous space-age paraphernalia to delight the heart of just about any inquisitive child. I also saw designs for one of Graham Hawkes' new vehicles, to be called Deep Flight, which will—astonishingly enough—be the equivalent of an underwater airplane. Deep Flight, I learned, will be shaped very much like an aircraft, will carry one person lying prone, and will be able to descend to four thousand feet and travel at speeds up to fifteen knots. (Nothing like this exists in the civilian market; it is thought that advanced craft may be under development in top-secret military programs, but if so they are under heavy wraps.) Deep Flight is expected to be launched by the end of this year.

The next morning, I accompanied Sylvia, Graham Hawkes, and several D.O.E. staffers on a trip aboard the Cobra, a ninety-six-foot fishing boat. The Navy had expressed interest in buying two remotely operated vehicles, or ROVs, which D.O.E. makes under the name Phantom, and had sent a team of experts—six young guys in T-shirts—from Maryland to do test runs on the vehicles. We boarded the Cobra in Richmond Marina Bay Harbor, some ten miles north of Oakland, and for a couple of hours Graham Hawkes and his people busied themselves loading and adjusting equipment. Shortly before we sailed, Graham told me something about the Phantoms, which he had designed and which the company began producing in 1985. Graham is a native of London, a self-contained man in his early forties who might be likened to a pensive owl, but he can spring into animation at a moment's notice. By the time he met Sylvia, in Hawaii, at the time of her Jim dive, he had designed and built several ingenious underwater vehicles. (Soon after that dive, Graham played the role of an underwater villain in the James Bond film "For Your Eyes Only," piloting a vehicle of his own design, called a Mantis, in combat with submarine pilot Bond, played by Roger Moore. Graham likes to tell how he could not keep from bursting into laughter during the filming. It is his only feature-film appearance to date.)

"These two Phantoms are heavy-duty models—we call them HVS4s," Graham told me. "They can go down to fifteen hundred feet and travel at speeds in excess of four knots, which is fast for this kind of beast." The vehicles were now on deck in bright sunlight; each was a sleek, flat, streamlined object—small enough to fit into the trunk of a car—painted a brilliant orange, with a couple of rakishly tilted fins and six thrusters, or propellers. Each Phantom had a video camera in its nose, two small headlights, contact sensors, color sonar, and other accoutrements, and Graham explained that they could also be equipped with a variety of tools, including a cable cutter, and a suction device (or slurp gun) to bring back marine specimens. Each vehicle was now attached to a long cable, rolled on a drum, that would carry electrical power and electronic information to consoles set up in the cabin. I knew that this sort of automated vehicle had gained popularity lately, and that some experts, including Robert Ballard, believe the future of marine exploration should be pretty much confined to robotic devices. But Graham and Sylvia, who is passionate on the subject, believe that despite all the difficulties and risks, people should continue to go down into the sea. Sylvia once told me, "I can't imagine that human beings will ever be content to stand on the shore and watch."

The Cobra left the dock at around noon, and by early afternoon we had passed beneath the Golden Gate Bridge and entered the Pacific Ocean, where the Phantoms were lowered overboard and put through their paces. In action, the vehicles looked almost lifelike as they darted forward and backward, dived in a rush of bubbles, and resurfaced with a splash. By evening, we had drawn near the Farallon Islands, three rocky prominences about thirty miles offshore, inhabited mainly by birds. The islands were shrouded in ominous-looking mists, and the Pacific had been rough all day, but Graham had foreseen that the waters in the islands' lee might be somewhat calmer, and over the next couple of hours the Phantom trials proceeded as we lay anchored there. (Ultimately, the Navy experts were satisfied with the vehicles' performance, and after we returned to shore the sale was consummated.)

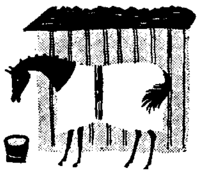
Then, when it had become quite dark, and despite the boat's continual pitching and rolling, which had caused more than one green-complexioned passenger to take cover, Sylvia went below and changed into a navy-blue wetsuit and hood and a blue buoyancy compensator—an inflatable vestlike device, with a small yellow tank of compressed air strapped to it. Carrying a camera, she came back up to the afterdeck. After slipping on the rest of her gear, which included transparent fins, she plunged into the water. For a long time, there were no signs of Sylvia. It was a good twenty minutes before her head reappeared above the water, her face mask glittering in the boat's lights. She climbed back onto the deck—shivering slightly—pulled off her mask, and announced, "It was *wonderful!* I've been swimming with sea lions!"

IN August of last year, Sylvia and Graham and a couple of D.O.E. staff members travelled to Crater Lake National Park, in the high Cascade Mountains, in southern Oregon, to participate in an exploration of the lake involving the submersible Deep Rover. From the time I had first heard about that vehicle, I had been eager to see it in action, so I joined them in Oregon for a few days in order to watch them working with a scientific team that was engaged in a study of the lake's ecology. The most startling thing about

Crater Lake, when you first see it, is its color. When early explorers first sighted it in 1853, they called it Deep Blue Lake, since it is so clear and so deep that, from any distance, even from a few inches away, its water appears to be an impossible shade of blue—so unbelievably intense that it might have been colored with cobalt pigment. The explorers also found the lake to be mysterious and a bit menacing—qualities that still impress visitors. Geologists have determined that the lake, some six thousand feet above sea level, was formed after a huge volcano erupted and then collapsed about seven thousand years ago, creating a nearly circular caldera—an enormous basin in which, from rain and snow and runoff, the lake eventually formed. It has neither inlet nor outlet, maintaining its water at a fairly constant level entirely through evaporation, seepage, and precipitation. The volcano's remnants form the lake's rim, which rises in most places to about a thousand feet above the water. The lake is some six miles in diameter, and about nineteen hundred feet deep at the lowest point: it is the deepest freshwater lake in the United States and the seventh deepest in the world. Surrounding the lake are sheer cliffs, bizarre rock outcroppings, and jagged, unearthly-looking peaks.

The exploration of Crater Lake was being carried out by a group of oceanographers and biologists from Oregon State University, who were coöperating with the United States Geological Survey and the National Park Service in an effort to map the underwater contours of the lake more thoroughly than they had been mapped in the past. In particular, the scientists were searching for the presence of hydrothermal vents—openings in the floor of a body of water through which superheated, mineral-rich water flows or bubbles up from substrata. Though nobody expects the ancient mountain to erupt any time soon, thermal activity does exist in the region, which means that the volcano, or what is left of it, is still active. (One reason for the scientists' interest in thermal vents here was that a commercial company had recently begun tapping some geothermal springs a few miles east of the lake, for electrical power. Environmentalists fear that, because all the thermal activity in the area is thought to be interconnected, this exploitation of nearby hot springs may damage the ecology of the lake, with its extraordinarily pure water.)

When Sylvia and Graham first joined the others at the lake, it was a sunny but chilly morning. Deep Rover had been lowered to the lake's surface by helicopter a few days earlier (even after all these years, the only access to Crater Lake is by a mile-long, tortuous footpath). By early afternoon, some fifteen people, mostly swimsuited scientists and park rangers, were on a small pontoon boat and a barge that was roped against it, floating about a mile from the lake's north rim. The barge was shaped like a square doughnut, and Deep Rover was suspended by a winch above the doughnut's square hole, from a tubular metal A-frame that straddled the barge. At a glance, Deep Rover suggests something out of "Star Trek." Its main element is a transparent sphere five feet in diameter, which—iridescent in the sunlight—looked about as insubstantial as a soap bubble, but which is made of acrylic plastic five inches thick. Closer examination shows the sphere to be two hemispheres hinged on top and joined by a rubber O-ring, so that they can be opened just enough for a person to slide through. The sphere—the vehicle's pressure hull—rests on a rectangular black unit, mostly of aluminum, which is about six by eight by three feet and which contains batteries and other equipment. Attached to a metal framework surrounding the sphere are four shielded and adjustable thrusters, which enable the craft to move in any direction underwater. Mounted on each side of the vehicle is a jointed metal-and-plastic manipulator about six feet long, which can be used for grasping, lifting, cutting, and other tasks. The submersible is also equipped with a depth gauge, lights, still and video cameras, a gyrocompass, sonar, and various types of communications.



Sylvia was wearing faded jeans, a plum-colored sweatshirt, a white plastic visor, and white sweatsocks (she had taken off her sneakers), and after she had conferred with Graham for a couple of minutes she climbed into Deep Rover's transparent cabin. Then she sat down in an aircraft-pilot-type armchair and began to study the monitoring equipment and other devices that she would be using during her dive. Her main tasks, as she took the craft toward the bottom, would be to note topographic features and to look for evidence of living things, especially the kind that favor thermal vents, at extreme depths. She donned a headset and used her transmitter to speak with a tall young man named Steve Fuzessery, who was standing under a canopy on the pontoon boat. Fuzessery is an engineer with Can-Dive Services, of British Columbia, the company that had hired D.O.E. to build Deep Rover. Soon two sunburned park rangers began turning a large screw device, and as it brought the hemispheres together Sylvia started breathing Deep Rover's self-contained air supply. She was now sealed in at the same atmospheric pressure as at the surface; this pressure would be maintained during her dive, no matter how deep she went or how long she stayed there, providing she did not exceed the vehicle's capabilities. (Deep Rover has most often been used to descend a few hundred feet, in dives lasting a few hours; however, Graham designed it to go as deep as three thousand three hundred feet and to support life for a week.)

As Sylvia talked over the transmitter with Fuzessery, four men began to let out ropes that had been holding Deep Rover in place, while another man began turning the winch. Gradually, the vehicle descended through the barge's square opening, and then, in a rush of ripples, it entered the water. As Sylvia, in her bubble, eased into the lake, two park rangers wearing scuba gear swam beside her, detaching the ropes from the craft and then releasing the hook from which it was suspended. The submersible continued to move smoothly downward, remaining visible in the water for another half minute or so, after which it seemed to melt into the cobalt vastness.

Soon, Sylvia's voice could be heard over a speaker on the boat, saying in a businesslike way, "Topside, this is Deep Rover. I'm at six zero."

On the boat, Fuzessery said into his headset, "O.K. Continue down."

For a while, there was silence. After about three more minutes, Sylvia said, "I'm at one zero zero."

"Roger. Depth one zero zero," Fuzessery said.

"No fish down here," Sylvia said. "I've got my manipulators ready."

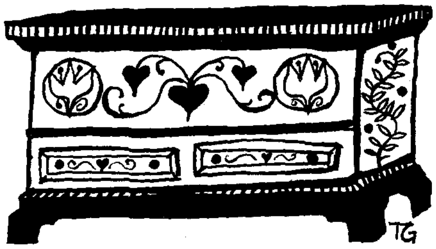
The transmitter exchanges were sporadic as Deep Rover continued its descent. Occasionally, contact was interrupted—probably because Deep Rover had strayed beyond the transmitter's limits—and when this happened the topside personnel were usually able to get Sylvia to make a specified number of transmissions with an electronic sounder, or pinger, to indicate that she could still hear them, even if they could not hear her. At thirteen hundred feet, she reported that it was getting much darker, and at fourteen hundred and fifty feet that it was "very gray, going to black." At fifteen hundred and sixteen feet, she reported that she had landed on the bottom—the deepest point in this part of the lake. Though there was no reason for her to mention it, she must have realized—as we all did—that she was the first human being ever to be there.

For several minutes, there was no word from Sylvia. Then her voice came over the radio saying, "I am at fifteen hundred and ten feet. There's a sloping thing here—it looks like snow. Interior temperature seventy-six point five. Oh-two percentage, twenty-one point two. Battery voltage, twelve point two. Visibility, fifteen feet." From reports she gave over the next few minutes, the group on the boat understood that she was moving the vehicle both laterally and vertically upward, along what she described as a sort of overhanging cliff. She said, "There are rocks here, still covered heavily with what looks like snow." A few minutes later, she said, "There are *things* growing on rocks at eleven hundred feet. Some kind of periphyton." Still later, she reported, "A vertical face—I found something that looks like moss." For fairly long stretches, there was little or no communication between the submersible and the boat, and at times there was only the eerily opaque sound of Deep Rover's pinger.

After two and a half hours, during much of which Sylvia kept the support team informed of what she was seeing, of her instrument readings, and of how she was maneuvering the vehicle, she reported that she was bringing it back toward the surface. For a very long minute, everyone kept an eye on the horizon, looking for the craft, which might appear in any direction. Then, about a hundred yards to the east, Deep Rover—the head of a glittering lake monster—bobbed into view. Two scuba divers began swimming toward the craft, and on reaching it they grasped its framework and began guiding it toward the barge. In a few more minutes, Deep Rover was back under the barge's opening, where several men reattached the ropes and began winching it upward. Meanwhile, Sylvia sat inside the sphere reading instruments, consulting her log, and making notations. When Deep Rover had reached its stowed position, two men opened its hemispheres, and Sylvia gathered her working materials and stepped out onto the barge, smiling.

One of the first things Sylvia did was retrieve the moss she had brought back in her left manipulator. The moss was brownish and mushy-looking—totally unimpressive to my eyes—and while most of it would go to other members of the scientific team for analysis, Sylvia said that she intended to keep a small portion of it to study in her laboratory at home. This type of plant had never before been found at the freshwater depths where she had found it. (The exploration of Crater Lake went on for about three more weeks, at the end of which strong evidence—but no proof—had been found indicating that there are thermal vents on its bottom. Further exploration is planned for this summer.) With the day's diving done, the men released ropes that lashed the barge against the boat and let it swing behind the boat, connected by one long line. Then the boat began towing the barge, with its gleaming cargo, to Wizard Island, a conical protuberance near the lake's western rim, which was serving as the expedition's base camp. After we had endured two more boat rides, a long climb up the winding trail to the lake's rim, and a drive down several miles of twisting roads, Sylvia—who still seemed charged with energy—telephoned a colleague in California and urged him to join the team at Crater Lake, saying, "Diving in a volcanic crater that's a mile in the sky—it's just like going to the *moon!*"

As Sylvia prepared to leave Alaska in April, she was in a much more sombre mood than she had been at Crater Lake. On Monday afternoon—the day after she and Chuck Jurasz had collected herring roe within sight of the Exxon Valdez—I accompanied her on the plane back to San Francisco. During our flight, she sat next to the window, with a plastic cooler (too big to fit under the seat ahead of her) tucked under her feet. In jars inside the cooler—packed in snow and ice—were some of the herring roe and also some of the krill she had gathered near the Trans-Alaska Pipeline Terminal. Most of the specimens had been turned over to a scientific team in Valdez, but she had kept these samples for her own studies, which she and her son-in-law, Ed Miller, expected to carry out at the Steinhart Aquarium. As we talked, I asked Sylvia to sum up some of her feelings about the devastation we had just seen, and about its consequences in both environmental and human terms.



For a moment she was silent. Then she said, "How do you weigh the *forever* cost of this catastrophe? There has never been anything before of quite this magnitude—at least, not in an area so remote, with such cold waters, and so difficult to manage. I have to say I'm impressed with the dedication of all those people up there, and yet, in a way, much of what they're doing may not bring great results. Sometimes our efforts to help are as bad as the problem itself. We know that the most serious effect on the environment may be going on beneath the surface of the ocean, often in ways that we don't know enough about to comprehend. And anything we do will make a difference. For instance, Admiral Yost says that he intends to use steam-cleaning on the beaches, and some of the scientists favor that, too, but I'm opposed to it in most cases. It may make things *look* better in the most obvious places, but it's bound to kill off practically everything that's still alive there. Flushing with cold seawater would certainly be sounder, ecologically. I could go on, but what may be of most concern, ultimately, is those things that are *not* obvious, and often not visible. It's not just the otters, or the birds, or the herring, or the magical beauty of Prince William Sound. It's the countless invertebrates that live in the ocean and on the shores, it's the diatoms, the phytoplankton and zooplankton, the amphipods, the mollusks and crustaceans, the little fish, the bigger fish that eat them, and on and through the food chain. It's the *system*.

"I think we should be very careful in drawing conclusions. Still, all in all, I believe that the whole Valdez situation is both better and worse than people imagine right now. It's better in the sense that some of the beaches—like the one we were walking on yesterday—are not totally covered with oil. And life *will* go on. But it's worse than people imagine in other ways. Take the otters: Even though some will survive, their community has been destroyed forever—that's a very significant thing. I mean, if you take one of those traumatized otters and are able to nurse it back to health, then what do you do? Put it back into the water, I suppose. But where? An otter does not live as a lone being—sea otters are very tactile, very social creatures. Then, it won't be long before the whales arrive in the area, and they will begin to suffer from the contamination, too. And, of course, in so many invisible ways the ecological balance in those waters has been changed forever. The sheen, and the mousse, and the blobs of asphaltlike material that form when the volatile components of the oil evaporate—all the contamination is *not* going to go away, even if it disappears from sight. It's modified chemistry that worries me the most, in so many of the things that we continue to allow to happen on the earth.

"We haven't yet understood—in the comprehensive way that some of us are just agonizing to make the world understand—that this is the *system*, this is the *planet*, on which we are all utterly dependent. Many of the people in Valdez and Cordova and the other communities up there are confused and angry now. They are undergoing enormous hardships that are economic and social and personal. I think they are terribly disillusioned with the oil companies, and possibly with the government, and it may be years—if ever—before they are able to reëstablish their way of life. But wherever on the planet we may live, this is a bite out of *our* hide, too. Sometimes I wonder just how many more shocks the environment can take before something goes remarkably, irreversibly sour. Because once something is gone from this planet—any creature, any species, any system—no matter how many billions of dollars we throw at it, we will never be able to bring it back."

—WALLACE WHITE

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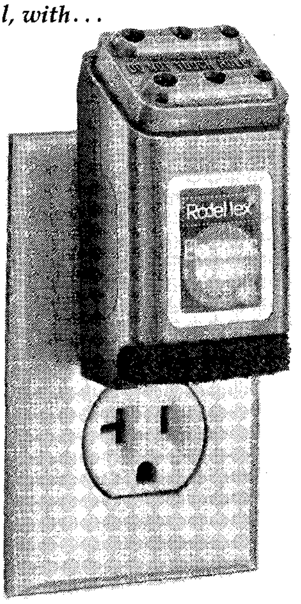

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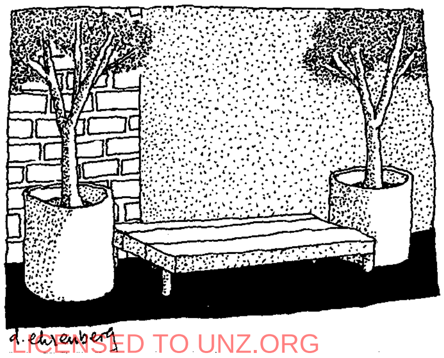
LETTER FROM BEIJING

JUNE 23

OUR "Beijing Spring" (a name borrowed from the title of a publication of Chinese dissidents in the United States) was a brutally short one. It lasted from the first student march to Tiananmen Square, on April 18th, until the Army's bloody capture of the square, on the early morning of June 4th, and if there can possibly be a consolation in the aftermath of slaughter it is that these events laid to an overdue rest the misconception that democracy is a Western concept not shared by Oriental masses. The unarmed students who linked arms and walked into automatic-weapons fire and stood in the path of tanks exhibited a degree of courage in behalf of their ideals of freedom and independence which has few, if any, precedents anywhere in the world. I don't know when it will come to pass, but I'm certain that June 4th will someday become a national holiday here.

For the present, however, what a sullen, whipped city this is! Traffic has returned to the streets, but there are few cars and trucks, and people are walking and biking almost silently; the once-incessant jangle of bicycle bells is muted, and Beijing cyclists now pedal glumly, looking neither to the left nor to the right, as if they were afraid to attract the attention of the helmeted soldiers who stand at attention, rifles slung over their shoulders, at many of the principal intersections. My Chinese friends tell me that these soldiers say they have been told to expect to remain here through December, but, at least for now, their tanks, armored personnel carriers, and trucks have been tucked out of sight in compounds around the city and in gymnasiums that China was building to host the Asian Games in 1990. The government has announced that these games will be played on schedule, but does anybody care about them now? For that matter, most of us in Beijing, I think, are equally unconcerned now about China's games of power politics. The Communist Party General Secretary, Zhao Ziyang, who favored negotiating with the students, is certainly out: the State Council spokesman, Yuan Mu, told Tom Brokaw last week that "a certain individual in the top leadership erred in supporting riots," but was cagey on what his fate might be. (No wonder Yuan's nickname among my Chinese friends is Foxy.) However, it seems to be taking an inordinate length of time for the Party's Central Committee to meet in order to depose Zhao and vote in Qiao Shi, the head of China's Public Security apparatus, who is reported to be his successor. In the meantime, I am cheered by a report in a Japanese newspaper—whether or not it is true—that Zhao has been spotted playing golf on a course outside Beijing. Less prominent people in trouble are still being tracked down by the Security Police. As of now, the number of arrests has been reported at sixteen hundred, and Prime Minister Li Peng, meeting with relatives of soldiers who were killed, declared last Monday that "quite a lot of rioters are yet to be apprehended, and we can in no way leave them unpunished and let them stage a comeback."

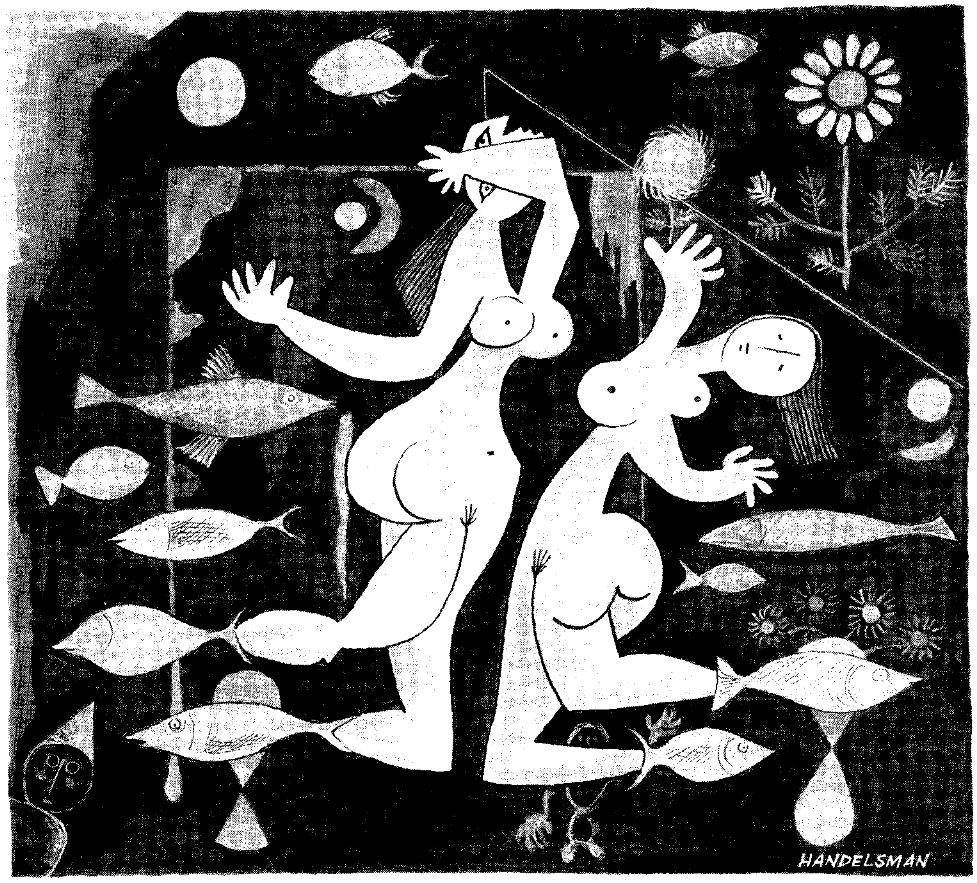
Chinese trade officials are inviting many of the foreign businessmen who remained here throughout "the turmoil"—as China now refers officially to the events of the past two months—for talks in which the government's version of the upheavals is recounted. One of these businessmen, who met with a vice-premier, told me his host was "forthcoming" about what happened. "His gist was that they had let get out of hand what had started as a relatively harmless movement," the businessman said. According to the businessman, who asked for anonymity, the vice-premier said the Chinese leaders had "agreed at the beginning of last year that a liberal (Zhao Ziyang) and a hard-liner (Li Peng) would occupy the nation's most important positions, but that certain people—he didn't identify them—tried to use the turmoil to grab exclusive power. The vice-premier did say there was a time—and I gather he meant in the week before they cleared the square—when nobody was really in charge of the government, and there had been a real risk of anarchy and civil war. Their implication in general was that they were sorry they didn't move sooner and that they felt that because they hadn't some innocent people were killed."



The bloodstains left by those innocent people, and by soldiers, as well as most of the physical damage, have now been removed from the streets. Some signs remain, however. The other day, I sat under a bullet-shattered mirror in Charlie's ice-cream parlor, just off the northeast corner of Chang'an's intersection with Xi Dan, where some of the worst fighting and killing took place, and watched as Charlie (not his real name but the one he asked me to use) traced the course of rounds that had smashed through the glass doors and the exterior walls. He told me that a woman holding a small child was killed virtually on the doorstep. The child survived.

Ice cream with high fat content is not to Chinese taste, and Charlie's present plight, it seems to me, is symbolic of that of hundreds of both large and small ventures established in Beijing over this past decade to profit from the tourist trade. After spending a year training, and then investing all the money he could get together to start the business, Charlie, as it happened, opened his store on June 1st, three days before the fighting began, and he now overlooks a street almost entirely devoid of tourist shoppers. As a matter of fact, there are very few Beijingers in the department stores as well: the accepted wisdom is that in the presence of troops and the absence of tourists, storekeepers will be forced to cut prices soon, and until that time most purchases are being delayed.

The fact that I no longer have to fight my way to shop counters through small mobs, and am waited on promptly there, is just one of the ostensibly benign effects of the enforcement of martial law. Paradoxically, except for the soldiers (some of whom have been issued white gloves to dress up their uniforms), Beijing has never seemed so outwardly attractive. The temporary shutdown of industry, coupled with strong seasonal winds, cleaned the air for a while, and recently, for the first time that I remember, it was possible to see clearly from downtown the beautiful hills to the west of the city. The departure of



Two Picassos with Feet of Klee

• •

tourists, both Western and Chinese, along with the great majority of students at Beijing's sixty-odd colleges and perhaps as many as a million transients, or illegal residents, has taken much of the strain off the city's traffic, transportation, and other public facilities. The other day, I was able to bike into work in record time, find a seat on a subway to Qianmen, at the southern end of Tiananmen Square, lunch at an uncrowded restaurant, stroll back to work on sidewalks without having to detour around food stands and grocery stalls, and cycle home at leisure in relatively light traffic.

A month ago, any one of these experiences would have been exhilarating; now their totality is depressing. So is the cavernous emptiness of Beijing's tourist establishments—those which remain open. Collectively, the occupancy rate of hotels in the city was officially reported the other day to be thirty per cent, but that probably includes rooms taken over by ranking People's Liberation Army officers. The occupancy rate of most tourist hotels I've stopped into is probably five per cent or less, and one, the Great Wall Sheraton, is reported to have lost four million yuan, or slightly more than a million dollars, in recent weeks. Few taxis are around—and, in something of a precedent, some drivers are actually soliciting the business of Chinese people, who pay for their rides in renminbi, the people's currency, rather than in the more valuable Foreign Exchange Certificates required of tourists. The Beijing Tourism Bureau estimates that the city lost nearly fifteen million yuan (about four million dollars) in visitor revenues in May alone, and the English-language *China Daily*, an organ of the official press, cites a preliminary estimate of a loss of a billion yuan, or two hundred and sixty-six million dollars, in Beijing. These figures are certain to increase.

THE Chinese government is now mounting a vociferous campaign against "false rumors," and one of the reasons, I think, is that this vast exodus of tourists and businessmen appears to have been caused not by the declaration of martial law on May 20th, or even by the convulsion caused by the Twenty-seventh People's Army's bloody march on Tiananmen Square, on June 4th, but, rather, by subsequent reports in the Western media (and particularly on shortwave radio) that other armies were marching on Beijing to punish the Twenty-seventh for attacking the students. In retrospect, the prospect of "warlord" armies duelling with cannons (and, according to one overwrought report I saw, possibly with nuclear weapons) seems farfetched, but it was the government's media policy—imposing a virtual blackout on state-run radio and television and newspapers, and restrictions on Western newsgatherers—that fed the rumor mill and led to the mass exodus not only of Westerners but also of many Chinese who possessed means of getting out of the city. I have seen some of the reports of accusations levelled at the State Department and at the American Embassy here that they did not do enough or act quickly enough to help the approximately two thousand Americans in Beijing to leave. I have to disagree. As far as I was able to determine, they acted as promptly as possible, operating convoys to the airport, waiving red tape, and chartering planes for any Americans who wanted to fly out.

My daughter, Mary, and I—both of us are editors at Xinhua, the New China News Agency—chose not to join this exodus, and now on the streets of Beijing we find ourselves to be the objects of some wonder and occasional teasing. "Don't you know your Embassy told you to leave China?" a young man said to me on June 11th, a week after the massacre. "Why are you still here?"

I responded with a word that one of my Chinese friends had taught me when we met for the first time after June 4th: he told me I was *fangle*, or crazy. (In fairness, however, I should add that our Chinese friends and employers have become more than usually solicitous of our well-being. I don't remember ever being greeted so warmly, or by so many well-wishers, as when I returned to work at Xinhua on June 12th.)

The young man who questioned me was one of more than sixty young

"Well, it's not as if you didn't give her some cause to yell at you."

• •

Beijingers who surrounded me at the city's English Corner, a tree-covered hill in Purple Bamboo Park, in northwestern Beijing, where on Sundays, by informal agreement, only English is spoken. It is also informally understood that among those listening to these conversations are plainclothes policemen, and that this is not a place to speak freely. Nevertheless, I went to the English Corner because I wanted to get a feeling of whether a new campaign against "spiritually polluting" foreigners might be in the offing. I saw no sign of it; in fact, I drew a larger crowd than I ever had before.

Given the generally acknowledged surveillance, I tried to avoid discussing "the turmoil," but I wasn't able to. "The students say we need democracy," one young man said. "The government says we need stability. I myself think we need stability more than democracy, but how do you feel about it?"

I gave my usual answer: that it is not for me, a *waiguoren*, or foreigner, to advise the government of China. However, there was nothing else anybody wanted to talk about, and I then had to fend off such questions as: Did I think my government was right to impose sanctions against selling military hardware to China? Would this make it easier or harder for Chinese to obtain American visas? Would foreign investment now dry up? Had I been to Tiananmen Square to see the demonstrations? What did I think of the students I saw there and of the soldiers who now occupy it? This last question, posed by a woman, was at least one I found an answer for: the Chinese people on both sides, I told her, were very brave.

It appeared that even among these young people—many of them recent students themselves—there was a great deal of ambivalence about the students and what they had been trying to achieve. When I saw the vanguard of this generation's college students and young workers marching a million strong on Tiananmen on May 17th, it seemed to me that they might inspire the support of the entire Chinese nation. In retrospect, it seems that perhaps that was never the case. At the May 17th march, and at the marches that preceded and followed it, there were always two lines of spectators—those in the bicycle lanes and on the curbs, who cheered the marchers, and those who stood farther back, on the steps of buildings, and watched in silence, showing neither support for nor opposition to the demonstration but simply looking on. It was usually possible to pass between these lines, but on one occasion on May 17th, when the crowds jammed up, a woman, young enough to be a student herself, startled me by saying in English, "These students are wrong. The government knows its business." She conveyed her support for the official line in a whisper, as now people must again whisper their opposition to it, and quickly got as far away from me as she could in the dense crowd.

Then, after the declaration of martial law on May 20th, as I watched Beijingers pouring into intersections day and night to protect the students from the Army with their own bodies, it was easy to forget that millions more remained in their homes in the *hutongs*, or alleys, and housing projects, uncommitted and unpersuaded. At least some of them also were repelled by the gratuitous cruelty and lynchings inflicted upon some of the soldiers who fell into the hands of crowds.

In the week after the massacre, pictures of wounded and burned soldiers in hospitals filled our television screens, along with footage of adult Beijingers buying soft drinks for soldiers, of cadre meetings called for the purpose of studying—and applauding—Deng Xiaoping's June 9th speech thanking Army commanders, and of ceremonies in which ten-year-olds presented their red Young Pioneers scarves to soldiers. (This coverage has been entirely in Mandarin; the English news broadcasts of China Central Television have been suspended, and the Beijing station's two English "polishers," Margaret Herbst and Jonathan Annells, resigned after they were reassigned to work on a propaganda program subtitled "The Truth About Tiananmen Square.") Interminable as these scenes seemed, they were at least preferable to coverage of student leaders and their supporters being frog-marched in handcuffs into police stations and interrogated, some obviously after having been beaten. Twenty-seven of them have already been executed. Executions are no longer being carried out publicly in China, but trials may be, and the trial of forty-five defendants in Shandong Province was reported to have been held before an audience of ten thousand. More of these trials and executions are to be expected: a circular issued by China's Supreme People's Court on Tuesday called for the "public trial and severe punishment" of both "counter-revolutionary and criminal elements," and Li Peng, in his first meeting with foreign diplomats since the uprising, told a Pakistani delegation that China will not yield to "shortsighted and unwise" foreign pressure for clemency. Also, the Public Security apparatus has been making use f television footage of demonstrations pictures that China Central Televiion didn't air during the events), reeze-focussing on particular faces n the crowd, and running below heir pictures hot-line numbers for iewers to call if they recognize or know the whereabouts of these "agitaors."

On June 13th, local news programs televised a most-wanted list, including pictures and descriptions of twenty-one tudent leaders accused of "inciting nd organizing counter-revolutionary ebellion in Beijing." Several have lready surrendered or been captured, nd one appeared on television on the night of June 17th, sitting on one of he little stools that prisoners under nterrogation occupy while facing their police questioners, who are behind levated desks. One student leader I don't expect to turn up there is Wang Dan, a Beijing University history major widely reported to have been hot and bayonetted in the attack on Tiananmen. There is probably no way o verify his death, however, since the bodies of many of the victims of the massacre are said to have been transported by truck and train to a mass grave east of the city. Also among the missing leaders is Wu'er Kaixi, of Beijing Normal University. The other night, China Central Television devoted at least ten minutes to film taken by a surveillance camera of Wu'er eatng with other student leaders in a downtown restaurant. A voice-over acompanying the pictures noted that this was the student leader who had been elling other students to fast; unfortunately for propaganda purposes, the urveillance camera had recorded the plate at the bottom of the frame, and it was well after the hunger strike was alled off.

Not surprisingly, given the campaign against spreading "false rumors," the Chinese Foreign Ministry has begun seeking scapegoats in the Western press. So far, it has expelled Alan Pessin, of the Voice of America, and John Pomfret, of the Associated Press. Among other violations, both were charged with breaking martial-law regulations specifically banning "press coverage, photographing or videotaping of the troops enforcing martial law." Since these Letters also fall into the category of press coverage, I assume I am in violation of these provisions myself. More impor-

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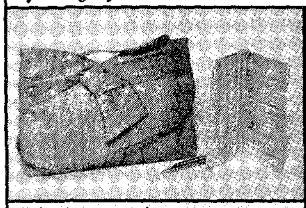

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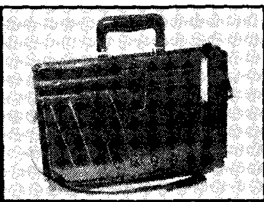

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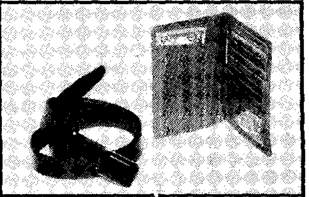

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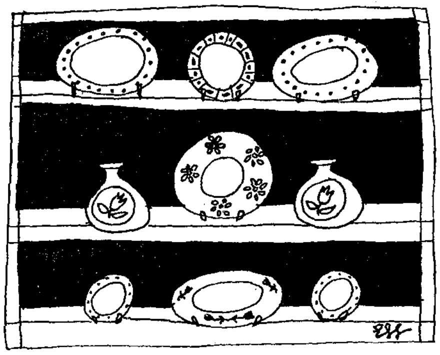
tant to me, however, and I believe to all foreign journalists here, is what might happen to Chinese citizens we have talked to and interviewed. Martial-law authorities seized videotape of one such interview—the subject was a forty-two-year-old salesman, who claimed to have seen mass killings—from an ABC cameraman and played it on news programs along with a subtitle calling for the subject's arrest. A day later, he was shown on television confessing to having spread false rumors. Even such precautions as blacking out names and identities in one's notebooks may be insufficient. Many Beijing streets, and most notably the principal east-west boulevard of Chang'an, are monitored by surveillance cameras, and citizens spotted talking to Western journalists may have been unknowingly photographed and subsequently identified.

THERE are, however, two interview subjects whom I do feel free to identify—Fang Lizhi, China's now famous dissident astrophysicist, and his wife, Li Shuxian—since they are in trouble with their government far beyond my power to add or detract. Fang and Li, "China's Sakharovs," as they have been dubbed in the Western media, were barred from a banquet given by President Bush during his February stopover here. Accused now of being counter-revolutionaries, which is about as serious a charge as can be levelled against a citizen of the People's Republic, they were granted refuge in the American Embassy on June 5th, and remain there, perhaps indefinitely. I called on Fang and Li last April 12th at the apartment they shared with their twenty-one-year-old son (an older son is now studying abroad), on the eleventh floor of a twelve-story concrete-block building that was part of a massive housing project near Beijing University campus. The apartment itself consisted of a living room, two bedrooms, and a study, plus kitchen and toilet (a double apartment, really), which is extraordinary here. The Fangs had paid for its interior construction with money Fang earned by writing for publications outside the country, but they appeared to have been installed in it, as Professor Li said when she greeted me, "so the government can show how well it treats its dissidents."

Quite obviously, even before the recent events, the People's Republic had not treated all its dissidents so well—or even humanely. Wei Jingsheng, a leader of the Democracy Movement of the late nineteen-seventies, is believed to have broken down after being held for ten years in solitary confinement, and the fate of Ren Wanding, another activist in that movement, who was released in 1983 after serving four years, is unknown, since he was rearrested several hours before the troops moved toward Tiananmen Square on the night of June 3rd. Fang and Li, however, became more famous than other dissidents, possibly because they remained out of jail and accessible to Western correspondents. They were giving so many interviews, in fact, that I wondered how they could get any research or teaching done—Fang was a research fellow at the Beijing Astronomical Observatory, and Li was an associate professor of physics at Beijing University. "Most of my time still is spent on astrophysics," Professor Fang told me in April. "Last year, I published sixteen articles, more than anyone else at the Beijing observatory. My field is the structure of the universe—cosmology—and while I don't have much of an opportunity to do actual observations, I think I do make a contribution in interpreting the data gathered by the big telescopes."

Last February, Fang published, in the *New York Review of Books*, a seven-point list of "items most commonly discussed" by those who would bring democracy to China. It comprises a guarantee of human rights, the establishment of a free economic system, support for education, supervision of public officeholders, an end to China's state of civil war with Taiwan, the establishment of rule by law, and a revision of the constitution to provide for political democracy and economic freedom.

I remarked that I was surprised that there was no mention on this list of free elections.



"Before these can occur," Fang said, "first you must have freedom of speech and freedom of the press. Without free newspapers and free radio and television, we can't build political parties, which are necessary for free elections."

Fang has the distinction of having been expelled from the Communist Party twice—first during the Cultural Revolution and then, in 1987, after he was accused of instigating student riots at the University of Science and Technology in Hefei. I asked him whether he still considered himself a Communist.

"I am not such a Marxist anymore," he said, "but, then, the Communist Party of China isn't so Marxist anymore, either. In the past few years, its theories have differed widely from those of orthodox Marxism."

Fang was critical of so-called China experts in the West for what he considered excessive praise of progress in Deng Xiaoping's decade after the Cultural Revolution. "Sometimes I think some of these people aren't too clear about what's really happening here," he said. "Maybe they got too interested in ancient China and not our recent society. Some Western intellectuals say that China doesn't have a tradition of democracy, but I think a lot of intellectuals here now would prefer one."

"An American-style democracy?" I asked him.

"Not necessarily," he said. "I don't want to turn China into America. We don't need a McDonald's if we like *jiaozi*"—dumplings.

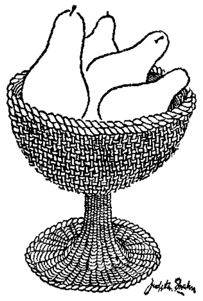
One thing that Fang didn't believe had improved since Mao's time is corruption. While in Australia, in August of 1987, he mentioned in a lecture that posters on Beijing campuses accused the children of prominent leaders of amassing huge sums in overseas bank accounts. This led, last October, to a report in Hong Kong's *South China Morning Post* that Deng Xiaoping was threatening to sue him for slander. I asked Fang if that had been pursued.

"I know Deng wanted to," he said. "But it would have been difficult, because I never mentioned any names—just talked about the sons of leaders."

I asked Fang if he had any evidence against any of these sons. (Deng's son, Deng Pufang, who was tortured and maimed during the Cultural Revolution and now heads China's organization for the handicapped, is one of the most frequently mentioned.)

Fang said he didn't. "But I don't think all the rumors can be wrong, which is why they attack me so strongly. People have asked me, 'How much are you paying Deng Xiaoping to make you famous?' I can't really explain it myself. I never met the man."

Even before he became internationally prominent, Fang had received a number of teaching and research offers from institutions in the West, most notably from Cambridge University. I asked him why he hadn't accepted any of the offers and emigrated, as have other Chinese intellectuals.



"Many of my friends have asked me that," he said. "It's true that I could publish more scientific papers if I worked abroad, but the democracies have many astrophysicists, and China not so many. I love China, and even though I'm not so strong a nationalist, I want to stay where I can both have an impact on science and help to import democracy. Anyway, my friends tell me I should stay here and worry the leaders."

Fang has certainly done that. I interviewed him less than a week before the first demonstration on April 18th, and in light of charges now levelled against him and Professor Li—an anonymous denunciation of the student leader Wang Dan, purportedly written by one of his associates and published in the Beijing *Daily* on June 16th, accuses Wang of having acted under Li's "instructions"—some of Fang's recollections of his part in the 1987 Hefei student demonstrations are pertinent. "Just before the disturbances," he told me, "I joined many student activities, and it is true that I agreed with their ideals and gave them some ideas, but when they wanted to go into the streets I said, 'Don't do it, it's dangerous.' Some students listened, but some went ahead." It seems clear that Fang and Li did not take any part in the student "activities" and demonstrations of the past two months, and, besides, there is another reason for disbelieving the anonymous Beijing *Daily* denunciation. It claims that Wang got his instructions from Professor Li over the telephone. Both professors were quite sure that their home and office phones were tapped. "Because we are physicists," Professor Li told me, "we are quite aware of the characteristics of their listening machines." If the professors were, as the government media now charges, "manipulating" the student movement, it seems unlikely that they would have done it over telephones monitored by Public Security men.

Nevertheless, Fang and Li have been formally charged with acts of "counter-revolutionary propaganda and instigation before and during the recent turmoil and before the counter-revolutionary rebellion," and the sanctuary they have received has led China to accuse the United States of "interfering in China's internal affairs." There are precedents for this, of course—after the Hungarian uprising in 1956, Cardinal Mindszenty remained in the Embassy in Budapest for fifteen years. And Fang's awareness of historical analogies goes back even further. "You know," he told me in April, "I am not the first astronomer on the staff of the Beijing observatory to get in trouble with the government. Some of my predecessors who studied with Father Matteo Ricci in the fifteenth century were killed by the emperor because they wanted to make a modern astronomical calendar."

For China's sake, as well as that of Fang and Li, I hope some kind of face-saving arrangement will soon be worked out which will allow them to escape both the fate of Fang's astronomer predecessors and the long isolation of Cardinal Mindszenty. In his speech to the Army generals on June 9th, Deng Xiaoping pledged to continue China's policy of "opening to the outside world," and specifically the promoting of Western tourism and investment. As one of the victims of the Cultural Revolution himself, the senior leader knows only too well that neither will grow in a climate of fear, where the streets are patrolled by soldiers, where students are being hunted down so they can be subjected to show trials and, possibly, shot, and where dissidents must hide in foreign embassies. After all, China did ultimately adopt the modern calendar.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Period, Pow'r, and Enterprize

THIS is proving to be a year for Mozart operas accompanied by "original" instruments. In January, in London, Roger Norrington devoted a "Mozart Experience" weekend to "The Magic Flute," with the London Classical Players. At the June Opera Festival of New Jersey, in Lawrenceville, "The Marriage of Figaro" is being performed with a period orchestra. At Glyndebourne this month, Simon Rattle conducts "Figaro" with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment. On CD, a "Figaro" from Drottningholm, the first recording of the opera to be accompanied by original instruments, has joined the earlier Drottningholm "Così Fan Tutte" (Oiseau-Lyre). And in Boston last month Mr. Norrington conducted two performances of "Idomeneo" with the Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra. At the best of such performances, one notices at first unusual clarity, transparency, liveliness, and justness of balance with the singers, and then pays attention more to the opera itself than to the special nature of the accompanying band—until, perhaps, some wind obbligato in unfamiliar timbres prompts particular delight. At the less successful performances, one hears with dismay and is constantly distracted by wheezy string tone, fallible wind intonation, and instrumental technique less accomplished than that of "modern" players.

The Drottningholm "Figaro," which is very well recorded, is a success. Arnold Östman conducts an adept orchestra, twenty-nine strong. His tempi are generally fleet, but not as obtrusively so as in his Drottningholm "Così." There are personal touches: a suddenly slowed tempo for Susanna's "Se udir brami il resto" and Figaro's corresponding phrase, in the second duettino. The cast, led by Barbara Bonney and Petteri Salomaa, as Susanna and Figaro, and Arleen Augér and Håkan Hagegård, as the Countess and the Count, sings with accuracy, spirit, and dramatic alertness. And I should qualify that remark about not noticing the band. It has noticeable, uncommon vitality: I have never heard the violins' pianissimo line accompanying the sotto-voce exclamations after the Countess's final, climactic appearance sound more urgent and exciting. And Mozart's dynamic contrasts, in both instrumental and vocal lines, are realized with an expressive force that bigger, less supple voices and thicker-toned instruments must forgo. To put it another way, then: this is not just an original-instrument "Figaro" but an arresting performance built on apt foundations.

There is also a useful appendix, of the alternative music for the opera which was composed by Mozart himself or was early associated with it. The extra numbers include Susanna's arias "Un moto di gioia" and "Al desio, di chi t'adora," which Mozart wrote for the 1789 revival, and variant versions of the Count's aria and the Countess's "Dove sono," which may have been prepared for that occasion; a cavatina for Marcellina, "Signora mia garbata," which replaced the Marcellina-Susanna duettino at the Prague première; and a recitative setting of the Susanna-Cherubino duettino. None of them is an improvement on what it replaced. "Al desio," an imposing coloratura rondo composed for Adriana Ferraresi, the 1789 Susanna (who was also the first Fiordiligi, and a grander soprano than Nancy Storace, the original Susanna), is a piece worth hearing but one less lovely than Storace's "Deh vieni." These numbers have been so laid out, at side ends, that the curious Mozartian by "programming" the tracks can compile his own performing edition.

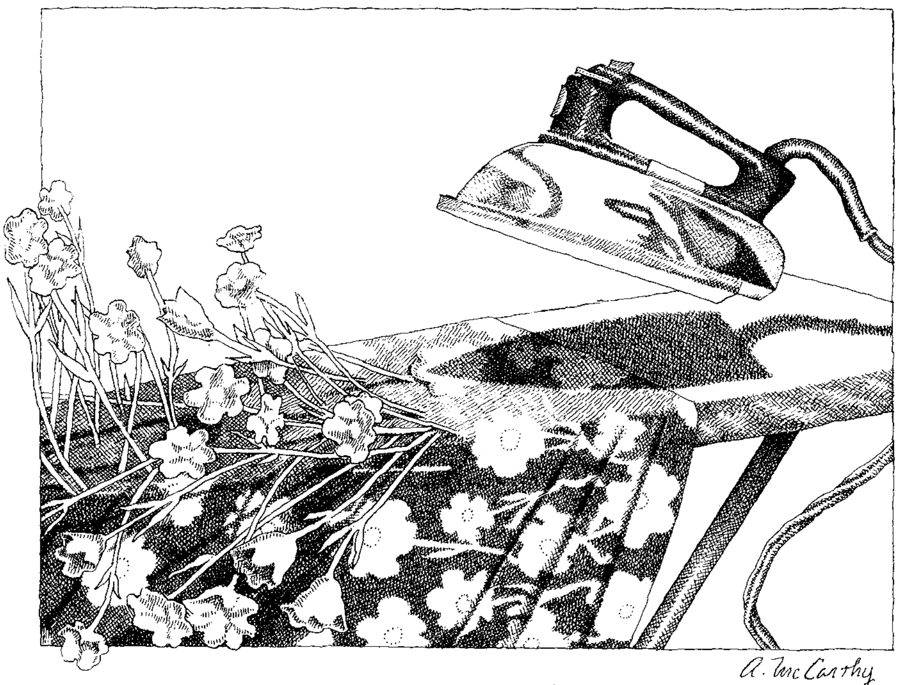
THE Boston "Idomeneo," given in concert form, was more of a demonstration. "Idomeneo," composed for a company that Mozart knew and admired, was his first full opera in six years. In Mannheim, his interest in the genre had been rekindled, and he had fallen in love. In Paris, he discovered Gluck's heroic operas, and he witnessed his mother's death. While returning to the Salzburg he detested, he was alone for the first time in his life, and on the way he learned that Aloysia Weber had rejected him. "Idomeneo" is the first musical drama of his maturity. In its public aspect, it turns, with tragic intensity, on a ruler's conflict between civic duty and private emotions, and in its personal aspects on (among other things) a son's necessity for going against a loving father's will, tender but star-crossed love, sacrifice, and uncontrolled, jealous passion that becomes self-destructive. It is a drama in which every member of an audience should be able to find, at some points, Mozart-illumined paradigms of both world affairs and his or her own life. But the Boston performance seemed to direct the audience's attention toward consideration of tempi, timbres, textures, instrumental disposition, and an unusual text.

On a platform in Tremont Temple—an 1896 building, successor to one in which Charles Dickens and Jenny Lind performed—the orchestra, forty-one strong, sat in an oval formation, enclosing two harpsichords, each with its attendant cello and bass. (Good players had been assembled; fourteen of them—including the woodwind and horn principals—had played in the inaugural concert of New York's Classical Band, in May.) Mr. Norrington sat at the center of the oval, on a swivel chair. The solo singers were perched on a narrow ledge, behind. The chorus, of thirty-one, was ranged behind and above them, more comfortably, on the front row of the choir loft, between the platform and the organ. It all seemed a bit congested—especially by contrast with the Academy of Ancient Music's "Orlando" in Avery Fisher Hall, in March, which had a similar but less sardined instrumental disposition, and which allowed plenty of space to the singers. In Tremont Temple, the performers were tightly bunched, without the elbowroom they needed to sing out or play out into a fairly large auditorium. (The entrance to the top balcony of the temple carries the sign "Please Worship on a Lower Level.") The singers needed to watch their step. On the other hand, a tight chamber-musical give-and-take was insured.

The timbres and textures were fascinating. One heard lines, details, contrasts unheard before. Mr. Norrington laid color against color with a boldness to match Mozart's own in this ambitious score of high, strong inventions. He set fast tempi and maintained them with an insistence that could be called insensitive. Comparisons may be odorous, but a comparison of this "Idomeneo" with one that Mr. Rattle conducted in London, two years ago, with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment can hardly be avoided by anyone who has heard both original-instrument performances. (The Rattle version, unofficially recorded, circulates in this country on tapes exchanged between enthusiasts.) Mr. Rattle was no less brisk than Mr. Norrington, but he did give the singers space to express themselves. He felt the drama. In Boston, Ilia's first aria, "Padre, germani," sounded driven, breathless; Jeanne Ommerlé could not cry "Grecia! Cagion tu sei! . . . E un greco adorerò?" (I punctuate the lines to reflect Mozart's setting) in a way to show that the words mean something. Mr. Rattle's Ilia was Miss Augér. She is renowned as a poised and lovely but not, generally, passionate artist, yet she sings the repeated "Grecia!" with a fierce attack on the "g" and the "r" and a timbre on the "e" that make vivid a Trojan princess's feelings about the nation that has destroyed her father, her kinsmen, her city. In Boston, Idamantes' first aria, "Non ho colpa, e mi condanni," its opening marked *adagio maestoso*, opened at a pace that turned the violins' thirty-second-note rhetorical figures into scurries, and gave Lorraine Hunt little chance to express the sense of "I am guiltless! . . . and you condemn me!" Diana Montague's "Non ho colpa," for Mr. Rattle, rings with ardor and indignant self-defense. In Ilia's "Se il padre perdei," *andante ma sostenuto*, with its concertante quartet of flute, oboe, horn, and bassoon, Christopher Krueger, Stephen Hammer, Lowell Greer, and Dennis Godburn had to scamper, to fair whiz along, if they were not to be left behind; they were not invited—nor was Miss Ommerlé—to phrase, to shape, to enjoy and let us enjoy the lines that Mozart wrote for them. (The composer rejected the first text that his librettist provided for this aria and demanded something less specific, so that, untied for once to strict verbal content, he could indulge in elaborate musical expansion.)

And so on. Mr. Norrington has never been a damn braces, bless relaxes kind of conductor. "Tense" and "taut" are recurrent epithets in my reviews of him, which date back to his début, in 1962. But also "alert." His work *is* bracing. It is just that one wishes, sometimes, that he'd been slipped a Valium—maybe half a Valium—before the concert; wishes that in addition to the urgency, the energy, the dancing determination to keep things moving there were some moments of repose, of relaxation into unhurried thoughtfulness or full-hearted lyrical enjoyment. The locative constriction, the fleet tempi, the unyielding pulse and the singers' acquiescence in it conspired to make this "Idomeneo," for all its exhilarating quality, somehow airless. The great prayer "O voto tremendo," with its slow chromatic ascent—then speeded into poignant cries from the flute and the oboe—over pulsing triplets, seemed less tremendous than usual. And it was evident that the singers had not persuaded Mr. Norrington—or he had not persuaded them—that when it came to the performance they had to take charge, to determine the pacing of the declamation, to hold the accompanying players intent on and responsive to whatever they chose to do. American singers tend to be not verbally commanding. They learn the pronunciation of foreign languages but not the utterance that makes words communicative even to listeners who do not understand them; "splendori" and "miserie" may be accurately pronounced, but not with matching force and color. Jeffrey Thomas, stepping into the title role at short notice (Anthony Rolfe Johnson, originally billed, was ill), gave a serious, well-considered performance, firmly voiced and expressively shaded. Miss Ommerlé and Lisa Saffer, the Electra, were precise and, insofar as rhythmic hustle allowed, artistic; but Ilia needs a sweeter tone, and Electra one more fiery and substantial. Miss Hunt, on the other hand, sounded all too rich, more an Elisabeth than an Idamantes. Frederick Urrey struggled with the coloratura of Arbaces, which was to have been Mr. Thomas's role.

Mr. Norrington is ever adventurous. He looks at historical evidence and instead of saying "It won't work today" he says "Let's see if we can make it work; let's give it a try and discover what happens." He strives to hold Beethoven's symphonies to the "impossible" metronome marks that the composer attached to them. And he performed "Idomeneo" in the text, apparently unheard since 1781, of its première. This was published seventeen years ago, by Daniel Heartz, in the New Mozart Edition, but no conductor before Mr. Norrington has dared to implement in full Mr. Heartz's findings. Mozart, while the



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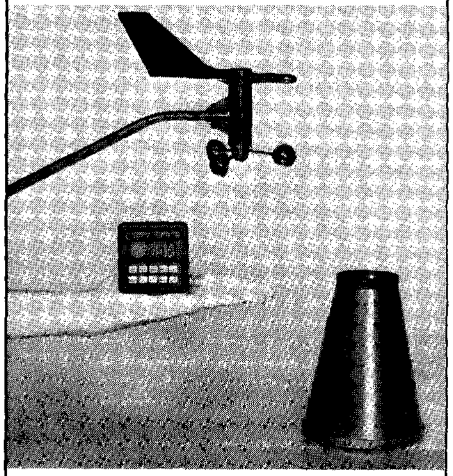

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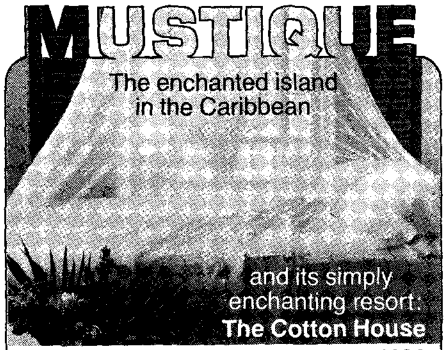
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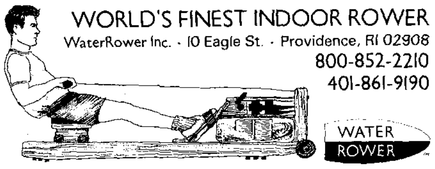

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opera was simultaneously in rehearsal and composition, cut many bars of recitative from Act I: his Idomeneus and Idamantes, he told his father, were rotten actors, who delivered recitative "without spirit and fire, with utter monotony." Act III was running long, and from it he cut three arias—Idamantes' "No, la morte," Electra's showstopper "D'Oreste, d'Ajace," and Idomeneus' "Torna la pace"—and also some fine accompanied recitative for Ilia as she offers her life in exchange for Idamantes'. Mr. Heartz banished to an appendix everything that Mozart removed—except for some passages of the two solo-and-chorus prayers in Act III. Mozart drastically shortened the prayers. Mr. Heartz, ascribing the abridgment to "the special circumstances of the Munich première rather than general musico-dramatic necessity," retained them in full (albeit with the "Vi—de" signs that indicate possible cuts) in his main text. Thus he opened a path for reinstators of other passages that had been cut, they could claim, only because of "the special circumstances of the Munich première." Mr. Norrington, however, went all the way, as is his wont, and pared the prayers down to single statements. (He also, without explanation, cut two further passages of recitative.) The special circumstances of a performance should always play a part in determining the text used. If the singers engaged for Idomeneus and Idamantes are splendid actors, with a trenchant command of recitative, there may be a case for allowing them some of the dialogue that Mozart removed. If the Arbaces is not a virtuoso, a case can be made for omitting at least one, perhaps both, of his arias. And in the special circumstances of a performance at the Boston Early Music Festival there was every reason to present, for once, the original, 1781 score of "Idomeneo," concluding ballet and all. The three acts, even in this stripped-down version and at Mr. Norrington's swift tempi, lasted about fifty-two, forty, and seventy minutes. No wonder Mozart decided that his first ideas for Act III needed pruning.

THE bicentenary of the French Revolution has so far been celebrated here with music mostly monarchical: Louis XIV's favorite opera, "Atys"; the Requiem of Jean Gilles, which was sung at Louis XV's funeral; and, most recently, Rousseau's little opera "Le Devin du Village," which had its first performance, in 1752, before Their Majesties at Fontainebleau. No company has yet billed productions of such overtly Revolutionary operas as Grétry's "Guillaume Tell," his "Rosière Républicaine" (at the close of which two nuns are stripped of their habits and made to dance the carmagnole), or his "Denys le Tyran, Maître d'École à Corinthe" (about a fourth-century schoolboy rebellion against the headmaster); of Gaveaux's "Léonore," the genitor of Beethoven's "Fidelio"; or of Berton's rescue opera "Les Rigueurs du Cloître" (in which the heroine is rescued from immurement in a convent, and its nuns are dispatched into the world to bear children). "Le Devin"—"The Cunning-Man," in Charles Burney's 1766 translation—is a three-character opera remembered in our day chiefly because the twelve-year-old Mozart composed a new version of it, "Bastien und Bastienne." In its own day, the piece was found both charming and important. Louis XV, Berlioz says in his memoirs, never tired of singing ("in the most out-of-tune voice in his kingdom") its opening number, "J'ai perdu mon serviteur." The champions of Italianate melodiousness and simplicity proclaimed its superiority to the intricacies of truly French, verbally inspired music; but Rameau thought that, although Rousseau's scores contained some good tunes (not Rousseau's own, he implied), his musical working was that of a musical ignoramus.

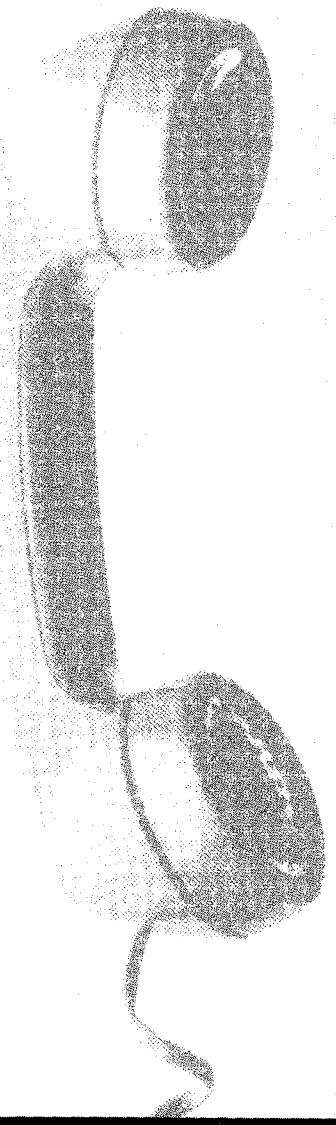
The plot is simple: the shepherdess Colette adopts the advice of the village soothsayer ("Feign indifference") to win back the heart of her Colin, who has been paying court to the lady of the place. Or so we are usually told. In fact, that action is all but over before the piece has even begun, for Colin at his first entrance declares his fidelity to Colette. Such real plot as there is derives from the soothsayer's cunning in keeping the lovers apart until he can take credit for, and profit by, their reunion. Berlioz, who in his student days heard "Le Devin" at the Opéra (it was in the repertory there from 1753 to 1829), wrote scornfully of

> poor Rousseau, who attached as much importance to his "Devin du Village" score as to the masterpieces of eloquence that have made his name immortal, who firmly

elieved that he had completely crushed ameau . . . with the little songs, the little l-de-rols, the little rondos, the little los, the little pastorales, the little droll-ies of every description that make up his ttle intermezzo.

here are pretty things in the score, to e sure, and there are also some touches f ingenious art. "J'ai perdu" is a atchy tune, and on its repetitions at ew pitches instrumental interjections xpand the two-bar squareness into the ree-bar periods. The much repeated ir that the soothsayer introduces to-ard the close, "L'art à l'amour est avorable" (part of the final divertisse-ent that the composer added for the péra presentation), has teasing peri-ds of five, five, six, and four bars, and e dance tune with which it alternates a variant of the melody with cunning hythmic displacements. But most of e score is unexacting, flimsy stuff.

"Le Devin" was put on for five erformances in Florence Gould Hall, resented by the French Institute–lliance Française, Concert Royal, nd the New York Baroque Dance ompany. The production, which lso visited Boston and Washington, as billed as a New York première though the annals record a 1790 per-rmance at the City Tavern). The pera was not well done. James ichman's musical direction lacked ghtness, grace, and gaiety. Catherine urocy's choreography was perhaps ore "authentic" than that of the ancing we saw in the Arts Florissants Atys" (a "Devin" allemande chore-graphy notated in the seventeen-six-es survives, and was re-created), but was executed in a prim, self-con-cious, uncommunicative manner. ohn Holleman was the stage director. is Colette, Susanne Peck, aimed at ig-eyed, openmouthed cuteness. Tony outté, the Colin (a role once played by me. de Pompadour), was a stick. avid Ripley, in the title role, was umbly, not crisp. Scott Blake's set was ttractive but—like his décor for Han-el's "Orlando" and "Teseo"—was ainted with nineteenth-century soft-ess of outlines rather than eighteenth-entury precision. The standards of legance and eloquence in French Ba-oque music which were set here by Les Arts Florissants and Capriccio Stravagante—both of them Paris-based ensembles founded and directed by Americans—on their recent visits are seldom approached by our too easily acclaimed local troupes. —ANDREW PORTER



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DANCING

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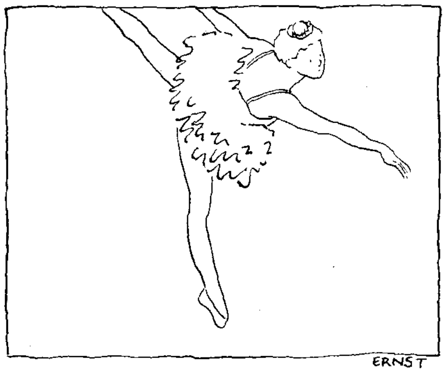
THE New York City Ballet season just past broke down into two parts. The first five weeks were dominated by the spirit of Balanchine, with a baker's dozen of his ballets on display. If these hadn't been as handsomely danced as they were, the last four weeks, in which the company indulged in self-celebrations of one sort or another, would have seemed hollow. But in fact the performances that began with "Mozartiana" and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2" and "Episodes" and "Symphony in Three Movements" cast their glow over the entire season. The dancers took their bows with "If he could see us now" smiles on their faces. As the ballets were among Balanchine's greatest, no wonder the dancers looked happy.

The company has what it takes to be happy in all of Balanchine's top-tier ballets, but it doesn't always put itself forth at top strength. I'm not exactly sure why, but I think Peter Martins, as the man in charge of artists and repertory, must be bedevilled by all the top-tier ballets that have large numbers of principal roles; he has to fill those roles, or else drop the ballets. It is standard New York City Ballet practice to put a number of stars in one ballet. Martins himself made "Echo" this season for four ballerinas, all of them stars; and the partners of all but one of them were principal dancers. Balanchine began this practice, of course, but what Balanchine meant by "stars" was dancers who interested him, and they could be promising corps kids as well as principals. Martins seldom jumps a corps dancer or a soloist over the head of a principal unless scarcity compels him. The rocketing through the repertory of a Damian Woetzel or a Wendy Whelan, which we observed this past year, testifies not just to the outstanding talent of Woetzel and Whelan but to the company's need for male dancers who are versatile, musical, and *tall*, and for female dancers, increasingly rare, who fill the qualifications of what might be called the Polyhymnia type. (The last such to be developed was Kyra Nichols.) Last season, Helene Alexopoulos danced the third variation in "Divertimento No. 15," a key role, and Jeffrey Edwards was Oberon in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." This season, those ballets were back but without Alexopoulos and Edwards. The ballets lost lustre, and the careers of those dancers lost momentum. For all his benevolence toward dancers, Martins tends to let rank and privilege be his guide in casting, and he still keeps gifted young dancers too long on the launching pad.

As a choreographer, he does little more, these days, than assert the status quo. If the four ballerinas in "Echo" had been Whelan and Santhe Tsetsilas and Kathleen and Margaret Tracey instead of Darci Kistler and Heather Watts and Kyra Nichols and Suzanne Farrell, not only wouldn't it have mattered to "Echo," it wouldn't have mattered to the dancers, except in terms of prestige. Yes, Farrell with her artificial hip joint danced on point, but that, I'm afraid, was the only novelty the ballet had to show for itself. In everything else, it was willfully, even defiantly, unoriginal, a set of variations on a variation, a study in sameness and symmetry. The point Martins seemed to want to make was about ballerinas being stamped from a mold. When Balanchine or Robbins put several of them into one ballet, he tried to make them all look different. But what the heck, says "Echo," why shouldn't we celebrate how much *alike* they are? Individuality is less important than conformity to a type.

"Echo" came in the last weeks of the season, amid the injuries and cancellations that inevitably occur at the end of a long run of repertory. But the emotional tone had been prepared for it by the celebrations of the previous weeks. The bridge between the Balanchine series and what lay beyond was an evening devoted to a beloved ballerina, Patricia McBride, who had just announced her retirement. The occasion was a dramatic contrast to the restaging, some weeks earlier, of Martins' ballet "A Fool for You" for a "Live from Lincoln Center" telecast. "A Fool for You" was the climax of last summer's American Music Festival, with which the company marked its fortieth anniversary, so you could say the celebrations had actually been going on since then. But in "A Fool for You" New York City Ballet itself was not the subject. As in so many of last year's special events, the company stepped aside and let something else take the spotlight—American Music, American Painting, American Modern Dance—and then Martins ended it all with a forty-minute ballet to Ray Charles songs, sung and played by Ray Charles in person, backed up by his band and his singers, the Raeletts. Because Martins wished, he said, to commemorate the music he had grown up with, Charles had to rehearse and deliver songs he had recorded twenty and thirty years before. The telecast commemorated Martins' commemoration; once again, an exhausted and spiritless Charles rehashed the hits of his prime, and classical dancers scooted about like the juveniles they were not and never had been. (When Charles recorded "Hit the Road Jack" and "What'd I Say," Heather Watts and Judith Fugate and Stephanie Saland were lined up at the barre practicing tendues.)



On both sides of "A Fool for You" were Balanchine ballets—"Episodes" and "Cortège Hongrois"—which weren't televised. To the officials at PBS, this wasn't a New York City Ballet event; it was a Ray Charles event. It brought into the theatre an audience that had also grown up with Ray Charles and that left the minute his act was over. The nearly four-hour-long tribute to McBride brought in an audience that had grown up at New York City Ballet, that recognized each of her former partners as he walked out onstage and presented her with flowers (a long list headed by Martins, Edward Villella, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Jean-Pierre Bonnefoux, McBride's husband), and that stayed and applauded through call after call taken by the ballerina as red roses rained from the galleries. If last year the company opened its gates and let everybody in "to see how things might look," as Martins put it to the interviewer John Gruen, this year it closed itself off and gazed inward. The annual spring gala honored Jerome Robbins, and it included a joke *en famille:* the "Mistake Waltz," from his ballet "The Concert," danced by the company's leading ballerinas. The other ballets on the program were "Afternoon of a Faun" and "Glass Pieces." The big Robbins dance event of the season, though, was Nichols' début in "In Memory of . . . ," turning what originally (in 1985) seemed to be an idiosyncratic Farrell role into a dramatically powerful personal statement. Farrell's presence throughout much of this moistly elegiac piece undermined its conventionality; Nichols' presence elevated it. Lacking Farrell's extremes, she endowed the role with a calmly expansive center, an even, unelliptical, onrolling force. The ballet became less a metaphysical vision and more a drama about a heroic woman who is the last to succumb to some unspecified universal catastrophe. Unfortunately, with Nichols looking palpably alive and well, the seraphic final scene seemed frailer than ever, depriving her of the ovation she deserved.

Ballerina technique may actually be at a higher level now than it was when Balanchine was alive. Watching Nichols in this latest début, watching Kistler in "Swan Lake" or Merrill Ashley in "Ballade" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," I see each of them working to integrate head, arms, and torso in more continuously vivid terms relative to the lower body. This is the obvious next stage in the development of a technique that has long compelled unheard-of feats of strength and timing from the waist down. When this next stage is consolidated, it will have been the ballerinas themselves who, feeling about in their roles, made it possible; neither Robbins nor Martins choreographs for that sort of thing. Partners are a general problem. Robert Hill, formerly of American Ballet Theatre, has been signed to partner Nichols; the two appeared together in "Echo," while Kistler was paired with Jeppe Mydtskov, the *very* tall Danish dancer who joined the company a couple of years ago. Hill and Mydtskov partner well, but not like men who could keep up with their ballerinas on the cutting edge. The company is growing up. It no longer waits for obvious interpretive goals to be imposed by fiat. Along with technique, there has been an improvement in company morale. You can see it in a ballet such as "Western Symphony"; the high-spirited choreography is once again getting its full due from the dancers. (For years, "Western" was like a party where the host, Balanchine, was the only one having fun.) The sheer sensuous pleasure that dancers take in dancing is a pleasure for the audience, too. Without it, the revival of "Danses Concertantes" couldn't have been the success it was.

Sensuous pleasure in dancing is Kistler's personal discovery, or so it seemed this season. As Alastair Macaulay wrote here last summer, "her dancing has a subtle and fascinating range of contrasts: blushing audacity, delicacy and hugeness, grandeur and intimacy, sweetness and abandon." And she is now twice as strong, twice as varied and surprising as she was then. This was Kistler's season. Until now, her position among the company's ballerinas had been something of a puzzle. Was she going to break the mold or ignore it? Kistler's mold-breaking potential gave her performances this season a breathlessly suspenseful quality. She would carry us beyond the limits of the corporate ballerina style and then quietly return; she would plunge ahead to some radiantly indeterminate future or draw back and reclaim the past. Kistler could go on tantalizing us this way for years—it would be wonderful. But it would be even more wonderful if new choreography could help show her the way. Kistler at the moment does what she does by herself.

If the dancers are starting to show some initiative, it may be because they no longer feel the weight of authority looming over them. Robbins rehearsed Nichols in her performance of "In Memory of . . . ," although he was officially on a leave of absence—a leave, it now turns out, that he will prolong for at least four months of relaxation. This puts Martins in complete charge of the company, and of the company's new choreography, but as I contemplate that prospect it's an image from a Robbins ballet that comes to mind. Toward the end of "Interplay," the two competing teams of dancers send their women spinning downstage—four women, each tossing off a perfect string of chaînés, while the men behind them sweep the air forward, urging them on. In "Echo" Martins does something like that. He sends all of his ballerinas out on the same little chaîné trip, only he has them do it one at a time and at widely spaced intervals. In between, they do a lot of other similar things, similarity being the keynote of the ballet. The reason the chaîné sequences are so noticeable is that the dancers have to turn their legs out to do them, and just about every other movement they make is turned in. The chaînés are also an escape from the incessant overpartnering that marks the only other conspicuous turned-out incident in the piece—a long pirouette-penchée-promenade combination that the woman executes while linked to her man. "Echo" tells us more than that Martins thinks of his ballerinas as girls who come out of the same mold all looking alike. It tells us that he thinks of style as hermetic. But why *this* style? Why *this* form of replication? Martins has each of his four ballerinas perform a separate version of the same trashily reductive dance material. Is he trying to do something more than reduce everyone to the condition of a ballerina with an artificial hip?

The American Music Festival received the worst reviews in the company's history. By commissioning pieces from outsiders, like Lar Lubovitch and Eliot Feld and Laura Dean and William Forsythe, Martins had hoped, as he also told Gruen, to show off his dancers' versatility. Perhaps he thought, too, that each of these choreographers would present him with a different view of the company—would reappraise the gifts of N.Y.C.B. dancers in fresh terms. Instead, the outsiders all produced self-portraits, co-opting N.Y.C.B. dancers for choreography that could just as easily be produced elsewhere (and has been, in some cases). Along with all this designer-label choreography, Martins has retained two ballets that feature the familiar team of Heather Watts and Jock Soto: his own "Black & White" and Richard Tanner's "Sonatas and Interludes," a pithier statement of the self-consciously chic attitudes that Watts and Soto specialize in projecting. To dance historians with a taste for such things I leave the task of deciding which came first, Martins' chicken or Tanner's egg. The same two choreographers were involved

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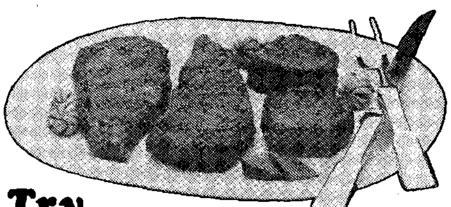

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in the creation of "Calcium Light Night," back in 1977—the ballet that set Martins' future as a choreographer and Watts' style as a ballerina, and served as the (possibly unconscious) inspiration for the entire American Music Festival. But by the time of the festival Watts' technique had become something other than what it had been in 1977. Whatever else the saucy attitudes stood for, they were now a cover for technical infirmities. Watts turned her legs in and angled her knees and flipped her wrists, and she had Soto for the long, oversupported partnering sequences that everybody said were so sexy. It's unlikely that any of the outsiders' ballets, or even Martins' other festival pieces, hold the same place in his estimation that "Black & White" and "Sonatas and Interludes" do. I can't believe, though, that he really thinks Watts and Soto are the company figureheads, the way he and Farrell were in Balanchine's day. But what choice do I have? Any ballet with Watts and Soto in it, especially any Martins ballet with Watts and Soto in it, especially any Martins ballet to Michael Torke's music with Watts and Soto in it, presents itself as a link in the great chain going back to Balanchine. Watts and Soto were in "A Fool for You." The link there was to the Balanchine of "Who Cares?" The link in all the Watts-Soto-Torke ballets—"Ecstatic Orange" and "Black & White" and now "Echo"—is to what Lincoln Kirstein once called "the master's advanced manner." Not that these pieces have anything real in common with those Stravinsky-Hindemith-Webern ballets in which the dancers turned their legs in and flexed their feet; what for Balanchine was a living process of disarticulation is for Martins a mere look, a pose, an advanced mannerism. But I guess he believes in it, and believes also that it's tamperproof. No outsider has the key. "Echo" is made like a little Houdini box of chains that criss-cross the repertory on their way back to Balanchine. Only no one gets out.

There's a Balanchine precedent, however dim, behind everything that Martins does. And there's a Farrell precedent behind the style of every ballerina of the ruling generation. The story the company is telling us today is both exciting and disheartening; it's about how these women see themselves in the light of that precedent. The Heather Watts story is one of parody and trivialization. This is the story that is recapitulated in "Echo," where Watts and Farrell seem to exchange places, with Farrell executing the Wattsisms that Watts derived from Farrell. Isn't it odd to think of the signature Wattsism—turned-in legs—as having originally been (in a ballet such as "Tzigane") Farrell's own method of sparing the hip that ultimately did her career in? She doesn't look bad in "Echo," nor does she really look like Watts. But she doesn't look anything like the dancer she was—how could she? The pirouettes are multiple, are daringly off center, are thrillingly full, but they're all produced with Adam Lüders' assistance. Is this Farrell?

Nichols, dancing with that imperviousness which is the other side of her strength, comes off best of the four ballerinas. Kistler comes off worst. Her neck and legs look short; she seems flattened out, smothered. That Martins should have so little knowledge of how to choreograph for her is the saddest of the many unintended revelations of "Echo." This season, he cast her in the revival of the Balanchine-Stravinsky "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and he cast Ashley right after, in the companion piece "Movements for Piano and Orchestra." At first, I thought he was reserving for Farrell alone the distinction of having danced both roles. Now I wonder whether he just can't see how any dancer *can* dance both roles, can be both "classical" and "modern." And if Martins can't see that, what is it in the Balanchine legacy that he does see?

Perhaps it's what he hears. The Stravinskyan strain in Torke's music is apparent, but it indicates affinity less than what the postmodernists call appropriation. Torke, Martins' Stravinsky, writes bad music. His music for "Echo" repeats a short-phrase pattern obsessively in a kind of hiccupping rhythm for about eight minutes; then, with minor differences, it repeats that three times. Music like this strikes New York City Ballet at its very heart. "Echo" is a ballet that begs legitimacy, revealing family secrets and showing us twisted lines of descent. As an image of how ballerinas are formed, it belies its own bloodlines. Would a Farrell ever have come out of a mold like this? Would a McBride ever have got in?

—ARLENE CROCE

A CRITIC AT LARGE

"SHOW BOAT" CROSSES OVER

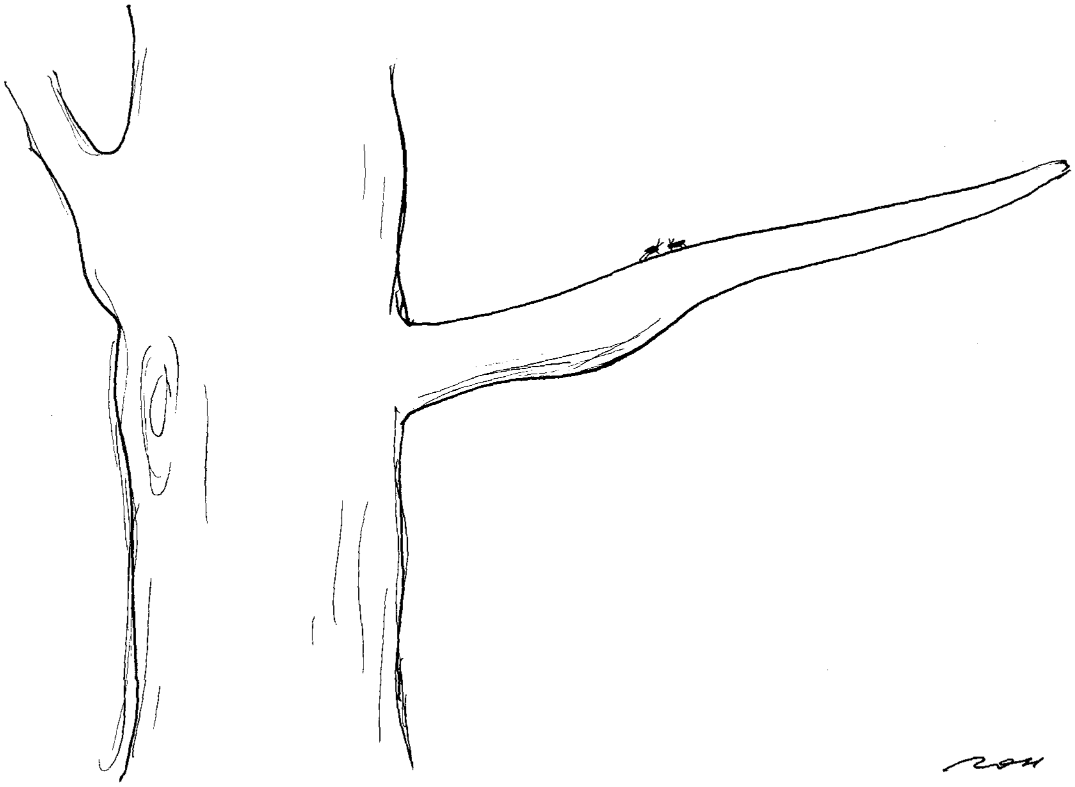
IT sometimes happens that an unusual presentation of classic art not only renovates but purifies it. Like Laurence Olivier's film of Shakespeare's "Henry V," Wieland Wagner's productions of the "Ring" and "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, and the Royal Shakespeare Company's staging of Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby," a sophisticated interpretation, by showing the familiar in a new way, makes us draw closer to the original and want to understand it in its most basic form.

Today, in the twilight of the American musical, the so-called "crossover" approach to theatre recordings has the potential to revivify works of art we have taken for granted for decades. We have the chance, now, to consider style, structure, and meaning in a way we seldom did even when Broadway musicals were culturally essential. And the test case, the richest of all musicals, has recently been fed into the crossover system so completely that it gives us the opportunity to consider not only what a musical is but what crossover recording is for.

"Show Boat," Florenz Ziegfeld's "all American musical comedy," has, through the decades, been truncated, reorchestrated, recharacterized—virtually deconstructed. The main problem for producers and directors has always been the dimensions of the piece. Even by the somewhat stately standards of nineteen-twenties musicals, which often ran three hours, "Show Boat" is very long. Then, too, it is generically unique, a blending of the most antagonistic elements of musical comedy and operetta—and each of these forms has so thoroughly reinvented itself over the years that the blend, so stimulating when "Show Boat" was new, in 1927, now seems bizarre. Worst of all, the kinds of performers for whom a "Show Boat" could be written are gone, replaced by performers of a different quality.

Consider how unusual "Show Boat" is simply as a conception. In the nineteen-twenties, the plots of musicals either were taken from plays or were "original"; that is, their situations were pulled from the common stock—mistaken identity overnight in an inn, Cinderella gets Prince, temperamental heroine earns an inheritance by keeping her temper for a year. Musicals were not drawn from novels, and especially not from Edna Ferber's novels, which tend to sprawl across great vistas of time and geography. (There has been only one other Broadway musical based on a Ferber book—Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer's "Saratoga," thirty-two years after "Show Boat"—and it did not succeed.) The novel "Show Boat" fills dimensions vast even for Ferber. The saga of the Hawks family, who present dowdy melodrama ("East Lynne," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Uncle Tom's Cabin") to yokels up and down the Mississippi, it ranges through small towns and big cities over the decades before and after the turn into the present century, and is epically centered upon the "eternal and unconquerable" river. Ferber sees the Mississippi as a kind of heart of America. Literally a heart: It beats. It feels. It knows. Her "ugly wide muddy ruthless rushing rivers of the Middle West" are, by synecdoche, the energies of the nation itself. This expression of the American character in a theatrical dynasty with roots in the very center of the American landscape is surely what attracted Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II to the possibility of a "Show Boat" musical, and the grand scope of the subject is what forced them to conceive of an entirely new form of musical in order to comprehend it.

The authors changed a good deal of Ferber in matters great and small, but they retained her scope—to begin with, in the large cast of principals. There are five central couples in the musical, all more or less conforming to Ferber's view of men as romantic and unreliable and women as realistic and practical. Andy Hawks, captain of the Cotton Blossom, is a thespian sprite, in love with the stage; his bigoted termagant wife, Parthy Ann, keeps the house. The gambler Gaylord Ravenal, who marries their daughter Magnolia, will



"You're beautiful when you're angry."

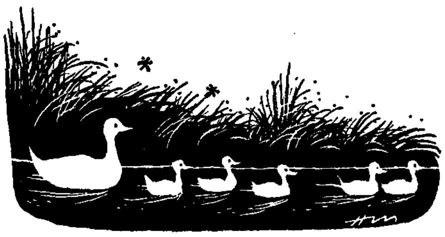
hit a streak of sour luck, abandon his wife and their daughter, and vanish on the back boulevards of the drifting loser. Steve Baker, the Hawkses' leading man, will also abandon his wife, Julie, who is driven from the Cotton Blossom when a rejected suitor reveals to a Mississippi sheriff that she is part black. The fourth couple, Frank and Ellie, is comic, and the fifth couple, Joe and Queenie, is black. All ten characters are introduced in the first scene, and at the finale all but two are still in play—a testament to Hammerstein's dexterity.

Most musicals take place in the course of a few days; "Show Boat" not only encompasses some forty years but marks them culturally and musically, looking in on forms of entertainment from good-versus-evil melodrama to the movies, and reviewing the very sound of show-business style along the way. Times are changing even as the show is getting started: "These are not the days of old," a chorus of town beaux assures a plume of mincing misses in the opening number, set during the late eighteen-eighties. Kern uses pastiche throughout the score, composing new antiques to establish the different eras, just as he renovates his tunes as the years go by: double-timing and ragging "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" when Magnolia tries out for the Trocadero in 1904; introducing a naïve "My First Piano Album" figure for Magnolia that in the last scene grows into a surging Gershwinesque anthem for 1927, "It's Getting Hotter in the North"; meanwhile twirling through such old forms as the cakewalk and the march and the story ballad, touching on the spiritual, and in Act II making a verbal reference to Broadway's first black musical, "In Dahomey."

Interpolations texture the sense of passing time. Today, purists denounce such corruption, but in Kern's youth interpolations were business as usual. Musicals weren't supposed to be integrated or authoritative; they were supposed to be entertaining, and who cared how they got that way! A show requires a hit tune? A specialty performer needs a specialty beyond the resources of the official composer and lyricist? An old star longs to sing her favorite? A foreign show must go native, and Franz Lehár or Leo Fall isn't available for rewrites? The producer rounds up the usual suspects for contributions.

Kern was a master of the interpolation, and, in his seniority, as the sole composer of the evening, he habitually interpolated from the public domain to secure atmosphere. "Leave It to Jane" includes a medley of standard college songs; "The Night Boat" one of "river" songs (among them "On the Banks of the Wabash"); and "Toot-Toot!" an "Indian Folk Song" sung by a real Indian, Oskenonton—although, to be sure, Kern hustled in directly afterward with his own "Indian Fox Trot." The nostalgic "Sweet Adeline" began not with a conventional overture but with a Kern arrangement of familiar old tunes entitled "Fin de Siècle." And as late as 1932, in one of his last shows, "Music in the Air," set in Germany, Kern worked the Adagio of Beethoven's Third Piano Sonata into the introduction to "I've Told Every Little Star."

The interpolations in "Show Boat" not only give definition to the narrative's expansive time scheme but authenticate the nationalistic quality of the epic. Ziegfeld, the show's producer, wasn't hyping when he billed "Show Boat" as an "all American musical comedy." Its historical retrospective, its symbolic river, its jump from country to city and back, and its regretful view of race relations mark it as a pageant of American life. It's big in spirit, but it's also big because it doesn't want to leave anything out. Quotations of old-time heroine-, hero-, and villain-typing music for the Act I melodrama, of a sideshow "hoochy-cooch" belly dance for the Chicago World's Fair scene, of Sousa, of "Goodbye, My Lady Love" and "After the Ball" for the Trocadero show, and of "I'm Just Wild About Harry" in the finale attuned the public's ear to the chronology of the pageant, recalling them to their ever-changing traditions. Magnolia's dotty little piano solo in the first scene is so like the pieces little girls used to belabor under duress, pausing to reposition the fifth finger for a tricky reach—just as Magnolia does—that we are surprised to learn that the melody is pure Kern, taken from his 1923 London show "The Beauty Prize."



This is, above all, a picturesque and various score. Compare the pulsing tomtom and the savage tuba—yes, it is savage—of "Dahomey" with the woodwind polka of the two comics' "I Might Fall Back on You," or the blissful waltz that solemnizes Magnolia and Ravenal's wedding, "Happy the Day," with the pre-ragtime buck-and-wing dance that immediately follows it. Oddly, Kern and Hammerstein designed the principals' major solos and duets to be almost absurdly simple. Or is it odd? In a show as rich, as full, as this, the authors needed to center the action, contrive a kind of emotional spotlight to draw us along. So its six most important numbers—Magnolia and Ravenal's "Make-Believe," "You Are Love," and "Why Do I Love You?"; Julie's "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" and "Bill"; and, of course, Joe's "Ol' Man River"—are elemental and universal, standing outside the historically specific music of the rest of the show. The tunes adhere to strong tonic-dominant harmony, the lyrics to basics. Out of context, "Why Do I Love You?" sounds just this side of stupid nonsense:

> Why do I love you?
> Why do you love me?
> Why should there be two
> Happy as we?

Hammerstein has extrapolated the atmosphere of a honeymoon, when love appears to be purely a matter of boy got girl, and, in the show, coming after the serenely flirtatious "Make-Believe" and the hotly vibrant "You Are Love," "Why Do I Love You?" asserts in its self-assured swing a certain youthful maturity. It is the anthem of two kids who have just grown up. The song is perfectly drawn.

There is this, too: Some of Hammerstein's most platitudinous lyrics pay off throughout the show. Near the start, Magnolia and Ravenal meet and slide right into "Make-Believe." What harm is there in pretending to be lovers, the song asks. As Magnolia rationalizes it, "Our dreams are more romantic than the world we see." A truism. However, Hammerstein proceeds to prove to us that, at least in "Show Boat," our dreams do not out-romance but in fact reflect the world we see. Similarly, during the "Make-

Believe" scene Magnolia mentions the seventy-five-year separation of aunt and nephew in one of the Cotton Blossom shows, "The Village Drunkard." How silly. Yet one of the most memorable things in "Show Boat" is the twenty-three-year separation of Magnolia and Ravenal and their climactic reconciliation. And a salient terror of "The Parson's Bride" is the villain's threat to unmask the heroine's past—just as Pete unmasks Julie, sending her from the Cotton Blossom to crash into nothing on drink and despair. Is Hammerstein—the grandson of a magnate of vaudeville and opera, and the nephew of a notable producer of Broadway musicals—telling us that life is theatre? That the most innocent art can detect the most complex truths?

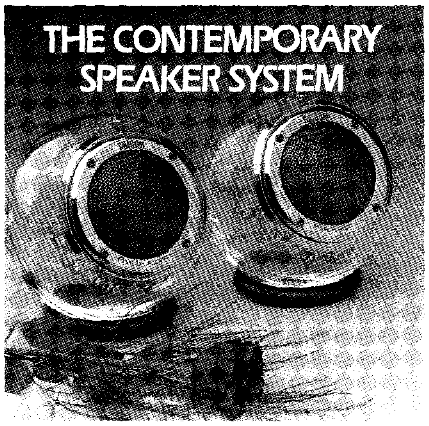
The six major songs in "Show Boat" are so innocent, so instinctually fundamental, that they adapt to almost any treatment. Not that they are indestructible: Paul Whiteman released a two-sided, twelve-inch "Show Boat" medley during the original run which strangles Paul Robeson's "Ol' Man River" with dance rhythm, and whips "You Are Love" to pieces. But any sensible approach works. Tommy Dorsey and his band issued a "Show Boat" album at the time of the 1946 revival—and you brace yourself. Out of narrative context, however, the songs lend themselves to Dorsey's lazy swing, really take to his radio soloists and his women's backup trio, the Sentimentalists. "Ol' Man River" sounds too white, and "Bill" loses its pathos, but "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" manages a good slow jazz, and "You Are Love" even surges a bit. One reason the score has lasted so long is its adaptability. It never goes out of style, because it is beyond style. Can one say this of any of the other twenties musicals that are called operettas? They've been quiescent for years.

If the "Show Boat" melodies are not sophisticated, the "Show Boat" musical structure is. From the first notes of the overture, a bold A-minor chord that fades into a pleading cello solo, we hear music that just does not suggest a musical; it suggests something not more pretentious but more resonant, more deeply felt. The overture, based largely on "Mis'ry's Comin' Aroun'," is more a cry of pain than the merry medley typical of the twenties musical, though at the finish it revs up for a statement of "Why Do I Love You?," which at least suggests a musical. Yet the curtain rises on nothing that could be called a "number"; instead, we're given a tapestry of musical developments, from chorus and solo to underscored dialogue and dance, the action proceeding not in the usual tempo of talk-song-dance, talk-song-dance but with such diversity and tenacity and logic that we scarcely notice how much is going on in how many interlocking rhythms. Every so often, the music stops altogether, but it never seems to lurch back in, crying, "Time for a number!" Between the outright songs, it sneaks up on us from behind with a commentative symphony full of snatches of tunes we have already heard or are going to hear, and even of leitmotivs.

The quotations can be ingenious. After the first few choruses of "Why Do I Love You?" Ravenal starts to leave Magnolia for the gaming tables, but she clings to him, and the chorus dotes upon their bond. During these exchanges, the orchestra plinks out a bit of "I Might Fall Back on You," and then, more intensely, "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" rises up to us, as if the score were tasting different flavors of love, comic and tragic, to set off the more conventional union of the Ravenals, and to warn us that good intentions do not of themselves provide happy endings.

The leitmotivs are a more obvious device. Parthy Ann's is mean and fussy. Captain Andy's is friendly and protean; it is always in motion, always in mutation, never long out of hearing. The chorus chirps it, the cello savors it, the convent scene builds it into pious blocks of sound, the dance section of "It's Getting Hotter in the North" swanks it out on the woodwinds in challenge to the main tune. Its second and third tones switched, it launches "Cotton Blossom"—and that, inverted, becomes "Ol' Man River."

It's a big package, "Show Boat." It's not only long; it's freighted. It is, in fact, the two basic forms of the American musical coaxed into one form. Musical comedy is essentially carefree and satiric. Operetta is essentially troubled and passionate. "Show Boat" is all these things, sometimes all at once—in the complex opening sequence, for instance, when the misses and beaux prance upon a levee, heedless of its laboring blacks, and also when Captain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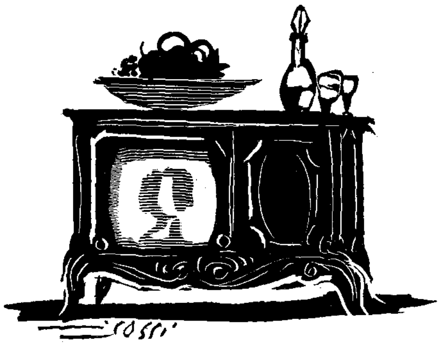
Andy puckishly ballyhoos his company while the Julie-Steve-Pete triangle erupts in the fistfight that will send Pete to the sheriff to denounce Julie as a mulatto. Kern may have seen the work as ultimately tragic, for in 1941, on commission from Artur Rodzinski, the conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra, he arranged "Show Boat" themes into a tone poem—officially a "Scenario for Orchestra." It's real music, no medley, and sounds quite different from Robert Russell Bennett's original pit orchestrations. (Charles Miller scored the "Scenario.") This "Show Boat" is darker, moody, ecstatic, while the effect of the show in the theatre is of an unnaturally delightful operetta, a plangent musical comedy. One might say that "Show Boat" combined the exhilarating musical with the enlightening musical, except that there was no enlightening musical before "Show Boat."

IRONICALLY, this work so imbued with the notion of changing times and styles has itself undergone constant revision over the years. It was in metamorphosis even before it opened. Because of the show's inordinate length, heavy cuts were made in the score during the out-of-town tryouts: Magnolia's description of her meeting with Ravenal, "I Looked Down at Him," explored her confidential relationship with Julie and helped account for Julie's arguably suicidal self-sacrifice in Magnolia's behalf in Act II. "I Would Like to Play a Lover's Part," a big ensemble number, strengthened the time structure in its choral depiction of Magnolia and Ravenal as full-fledged stars of the Cotton Blossom—when last seen, they'd been just starting their first rehearsal as actors. It was a grand song, scored for strutting brass and wildly skittering strings, to simulate the excitement of Magnolia's male fans and of the girls who adore Ravenal, and it obviously provided a splendid dance opportunity in an age when dance was pervasive in all forms of musical. The serious side of "Show Boat" was most painfully betrayed by the dropping of all but a snatch of "Mis'ry's Comin' Aroun'," a part-grim, part-wistful spiritual that not only gave the black chorus its main chance but also underlined Julie's tragic ancestry when she almost helplessly joined in the singing. It was a long piece, but it was central "Show Boat" material, as witness Kern's resolute glorification of it in the overture.

"It's Getting Hotter in the North" was dropped as well; the evening's star, Norma Terris, didn't like the number. Folklore tells us no more than that Kern allowed Terris, famed for her imitations, to replace it with a reprise of "Why Do I Love You?" as it might be sung by some mid-twenties celebrities—Ted Lewis, Ethel Barrymore, and Beatrice Lillie. *What?* Kern was a notoriously touchy man, then at the height of his prestige. Would he have agreed to let Terris—not a major star, then or later—dictate the musical program? "It's Getting Hotter in the North" was a gala number, which effected that marvellous transformation of Magnolia's puerile piano piece into a smashing hot-jazz aria. Moreover, it was the final number, always a tender spot in the structuring of a musical. Perhaps Kern felt that a reluctant Terris wouldn't put it over properly—and she would not have been easy to replace, for that was the 1927-28 season, the greatest in Broadway's history in sheer number of new productions. Everyone in the business was working.

It may be that Kern and Hammerstein didn't trust "It's Getting Hotter in the North." The first London "Show Boat," at Drury Lane in 1928, put a big number back into the final musical spot, but it was a new one, "Dance Away the Night," which almost entirely lacked the lowdown twenties atmosphere of "It's Getting Hotter in the North." It was nostalgic, and the final number, above all, must be contemporary. But, then, Kern always professed a fondness for the charming, eccentric English musical comedies that had commanded the stage on Broadway and the West End in the early nineteen-hundreds, when his career was beginning. "Dance Away the Night" is rebellious Kern, *counter-revolutionary.*



This pattern of additions and deletions has dogged "Show Boat" almost to the present. The authors wrote five new songs for the 1936 film version (two were not used, though, and are now lost) and yet another big number for the closing spot, this one for the 1946 Broadway revival. It was the last song Kern composed, "Nobody Else but Me." With this production, the metamorphosis of "Show Boat" grew more tangled. Kern had died shortly before rehearsals began, leaving Hammerstein alone in charge, and Hammerstein, who, with Richard Rodgers, had been engendering the "musical play" in "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel," clearly felt that he had to steer "Show Boat" into the new format. The show's distinct strains of musical comedy and operetta were reintegrated; it grew gloomier, heavier, less like "Show Boat" and more like "Carousel." Ravenal's blasé, lyrically frisking "Till Good Luck Comes My Way" was dropped, and so were Frank and Ellie's "I Might Fall Back on You" and Queenie's rousing "Hey, Fellah!" Robert Russell Bennett reworked his 1927 orchestrations, eliminating the tuba and the banjo, those rhythmic mainstays of the jazz band, as too twenties in sound for a forties show, too "Rhapsody in Blue." The diverting little dance breaks that punctuated the original were suppressed in favor of the Big Ballet (choreographed by Helen Tamiris), such as Agnes de Mille had instituted in "One Touch of Venus" and "Bloomer Girl" as well as in "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel." Big Ballets are set pieces with titles, like "Forty Minutes for Lunch," from "One Touch of Venus" (on the pace of midday midtown Manhattan), and "Laurey Makes Up Her Mind," from "Oklahoma!" Tamiris put three such numbers into the 1946 "Show Boat": "No Gems, No Roses, No Gentlemen," to follow "Life on the Wicked Stage"; "No Shoes," continuing—really superseding, since most of the song was now missing—Queenie's ballyhoo, "C'mon, Folks"; and "The Congress of Beauties," about the Chicago World's Fair.

The casting, too, was distinctly "musical play" in flavor, involving few of the quirky kinds of performer who had populated the musicals of the nineteen-twenties. Who would succeed Helen Morgan, the original Julie and one of the most peculiar singers ever,

;iven to slipping inconceivable consoıants into the start of certain lines (as n "Bill": "mnI always used to fancy hen" and "mnHe hasn't got a thing hat I can brag about")? Morgan was a oprano, but the 1946 Julie, Carol 3ruce, was a mezzo, the traditional 'vamp" range—a kind of Carmen to Aagnolia's Micaëla. Charles Fredercks, the Ravenal, was too solid for a nan who gambles for a living. Ravenal s not an operetta hero—not a warrior, ike Rudolf Friml's vagabond king, or igmund Romberg's Red Shadow, of 'The Desert Song." Ravenal is a Fer-er hero—a lounger, handsome and ınsteady. Jan Clayton, the new Magıolia, represented a correction of the amboyant twenties operetta soprano —she was "normalized" in timbre, nore like a Person than like a Diva. he was a "Carousel" kind of heroine, nd, indeed, she had left that show only week before "Show Boat" opened.

Times had changed, and "Show 3oat" must change. But Hammerstein ıad taken all the staccato out of his ıasterpiece, and much of its jazz. It vas still "all American," but it was no onger a musical comedy. The 1927 'Show Boat" was a mixture of showiz styles—poetry and the blues, spoof nd sentiment, parlor piano and otcha. The 1946 "Show Boat" threw ut too much of this, homogenized a imeless, diverse piece into a document f a specific place and time: Broadway, ıid-nineteen-forties, Rodgers and Iammerstein, Agnes de Mille and 'Laurey Makes Up Her Mind." Show Boat" would make sense or Iammerstein would know why.

His new "Show Boat" aimed for a rander tone than 1927's, but it ended p less grand. In 1927, "Ol' Man liver" and the miscegenation scene nd "Bill" derived their power partly rom a comparison with the musical-omedy elements dancing around ıem. Take the fun away, the apparntly aimless vitality, and "Show 3oat" loses its transcendence. The 946 "Show Boat" is dated now, too onsistent, too much of its day. The 927 "Show Boat" is eclectic, of many lays.

Nevertheless, the revisions were ocked in. American "Show Boat" revivals honored the 1946 version without question, and it became standard. Here and there, an inspired company brought the show to life. I recall a City Center production in 1961, with Jo

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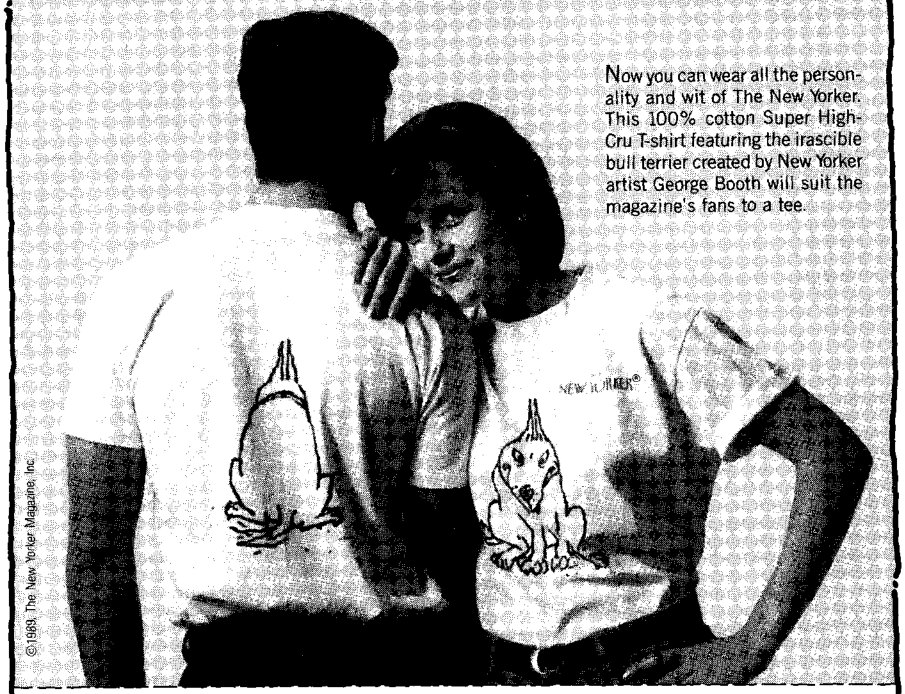

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Sullivan, Robert Rounseville, Anita Darian, Carol Brice, Jane Kean, and Joe E. Brown, which not only justified the romance but had the audience roaring with laughter; audiences don't roar at "Carousel." But the next major staging, at Lincoln Center in 1966, was so disengaged from what "Show Boat" is that it was like a caricature: Magnolia hardly trying, Ravenal a wooden baritone, Captain Andy pensive, not elfin, Parthy a secretly lovable witch. (This was Margaret Hamilton, the Wicked Witch of M-G-M's "The Wizard of Oz," still apologizing for being mean to Judy Garland. But it is an earnest of Ferber's world view—and of Hammerstein's—that Parthy is not lovable, Parthy is *mean.*) The sets, mounted on a revolve, were roomy, and "Show Boat" needs room. But the grooming of the players was utterly reckless of period. The score sounded dispirited, waking up only for Constance Tower's grandiose "Bill." For the last scene, the principals lined up backstage for the Powdering of the Wigs, and out they trooped for a final tableau.

Purists excoriate the 1971 London revival, at the Adelphi—the most successful "Show Boat" of all time, running for more than two years—for its book revisions and for Keith Amos's wildly contemporary orchestrations. This was not a rescoring but a whole rearrangement, as if "Show Boat" had just been written. "C'mon, Folks" became a Dixieland Charleston. "Nobody Else but Me" lost its kick-up-your-heels air for a brooding rapture. Julie was Cleo Laine, another mezzo, though with jazz-soprano extensions and more than a touch of "soul." The age of rock had arrived. Laine was, as always, stupendous, biting into the word "handsome" in "Bill" to mark the song as no one had since Morgan. And, as Julie is a mulatto, Laine's distinctly black embellishments were in character. "Sing the song, child," urged a listener in "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" as Laine spired into a high-flying cadenza. But what would we think if "Porgy and Bess" were treated so freely?

Here's a telling parallel. "Show Boat" has been wrestling with its contents and retreading its style for sixty years. "Porgy and Bess" has been firm in its style and virtually immutable for nearly as long. Yes, the première suffered cuts. Yes, Cheryl Crawford's 1942 revival cut even more and turned some of the recitative into spoken dialogue, transforming an opera into a musical play. But "Porgy and Bess" is long even for an opera, nearly four hours uncut (with two intermissions), and Crawford's experiment with the recits was overturned by the Blevins Davis–Robert Breen tour in the nineteen-fifties, which took "Porgy" throughout America and Europe, and even to Moscow.

What held "Porgy and Bess" together stylistically for a generation was its outré genre and the consistency of its casting. Broadway is always changing, but "Porgy" was never quite *of* Broadway. It is morganatically related, with all the responsibilities and none of the privileges. It stayed whole because it was segregated. Because for many years there was very little work for black artists capable of singing opera, the same "Porgy" singers turned up in all the revivals—and these were singers who had worked with Gershwin, and had originated the ad-libs that pepper the text, as when Lawyer Frazier asks Bess's age and a woman presses forward exclaiming, "Lemme hear dis!" When Columbia made the first "complete" "Porgy" (three disks, but heavily cut), under Lehman Engel, in 1950, the cast included six veterans of the original, 1935 production, one of them the original Crown, Warren Coleman.

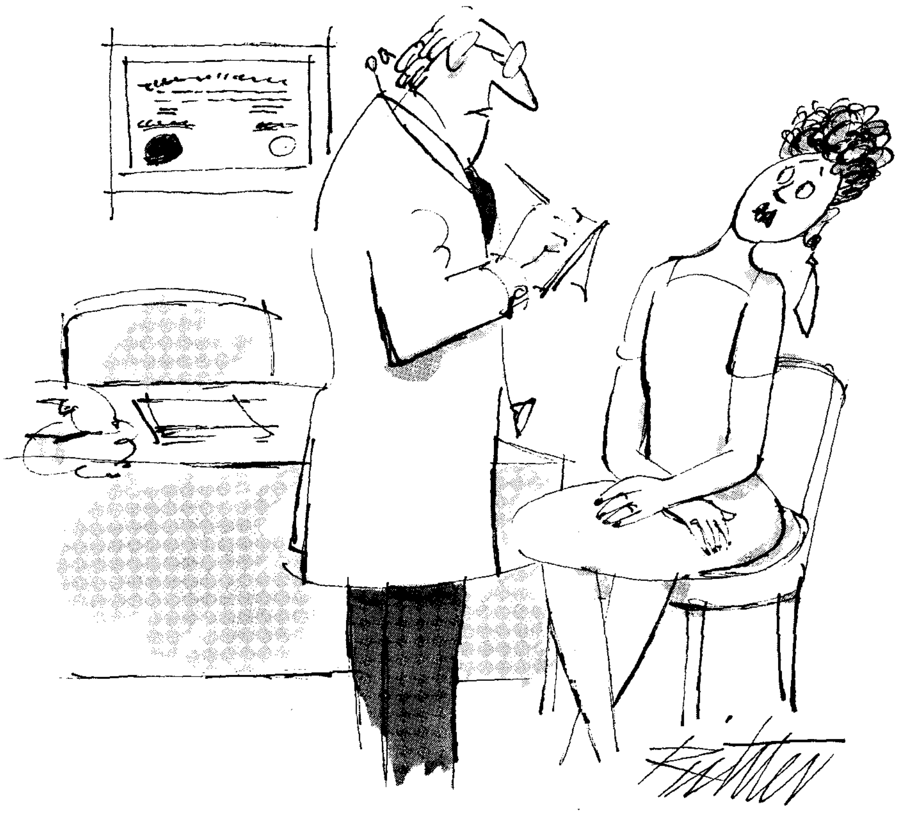
This gave "Porgy and Bess" a continuity of style that "Show Boat" quickly lost, but the continuity has at last run out. Another generation has assumed the "Porgy" roles, and because ad-libs are discouraged in today's opera some of the vitality of "Porgy" has been sapped. London's complete recording, under Lorin Maazel, is so studious that it might be called "Porgy" as platonic idea. Are these characters even black? The Houston Grand Opera's 1976 staging, mildly cut, avoided the ad-libs as Riccardo Muti avoids the embellishing of Bellini. Yet Bellini inhabited a world of embellished song.

In 1983, Houston tried "Show Boat"—not a revision but the 1927 original, restoring most (not all) of the numbers that had been cut since the New York première. The production was extremely well cast, yet it did not overwhelm. There were too many economies, bits bashed out of every scene: the overture sliced in half (and missing its astonishing vocal riff); "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" shorn of its final, go-for-it chorus; "Till Good Luck Comes My Way" and "Dahomey" deleted; almost every opportunity for dance ignored; significantly fewer people onstage than were needed. The New York stand did so poorly that it wasn't recorded—extraordinary, for "Show Boat" collects recordings as rock fans collect T-shirts.

The weakest aspect of this "Show Boat" was Donald O'Connor's Captain Andy, typifying the modern view of the character as a happy-go-lucky kibitzer, ubiquitous but inessential. Actually, Andy commands the very center of the show, is literally its captain, the man who pilots the plot. He brings Ravenal into the Cotton Blossom company; he plans Magnolia and Ravenal's wedding; he coaches Magnolia to triumph when her first booking off the Cotton Blossom, at the Trocadero, is sabotaged by nerves and an unruly mob; and, finally, it is he who brings Ravenal back to the Cotton Blossom. In terms of song and dance, he has little to do, but, remember, it is his musical theme that runs through the score. Even in the convent scene, when he is neither seen nor mentioned, the theme peals out and his presence is felt, perhaps because his fundamentally loving and tolerant character has conferred some kind of blessing on a romance that was Magnolia's bliss and—as Parthy impotently understood—Magnolia's cross. Parthy opposes Ravenal literally from the first moment, partly out of prejudice but partly out of common sense: a gambler husband never made any woman happy.

It is Parthy's curse to be always

right and always prejudiced, so no one likes her except Andy. He is the Hammerstein figure, the “cockeyed optimist” (as Hammerstein put it in “South Pacific”) who knows that theatre stimulates and transforms. Midway through the first act of “Show Boat,” a Cotton Blossom production is interrupted by two Davy Crocketts who have never been to the theatre before. One of them gets so caught up in the action that he chases the villain off the stage at gunpoint, and Captain Andy, in a four-minute tour de force of mimicry and acrobatics, plays all the parts to show the audience what it missed. Some find the scene tiresome, a string of gags, a vaudeville. No. Hammerstein is showing us how much Andy believes in his theatre, artificial as it is. “Our dreams are more romantic than the world we see.”



“I’m putting you on two earrings.”

• •

THIS much is “Show Boat” the composition, but talking about musical theatre strictly in terms of script and score is like running a beauty pageant with a parade of skeletons. The fact is that the eccentric, highly personalized performing styles that held the stage in the era of “Show Boat” have vanished. How are we, today, to come to terms with the kind of experience that “Show Boat” meant to provide?

Recordings turn a key into the past. But from the beginning the recording industry has been torn between the responsibility of preserving what is true and the possibility of creating what is beautiful. Like those Hollywood adaptations of stage shows which borrowed little more than the original title, the setting, and a song or two, a recording of something is not necessarily a replica. A recording is a recording, a thing in itself.

Al Jolson, for instance, was true: singing, clapping, dancing, and ad-libbing, every piece of him going off at once. On his ancient Columbia 78s he is less hyperbolic than he appears on film, yet still gleeful, chaotic, incendiary. He sings as if confident that the world shares his fetishes—for the metaphysical ecstasy of April showers or the restorative magic of Dixie. “I’m a-goin’!” he sings. “Yes, I’m goin’!” Not back to the shtetl but to “that coal black mammy of mine.” The disks are tactless but honest; literally records—of what happened.

Over in Victor’s Camden, New Jersey, studios, however, the kind of music Jolson was singing was in the hands of more comely, less idiosyncratic personalities—the sopranos Olive Kline and Lucy Isabelle Marsh, the tenor Lambert Murphy, the baritone Reinald Werrenrath, and the buzz-voiced novelty boy Billy Murray. Victor’s view was: Why fuss around with theatre people, who might fail to collaborate with the temperamental acoustical horn, or crack up under intimate studio tensions, or resent the beautifying of their truth, when there are old pros handy who know what to do and how to do it in record time?

Nevertheless, many of the major musical-comedy and operetta stars of Jolson’s day left souvenirs on disk—the American Edith Day (the original New York and London Irene, who moved to England to become the so-called Queen of Drury Lane in the late nineteen-twenties), the American Mary Ellis (the original New York Rose-Marie, and another émigrée to the West End, who was best known for her Ivor Novello roles), the English Jessie Matthews and Evelyn Laye, and the Australian Gladys Moncrieff. They give us the sound of the English-singing theatre soprano of the time, and we note a curious tendency toward very bright—even too scintillating—timbres. It is not just that these singers are extremely expressive in their phrasing; something in the very peal of them is doleful and elated and wild. These are *raving* divas. Yet what they do is pleasing—an idealization of woman as the central component of musical comedy, her vitality and romanticism as fundamental energies. Certainly, if Captain Andy centers the “Show Boat” chronicle, as the thespian philosopher-king, Magnolia centers its feelings, as its principal wife, mother, and actress. Ziegfeld’s original Magnolia, Norma Terris, made no recordings, but the original London cast left an album for us to examine, and as Day soars through Magnolia’s numbers we hear not just flash and dazzle but heart. Day makes you want to fall in love at first sight, even want to be abandoned for twenty-three years in order to be touchingly reconciled. Not only has her generation’s performing style disappeared but no one singing today has anything like its tone quality. The very noise of the heroine has changed.

Radio, which had become virtually a

national ministry of musical trends by the mid-nineteen-thirties, further smoothed out the American show-biz style. Before radio, performers had theatres to fill; naturally, the gestures were large. Radio was intimate. The audience sat not across an orchestra pit and up in balconies but, in effect, a few feet away from the microphone. Radio mellowed the American singing voice. Men who would have been inaudible beyond Row F could be heard from coast to coast. These were the "crooners," gentling their melody. There was even a "whispering baritone," Jack Smith. His wheedling Victor recording of "That's a Good Girl" is something Jolson never was: sexy.

◆

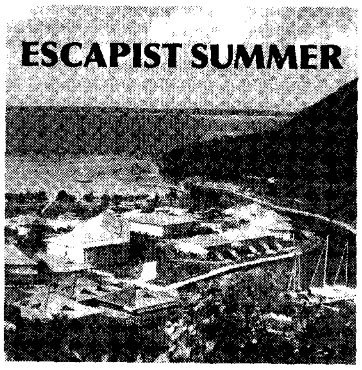
The interpretative freedom of Jolson's age was in retirement. Radio needed suavity. Singers found new ways of personalizing their numbers—Bing Crosby's lazily inventive scat lines, say, or a flirtatious approach to rhythm, reasonably strict in the dancing nineteen-twenties but loosening up somewhat in the listening nineteen-thirties. On Broadway, by contrast, the new essential heroine was Ethel Merman, with her utterly unembellished "belt" delivery and hard-edged, big-town character—a complete breakaway from the ardent operetta soprano who might sing Magnolia, or the torchy diseuse who might sing Julie. On radio, the essential heroine was Kate Smith, the rich-toned pop mezzo who came on the air with "Hello, everybody!" Merman's typical entrance line was "What the hell is this?"

So pervasive was radio's euphony that even show tunes became just that: *tunes*, songs without a story. By the nineteen-forties, American record labels were catching new major musicals virtually in the theatre, with a theatre bite—the so-called "original cast" album. But elsewhere on disk we are faced with the old notion that recordings of show music should sound like recordings, not shows. Al Goodman, the musical director of many a stage show (his publicity bio at the time claimed that he had conducted "over 150 Broadway firstnight performances"), led a popular series of recordings of vintage shows for Victor in the nineteen-forties—mainly classic titles by Friml, Romberg, and Victor Herbert. Listening to Goodman's merrily whirring orchestra and to such vocalists as the staunch Earl Wrightson, the carolling Donald Dame, and the orderly Mary Martha Briney, we would never guess that those shows dealt with intrigue, obsession, murder, and political rebellion.

What kind of "Show Boat" can we hope to hear today if its passions are to be similarly diluted? Using recordings as a monitor, we find a near-total breakdown of authenticity in the present-day performance of the theatre music of the "Show Boat" era. Indeed, listeners were already distanced from the stage in the prevalent "song hit" approach of the nineteen-twenties—the ten-inch 78 dance-band cut. The ensembles could be brilliant. They could play the hell out of a song—and the sense and the poetry, too. The song was sacrificed to "jazz." It drove Jerome Kern, in particular, crazy. But sides by the George Olsen and Harry Archer bands of "Who," from Kern's "Sunny," do at least uphold the sound of the day (Olsen's gang, in fact, played in "Sunny" 's pit), in Olsen's steady, stomping tempo—smooth melody, slashing rhythm—and in Archer's concertante boogie treatment, with solos for all and more cymbals than there are in Araby.

Now jump to a modern equivalent, "A Sure Thing," a 1979 Angel LP of Kern featuring the hornist Barry Tuckwell and the pianist Richard Rodney Bennett in Bennett's eclectic orchestral arrangements. The rhythmic underpinning so basic to twenties playing has devolved into an exquisite soup; Tuckwell's horn floats on it like a giant crouton. Sometimes Bennett revs up a jiving piano that knows more of bop than of the "Show Boat" spiritual and Charleston. "I'm Old Fashioned" is, ironically, newfangled, in a horn-piano statement-response capped by a Baroque-flute bit, and "Go, Little Boat" and "Don't Ever Leave Me" do not finish but fade out, as if they were rock singles.

This is not a corruption of Kern but an example of the evolution of a new language for speaking the past. We cannot deliver pure Kern, any more than we can hear "Rhapsody in Blue" with the ears of the nineteen-twenties or take Jeanette MacDonald as the latest thing in love. When we try to, we end up as ghosts staring into mirrors—as Peter Skellern suggests in his 1979 Pendulum LP "Astaire." As ar-



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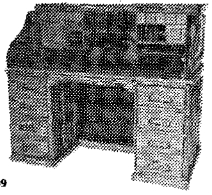

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ranger, pianist, and singer, Skellern adapts the elements of Fred Astaire's nineteen-thirties to modern style. We hear Jerome Kern and his coevals Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, and George Gershwin, complete with the unseen, wordless choruses, the close-interval vocal harmony (all Skellerns, overdubbed), and the confident rhythmic pull. Ingenious chamber scoring, now antique, now state of the art, connects the ages. (There's a lot of that almost forgotten instrument the tuba, so essential to the 1927 "Show Boat.") And Skellern is elegant, if glum. The songs are more buoyant than he is. Yes, the music sounds old. But for all its quixotic pleasures the album is ambivalent, self-regarding. Astaire was Astaire. Today, an imitation Astaire is a facsimile of an icon.

Maybe the only possible authenticity today lies in the restoration of strictly instrumental items played in the original arrangements—art without a human face. John McGlinn's recent album called "Gershwin Overtures" smartly tells the tales of the past; and then "Kiri Sings Gershwin" to McGlinn's baton. This is what is called "crossover"—opera going Broadway, the modern equivalent of radio doing theatre—with the soprano Kiri Te Kanawa running through "Somebody Loves Me," "Someone to Watch Over Me," "I Got Rhythm," and the crossover soprano's *aria d'obbligo*, "Summertime." McGlinn, who writes his own liner notes, plumes himself on the use of the original orchestrations, but I hear too many strings for Broadway pit bands of the nineteen-twenties and thirties. The "Girl Crazy" cuts don't sound as if they came from a show that sang to Red Nichols' band (with Benny Goodman in the pit) and featured Ginger Rogers and Ethel Merman.

Isn't the crossover soprano exactly the type of singer that Ira Gershwin spoofs in the lyrics of "By Strauss"—so continentally condescending that her idea of pop music is "Die Fledermaus"?

> Oh, I'd give no quarter to Kern or
> Cole Porter
> And Gershwin keeps pounding on
> tin.

Te Kanawa seems to know this, and she's got rhythm enough to slip a hint of the heavily accented Lyda Roberti, billed in the nineteen-thirties as "Broadway's preferred Polish blonde," into the song's "ha-cha-cha"s. This is a smashing album, a nice compromise between what was probable then and what is viable now. Te Kanawa's "The Man I Love" is fast by present-day cabaret standards, but its speed brings out the downward-travelling bass on which the musical structure rests. Her "I Got Rhythm" observes Ethel Merman's famous held notes, backed by a copy of the male quartet that backed the song originally, and Te Kanawa's high B topping "Nice Work If You Can Get It" is dynamite. She even gets into the fun of "Boy Wanted," and is meticulous about the syncopations, where a strict modernist like Ella Fitzgerald is so approximate that the playfully jittery original becomes confident and self-assured. That is what is most inauthentic about new performances of old music: not the details—the attitude.

"Authenticity" is a summoning word today. Perhaps because the contemporary American musical seems so unmotivated, we look back to the guaranteed art of the old Broadway masters, not only to recall the old ways but to *revive* them, seeking a truth in the original arrangements, the vocal styles, the personalities—the very Jolsonness of them. What were the old shows like? What were they *fresh*? We try to become their public.

CAN we cross over from today into the past, from radio back into theatre? The big record companies invite us, with a series of classic Broadway scores in crossover casting, to reconsider what is authentic. Commercially, it is a sound idea, for a given title can sell to the pop and the classical markets simultaneously. Culturally, it has glamour; it is bringing art to the masses, you know. Artistically, though, it poses problems. As long as the companies stick to shows of the postwar period, there will be no major interpretative challenges, no Fred Astaire or Edith Day to bring to life. Nevertheless, Deutsche Grammophon's "West Side Story" (Kiri Te Kanawa, José Carreras, Tatiana Troyanos, Kurt Ollmann, Marilyn Horne; Leonard Bernstein), CBS's "South Pacific" (Te Kanawa, Carreras, Sarah Vaughan, Mandy Patinkin; Jonathan Tunick), London's "My Fair Lady" (Te Kanawa, Jeremy Irons, John Gielgud, Warren Mitchell, Jerry Hadley; John Mauceri), MCA's "Carousel" (Barbara Cook, Samuel Ramey, Sarah Brightman, David Rendall, Maureen Forrester; Paul Gemignani), and Telarc's "The Sound of Music" (Frederica von Stade, Håkan Hagegård, Eileen Farrell, Barbara Daniels, Lewis Dahle von Schlansbusch; Erich Kunzel) raise questions about the value not only of crossover itself but of the very nature of theatre recording.

Let's acknowledge at once that crossover recording is as old as recording. In the early years of the century, the bourgeois American household expressed its attainments and aspirations in its album of Caruso and Farrar 78s. The record companies were selling not only music but class, and opera was the classiest of the arts. Now, they asked themselves, what if we can market some of our opera people in tunes lighter on the ear than "Aida" and "Parsifal"? Would Alma Gluck essay "Listen to the Mocking Bird"? She did. And Rosa Ponselle recorded "Kiss Me Again," Enrico Caruso "Over There," and Claudia Muzio "A Kiss in the Dark."

Some singers of the 78 era—especially those who emphasized recording not as a supplement to performing but as another form of it—suggested that there was no difference in value between art and pop, no such thing as crossover. Music is music. The grandly gifted Australian bass-baritone Peter Dawson sold millions upon millions of disks from the early years of the century on; he died in 1961 and, transcribed to compact disk, he's still selling. Dawson sang opera, oratorio, lieder, Gilbert and Sullivan, West End and Broadway shows, Kiplingesque troop musters, and folk songs, and he sang them all with an unquestioning gusto. If it's good for you, it's good for him. Similarly, Eileen Farrell combined the careers of diva and songstress with a resolute nonchalance about the limits of repertory. Photographs in Decca's *semi-original*-cast album of Sigmund Romberg's 1945 musical "Up in Central Park" find her recording her full-phrased pop in an uproarious hat of the day, something like a Barton's candy box trimmed with Sardinian fishnet; or she is gala, costumed for the stage, on the covers of her opera LPs; or uplifted, suffused, on Angel's "Eileen Farrell in Songs and Ballads"—as if she just *had* to give us "Danny Boy," "Summertime," and Ernest Charles' "When I Have Sung My Songs," which she does, beautifully. Over on Columbia, in "I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues!," she is no less confident in Irving Berlin, Harold Arlen, Rodgers and Hart, and Gershwin. For singers as adept in style as Dawson and Farrell, crossover was just a word. They couldn't cross over, because they had already been everywhere.

Such singers, of course, are exceptional; for the most part, classical singers have felt more comfortable in classical music, and pop singers have stuck to pop. Nevertheless, crossover has been an insistent strain in the American recording industry, and it has thrived partly because Americans are so acculturated to popular music that most American classical singers can function competently in it. The question is not "Can opera singers do Broadway?" but "Should opera singers who rely primarily on vocal beauty attempt music whose first requirement is personality?" Dull singers are dull in everything; vital singers enliven whatever they touch.

Victor's "Porgy and Bess" set of four twelve-inch 78s, issued in 1935, the year of the première, may be the first crossover album. Victor used the show's chorus, orchestra, and conductor, Alexander Smallens; and Gershwin himself supervised the sessions. But in place of the original principals—Todd Duncan, Anne Brown, Ruby Elzy, Edward Matthews, and John W. Bubbles—the Met singers Lawrence Tibbett and Helen Jepson took all the solo lines. Of course, since "Porgy and Bess" is an opera, there was no crossover in the hiring of Tibbett and Jepson—except that in 1935 the status of "Porgy" as art, and even as genre, was considered highly ambiguous. "Porgy and Bess" gathered up much that the white male Protestants who ran American music disliked: the pretensions—or, let us say, ambitions—of jazz; the explosive energy of black talent; the majestic self-belief of the upstart Gershwin. So Victor's casting of two Met singers marked a kind of political crossover, an exalting of the lowdown, even if Tibbett had already compromised his opera prestige by making a few movies. In the event, the album is splendid, all because of Tibbett. Jepson is game, but as the widow at a wake in "My Man's Gone Now" she sounds like a daredevil librarian at a gospel sociable. She hits the notes. Tibbett, however, is amazing, utterly at home on Catfish Row, and while he doesn't lighten his voice for Sporting Life's "It Ain't Necessarily So," he makes the closing cries of the "Wa-doo" sections into cadenzas of some jazz opera house that no natural-born Sporting Life could possibly handle, thereby ratifying the crossover aesthetic in a single gesture. We note, too, that Victor's set includes, no doubt at Gershwin's insistence, the "Buzzard Song," deleted from the première. This act of correction, this urge to give more than the usual, was to become a common practice of the crossover album.

Victor's "Carousel" and "Show Boat" in the mid-nineteen-fifties, both with Robert Merrill and Patrice Munsel under Lehman Engel, are more nearly complete than earlier versions. But the readings lack force. Merrill's "Soliloquy" from "Carousel" is a police-intelligence report, data without color; Risë Stevens' "Bill" is cheerful. Nor do these voices suit the music. Merrill's transpositions lighten "Ol' Man River" and darken "You Are Love." Stevens' "Dance Away the Night," lowered by a fourth, loses the original's reckless gaiety. Munsel comes off better, but it is all too typical of crossover's inherent contradictions that Florence Henderson, the Carrie in the "Carousel" and a Broadway rather than an opera singer, is the only one who satisfies the theatre in the music Capitol's early-sixties operetta series with Gordon MacRae and Dorothy Kirsten gives us a radio-movie baritone and a Met Butterfly running through each show's hit tunes as if a curtain had somehow risen on "The Voice of Firestone." Where's style? They turn the facetiously lascivious "Kismet" into "I Do! I Do!"—so chaste, so domesticated.

Can crossover really work? Columbia's "The Student Prince," in 1963 gives us Jan Peerce, Roberta Peters and Giorgio Tozzi under Franz Allers: totally opera. It does work because "The Student Prince" is a show-bizless piece—pure song about the unconsummated love of a royal and a waitress in Old Heidelberg. Cranky Lee Shubert, who produced the original in 1924, thought the whole thing "too Metropolitan Opera," and, for once, he was right. The show needed an Astaire, even a Jolson. With its abject class consciousness, its chorus of students who do nothing but carol for beer and flirt with the waitress, and its prefabricated notion of romance (the Prince and the waitress take their first walk and suddenly it's "Deep in My Heart, Dear"), "The Student Prince" is like a bad grand opera with the narrative recitative missing. It does nothing but sing. Such a work doesn't test crossover; all it wants is voice in the first place.

But a show with theatre smarts needs acting singers. "Kismet," that burlesque-house operetta, should be beyond the ken of opera singers, even on disk. Yet London's 1964 crossover "Kismet" strangely pleases. We get Robert Merrill again. He is even more out of place than in "Carousel," but at least the voice rings out—he has grown more confident. And his partner, Regina Resnik, quite takes the stage in an amused, deadpan reading of the—well, the Marlene Dietrich role seething in her deep mezzo till she fires off a spectacular high B-flat at the end of "Not Since Nineveh." Command's 1962 "Carousel," with Alfred Drake and a host of Met and City Opera stalwarts, introduces new orchestrations but stands out for its theatricality. Rarely do we hear a crossover cast that could, as a whole, pull off a stage performance. But veteran operagoers will recall the thespian abilities of Drake's comrades Roberta Peters, Lee Venora, Claramae Turner, Jon Crain, and Norman Treigle—and they mix well vocally with Broadway's Drake. Best of all, Command cast on a one-singer, one-role basis, as opposed to the elastic assigning of various songs to various singers which we hear from Tibbett and Jepson, Merrill and Stevens, MacRae and Kirsten, and even the "Kismet" bunch.

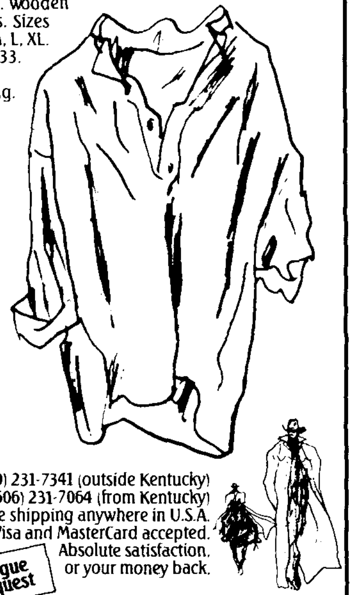
Crossover can work, then, if the casting is apt and deft. Don't job in the voices—cast the roles. Yet many listeners actually prefer the lack of strong interpretation. They want to hear the music as music, not as narrative action. Crossover attracts them: better voices than Broadway and less of that bewildering Broadway intensity. But does this not in effect create a kind of alternative Broadway, a theatre whose performance style is developed entirely on disk?

THE current crossover series might be said to have begun with London's 1981 recording of "The Beggar's Opera" (Te Kanawa, James Morris, Joan Sutherland, Angela Lansbury, Alfred Marks, Regina Resnik; Richard Bonynge). John Gay's ballad opera of 1728 is not a musical as we know the term but a play sprinkled with songs, many of them quite short. Most "Beggar's Opera" LPs use some dialogue to join these ditties, and London, following suit, rather challenges its blend of opera people, theatre people with strong voices (Marks), and plain theatre people (Lansbury). Listening to the recording is like attending a movie from early 1929: let's see who can't talk. But everyone can, and Dame Joan is surprisingly adept—stylized but fiery. In fact, the new fascination for crossover may have been inspired by the pleasure of hearing Wotan, Marguerite, and Lucia di Lammermoor play a highwayman and his whores. What mars the album is the over-lush orchestrations, by Bonynge and Douglas Gamley. "The Beggar's Opera" survives only in part-score, little more than a set of lyrics and harmonized tunes. Bonynge and Gamley somehow inferred great wallows of sound from these trim airs. To make them more congenial to opera folk?

"The Beggar's Opera," an eighteenth-century work in a defunct form, obviously stands apart from "West Side Story," "South Pacific," "My Fair Lady," "Carousel," and "The Sound of Music." These are American shows of the last forty-odd years, all more or less forms of the "musical play," serious, sensible, and even passionate. The passion is why crossover prefers Rodgers and Hammerstein, and Leonard Bernstein, to "Lady, Be Good!" or "The Band Wagon"—those shows lack it.

Opera, too, is a passionate art, yet most of the opera singers taking part in today's crossover seem to be wanting in spirit. Kiri Te Kanawa, in roles originated by Mary Martin, Julie Andrews, and Carol Lawrence—a hoyden, a lady with zing, and a dancer—splits the differences for a one-size-fits-all approach. So her Nellie Forbush lacks festiveness, her Eliza Doolittle is complacent, and her Maria doesn't remotely suggest a young woman staggered by her first love affair. Stealing back to Columbia's original-cast "West Side Story," with Lawrence and Larry Kert, or to HMV's seven-inch disk—two duets and a solo each by Marlys Watters and Don McKay—of the first London production, we hear the very essence of youth, hesitant and rapturous. These kids glow. Te Kanawa and Carreras sound terribly senior—so assured, such professional velvet. The opera singers couldn't even be trusted to deliver their own dialogue; Bernstein's children were called in, and the change in vocal quality from speakers to singers and back upsets the fragility, the nocturne quality, of the "Tonight" scene. And what are we to make of Carreras' Spanish accent? Tony is *Polish* and, in any case, speaks pure New Yorkese.

How strange that Te Kanawa, truly vivacious in her Gershwin recital, suddenly grows numb when she's given a character to pursue. How curious that Carreras, a superb musician, is baffled by the syncopations in "Something's Coming." Tatiana Troyanos, as Anita, and Marilyn Horne, singing "Somewhere," are more at home, perhaps because, as birthright Americans, they have grown up with this music. Certainly it's a treat to hear Troyanos' plum pudding of a voice in "America." But in "My Fair Lady" the American Jerry Hadley gets too little out of "On the Street Where You Live," though he is the first Freddy on disk to try the verse ("When she mentioned how her aunt bit off the spoon . . . "), and in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"Carousel" Samuel Ramey's Billy Bigelow adds nothing to Robert Merrill's, and Ramey even sounds somewhat stretched by the top notes. The problem is not ethnicity. The problem is theatre.

There are flashes of good things in this series. The conducting is expert. Who wouldn't want to hear what Bernstein does with his own music? Jonathan Tunick, celebrated for his orchestrations, conducts "South Pacific" with aplomb, and Paul Gemignani, one of the most reliable of Broadway's conductors, leads a strong and sensitive "Carousel." But, then, we take expert conducting of musicals for granted, because it almost invariably *is* expert. Some individual performances are of interest, too. Jeremy Irons' Henry Higgins misses all the laughs and lacks Rex Harrison's grand line, but he hits more of the notes than most Higginses (Frederick Loewe didn't compose the part in *Sprechstimme;* it just comes out that way), and Irons is one of the few principals in the entire series whom one would be glad to encounter onstage. Even more pleasurable is Sarah Brightman, as Carrie in "Carousel"—bright, trim, and lovely. *Authentic.* When Brightman is on, MCA's "Carousel" *goes*, and when she isn't it's a tedious ride. What is the point of mixed opera-and-theatre casting if the only artists we can count on are the theatre people?

"The Sound of Music" comes off best, because it's *all* opera singers, all well cast. Frederica von Stade is a bit too tactful, even too sensitive, for Maria, another Mary Martin part. Martin was slyer, gamine. Julie Andrews, on film, was gutsy; she would have made a very odd nun. June Bronhill, of the first Australian company, was ecstatic. Petula Clark, in the 1981 London revival (with Bronhill as the Mother Abbess), was humorous and sensible. These are all valid choices—and note the crossover range in a single role, from Bronhill's opera to Clark's rock. All these singers rendered the title song as a cry of joy; von Stade's reading is dark, as if she were not up in the hills but deep in a forest. It is exquisite singing, but it's solemn, radiantly mournful; it's not quite Rodgers and Hammerstein's Maria. Nor is von Stade's impeccable French pronunciation of "table d'hôte" in "The Lonely Goatherd." Maria's a cloistered peasant; she doesn't know French.

Nevertheless, given Erich Kunzel's serious and quite beautiful reading of the score, von Stade grows on one. Listen to the winsome doubt she finds in "I Have Confidence," the amazing warmth she hears in "Something Good." This is what crossover at its best can give us—a musicianly imagination at work. It's grand to greet Eileen Farrell, the venerable Queen of Crossover, as the Mother Abbess. There are no photos of her headgear, and the *instrument* has lost power, but she is great still. It's also nice to hear the Captain and Max, generally assigned to actors, really sung for once. By the time Barbara Daniels, Håkan Hagegård, Lewis Dahle von Schlansbusch, and the driving Kunzel get going in the two cynical songs that the movie deleted, "How Can Love Survive?" and "No Way to Stop It," the show is in form—something like the "Sound of Music" that German-speaking Europe sees, but with a top-line cast. Since the play is set in Austria, that seems just. But for a Broadway show written for Mary Martin, who was originally set in Texas, this is almost as crossover as it gets.

CBS's "South Pacific" *is* as crossover as it gets: not just opera and Broadway styles are heard but jazz as well, for Sarah Vaughan sings Bloody Mary. If "The Sound of Music" is the most balanced of the series, "South Pacific" is the least balanced, and one reason is that we have two opera singers in roles designed for Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. That original casting was no stunt. The gap in their vocal production reflected the gap in their characters' cultures, as he is a worldly Frenchman and she a narrow-minded hick from Arkansas. Letting Carreras and Te Kanawa smooth it all out—and in the wrong keys, up from bass to tenor and from tomboy to soprano—robs the music of an arresting tension. Mandy Patinkin's Joe Cable is superb, catching in "Younger Than Springtime" the enchantment of a young Philadelphia aristocrat who has just made love to a ravishing Tonkinese girl on an island of taboo near the far edge of the earth. Of course Patinkin is superb: roles like Joe Cable are what he does for a living. But Sarah Vaughan? She is a formidable singer, with a technical apparatus that is a synonym for excellence. And as Bloody Mary is a most exotic character, a raunchy purveyor of souvenirs to American sailors, one might argue that she should sound quite different from Nellie, De Becque, Cable, and the chorus of Seabees and nurses. But did not Juanita Hall and Muriel Smith—of the original New York and London companies, respectively—suggest her quality through timbre and intensity rather than song styling? Richard Rodgers, hawklike, saw to that. Smith, bless her heart, did embellish the repeat of "Where the sky meets the sea" in "Bali Ha'i" with a kind of guttural downward glissando. (Rodgers must have heard about it, for when Smith dubbed for Hall on the film soundtrack the glissando was missing.) Vaughan sings a wonderful "Bali Ha'i." She, too, embellishes: an extra "If you try"; a strangely beseeching high note on "you'll *find* me"; and the usual jazzy delineations. On a "Sarah Vaughan Sings Rodgers and Hammerstein," this "Bali Ha'i" would be treasurable. In a recording of "South Pacific," it is out of style.

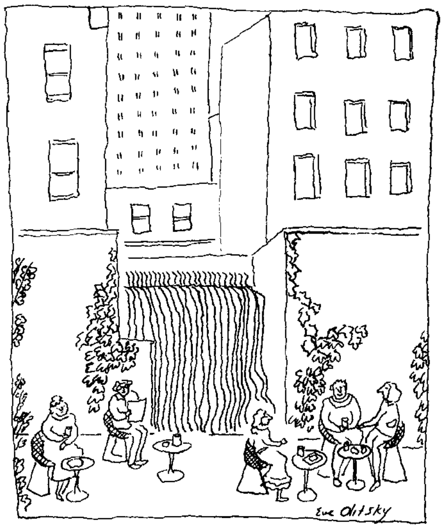
Crossover is letting authenticity down. Every one of these shows has sounded better—not just more nearly correct, *better*—on earlier disks, drawn from the original productions or from revivals, and "Carousel" even follows Command's lead with yet another set of orchestrations, though the original was scored by Don Walker (the sole name credited), Robert Russell Bennett, and Hans Spialek. Can you do better? MCA's five-man team doesn't. The closer it hews to the original, the more truly things go. Would you re-orchestrate "La Bohème"? "Carousel" is a classic. It's supposed to sound the way it did in 1945, not be reinvented to sound like a concept musical or a pop opera or whatever is happening tomorrow. These crossover disks boast digital sonics, extra violins (in the olden days, Columbia's producer Goddard Lieberson habitually expanded the pit on his favorite shows, to beef up the lean Broadway report), and very full readings. Each of the records gives music unheard on any previous recording: the "West Side Story" "Tonight" scene complete for the first time; the "South Pacific" entr'acte and "Bali Ha'i" prelude; and, in "My Fair

Lady," the curtain music accompanying the buskers' entertainment—barely touched on in the Swedish cast album and entirely omitted elsewhere—and a complete reading of the servants' chorus ("Poor Professor Higgins") leading up to "The Rain in Spain." "Carousel" is especially replete (and could have been even more so, for at least two of the dances were taped—with the big dream ballet heavily cut—but not released). The inclusion of lyric sheets or notes enhances the experience, and solves the old problem of what to look at while listening to records. The performances, however, are a mélange of the apt and the diluted. These shows are not "The Student Prince." They are literally sophisticated: made of many parts, and adult enough to contain irony, ambivalence, honesty.

It was largely Oscar Hammerstein II who wrought this change upon the American musical, upon the way a musical functions—not only in how it tells its tale but in what its tale may contain. Hammerstein's shadow falls upon all these crossover titles, for they represent either his own work, the work of his protégé (Stephen Sondheim: "West Side Story"), or the work of those under his influence (Lerner and Loewe: "My Fair Lady"—actually their breakaway show after two very Rodgers and Hammerstein constructions, "Brigadoon" and "Paint Your Wagon"). You can't truly present a Rodgers and Hammerstein show with anything other than theatre singers, for Hammerstein's characters are too self-intent—too *realistically* self-intent—to be just sung. A videotape exists of the "Carousel" "If I Loved You" performed by the original leads, Jan Clayton and John Raitt, sometime in the early nineteen-fifties on television. The scene is famous for its apparently random but in fact utterly logical sequence of musings, disagreements, and reconciliations, the whole threaded on a spool of dialogue, arioso, and full-out song. Julie is calm, even happily resigned to what must happen; it is Billy who expresses all the awkwardness and worry of two people who have just met, are totally unsuited to each other, and have fallen in love till death—shortly—them do part. The sorrowful genius with which Rodgers and Hammerstein laid out the rhythms of the scene is a given in theatre history. What is seldom remarked is the sheer rightness of Clayton and Raitt in these roles, the persuasiveness of their sudden union. Clayton, seated on a bench throughout, plays only one thing the entire time—her certainty that this love is inevitable. Raitt, pacing and prowling, plays a succession of things, from confidence to cynicism, in a kind of caged-animal stream of consciousness. At the scene's end, as the music wells up and Raitt pulls Clayton close for a kiss, she looks up at him with a trusting terror that immediately centers the show, defines it, tells us why these characters behave as they do.

"If I Loved You" is roughly comparable to the tunefully brainless "Deep in My Heart, Dear" scene in "The Student Prince": the first date of two people born to love in doom. But how much more "Carousel" asks of its players! Hammerstein in effect chased the "singers" out of operetta; he needs actors who sing. No wonder crossover has had such a spotty history. No wonder the present series is so questionable. Opera singing is going through a particularly characterless phase at the moment, as nearly a century's recordings attest. The preferred voice now is pretty, the portrayal uninflected, the dynamics discreet. This is not an era of De Lucias, Chaliapins, Callases.

At that, if we must have soothing rather than stimulating crossover recordings, why are we being handed standard titles already definitively recorded? Why not Victor Herbert's "Sweethearts" or "Eileen"? Why not his "Babes in Toyland," a grab bag of curios that might support a true opera gala, each star rung in for a solo? Why not Kurt Weill's "Knickerbocker Holiday" or "Love Life," Kern's "The Cat and the Fiddle" or "Music in the Air," or even Lerner and Loewe's "Camelot," much recorded but never recorded complete? As it happens, EMI has now entered the crossover competition with a rarity, a great piece, seldom heard: the "Show Boat" that Kern and Hammerstein actually wrote.



WHAT we hear so often isn't quite "Show Boat." It's one of those "versions." Yet an authentic—albeit shortened and amended—"Show Boat" is still with us. This is The Movie, as "Show Boat" buffs call it. It is the second of three "Show Boat" films, and was made by Universal and released in 1936, nine years after the show's première and only four years after a revival for which Ziegfeld gathered up nearly all the original cast. The first of the "Show Boat" films, in 1929, which was also made by Universal, is a silent, upgraded at the last minute with an emergency soundtrack of music, sound effects, and a few dialogue scenes. Though it begins with some of Ziegfeld's players singing from the score in a self-contained prologue, the film was based on Ferber's novel rather than on the musical, and would startle those who know the story only in the Hammerstein edition: Captain Andy drowns, and Julie reappears not as a cabaret singer but as a prostitute. The third film, made in 1951 by M-G-M's notorious Freed Unit, is sadly inauthentic, the romance dismal, the comedy tedious, and the epic vulgarized.

The 1936 version is celebrated because it is, beyond argument, authentic. Here is style. Its director, James Whale, made his reputation with horror films—"Frankenstein," "The Old Dark House," "The Invisible Man," "Bride of Frankenstein." (There is one quick taste of expressionism in Whale's "Show Boat": during "Ol' Man River," at the line "Git a little drunk an' you'll land in jail" Joe is seen staggering out of a tavern Dr. Caligari might have frequented.) But Kern and Hammerstein themselves adapted their show for the screen, and the cast might be called a "Show Boat" dream company. Charles Winninger (Captain Andy), Helen Morgan (Julie), and Sammy White (Frank) had created their roles on the stage. Paul Robeson (Joe) created his in London in 1928. Irene Dunne (Magnolia) succeeded Norma Terris in the first national tour. Allan Jones (Ravenal) was

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Hollywood's ideal operetta tenor, Hattie McDaniel (Queenie) the ideal mammy. Helen Westley (Parthy Ann), a recruit from the Theatre Guild, hits just the right point between beldame and mother hen, and Queenie Smith is a surprisingly sympathetic Ellie. Victor Baravalle, the show's conductor, also conducted the film score, using the original Bennett orchestrations, enlarged for a Hollywood-size band. Here is a company that not only could play a first-rate "Show Boat" but, except for Westley and Smith, *had* played it.

Best of all, this cast directly reconnects us to the stage in the time of "Show Boat"—to what tradition was like when the show was new. Dunne is most useful as a transitional figure between the Edith Day heroine and the cleaner contemporary soprano. In sheer sound, Dunne is of the older generation, but in delivery she is tidier, no less giving yet naturalized by a notch or two. Perhaps because she concentrated on movie work, her acting is more realistic than that of her more strictly thespian colleagues; if the Jolson approach throws the world at the audience, movie people are more seductive. Furthermore, Dunne was something of a Kern stylist—a graduate of two Kern stage shows and five movies with Kern scores. By 1936, Dunne, then in her mid-thirties, was rather old for a movie Magnolia, closeups and all. Yet she ages beautifully from the sheltered girl Ravenal meets on the Natchez levee through the Chicago wife and mother to the serene Broadway veteran. Dunne is an *interesting* Magnolia; many aren't. It's a major role, but "Show Boat" is stuffed with major roles. Even Joe, marginal in terms of plot, can steal the show with a titanic "Ol' Man River." And, of course, the movie has the classic Joe in Robeson, not to mention the high-concept spell of pathos that Morgan casts. Yet Dunne makes Magnolia seem, for once, the protagonist of the work.

Charles Winninger, the movie's Captain Andy, is a crucial link not only to the 1927 "Show Boat" but to the very history of the American musical. Something like a highly elaborated version of the "Irish drunk" figure (though he was of German descent, born in Athens, Wisconsin, and originally named Karl), Winninger was ideal as the immaculate philanderer of "No, No, Nanette": flustered and blustering; not a singer but able to put over his half of "I Want to Be Happy." Just hitting middle age in the nineteen-twenties, he was apt on Broadway in father or guardian roles, and in Hollywood in the nineteen-thirties and forties he epitomized the superannuated vaudevillian, Irish whenever possible—Pop Gallagher in "Ziegfeld Girl," Michael Noonan in "Little Nellie Kelly," and not only Finnegan but a more or less permanently drunk Finnegan in "Coney Island." Hoofers and tipplers were Winninger's style, a defiantly retrograde one. "Another intellectual, eh?" he snarls in "Ziegfeld Girl" when a casting honcho tells him his style is overkill.

Of course, it was. But it is one of the charms of "Show Boat" that overkill is worked into its mosaic of show-biz history as much as deftness is—that, say, Julie's profoundly tragic "Bill" just precedes Magnolia's gentle guitar-accompanied reprise of "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man." Thus Captain Andy's great solo is a kind of deft overkill, a one-man performance of the finale of a four-character melodrama, some four minutes of slapstick and parody to be brought off with a prophet's fire and a juggler's savvy. This scene is the test of a Captain Andy, and it is a symptom of the stylistic breakdown in revivals of old musicals that none of their Andys can equal Winninger in the scene. They don't know what he knows.

SO an authentic "Show Boat" is always with us, challenging EMI's recording, the latest in crossover technique. What problems are faced here! Versions, versions. Three eleven-o'clock songs—the dropped "It's Getting Hotter in the North," London's "Dance Away the Night," and 1946's "Nobody Else but Me." Which are we to hear? What of the numbers deleted over the years, and what of the numbers written for The Movie? How does one decide what "complete" means in a "Show Boat"? Which orchestrations? Robert Russell Bennett alone made three different sets, in 1927, 1946, and 1966. Then, there's the underscoring. Few listeners enjoy dialogue on a record, but how render a true "Show Boat" without that unique ingredient of the score spilling out under the play? The possibilities are so many because in 1982 someone, somehow, got into the Warner Brothers music warehouse in Secaucus, New Jersey—the place, it developed, where the old Broadway style had come to rest. Box upon box gave forth long-lost scores and sketch material, like a dragon yielding up a hoard. Almost all of "Show Boat" was there. Was this not our opportunity to hear it? And what about the casting? Kiri Te Kanawa and José Carreras again?

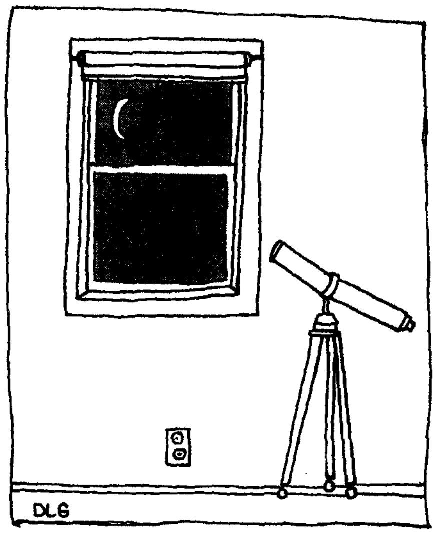
John McGlinn is the auteur of the project, as editor, coach, and conductor, in what must be the high point of his life's work—because where do you go after "Show Boat"? It was a costly infatuation. EMI is said to have spent something like a half-million dollars, counting what it paid out to bring Lillian Gish to London for a part so small it can barely be called a cameo, to keep Judy Kaye waiting in a hotel room as insurance against the possible cancellation of the Julie, Teresa Stratas, and to ransom one last number rediscovered in the Secaucus dig. What kind of "Show Boat" has McGlinn promulgated? What did he record, and how right is his cast—Frederica von Stade, Jerry Hadley, Teresa Stratas, Bruce Hubbard, Karla Burns, David Garrison, Paige O'Hara?

He recorded everything, in its original form, and that immediately makes his "Show Boat" *hors concours* in the crossover sweepstakes. Here is every "Show Boat" song that survives—cut numbers, alternative numbers, movie numbers, and all. Here is "Mis'ry's Comin' Aroun' " complete on disk for the first time. Here are the underscored-dialogue scenes—pages of conversations, like it or not. Here are "I Would Like to Play a Lover's Part" and "It's Getting Hotter in the North." Here is the resurrection of a show. What are Te Kanawa's "My Fair Lady" and Ramey's "Carousel"? Funerals.

First, McGlinn runs through the 1927 "Show Boat" from overture to finale ultimo, inserting tryout-casualty numbers where they stood. Then he gives us an appendix of ephemera—alternatives for spots filled by superior songs, longer versions of scenes, and the three songs from 1936, for which he calls on the period experts Russell Warner and Larry Moore to orchestrate whatever existed only in piano part. The whole thing runs three hours forty-one minutes and thirty-two seconds. It's the longest show album ever made.

Some may wonder if this is too much of a good thing, but McGlinn has set out to make not only the definitive "Show Boat" but the definitive show album, the disk as history. In the world of classical recording, the right performance at the right moment can prove epidemically influential. The timely wedding of Leonard Bernstein and stereo sound rehabilitated Gustav Mahler, and Philips' Berlioz series under Colin Davis heralded the operas of a composer till then known primarily as a symphonist. But in theatre music there has been nothing comparable. Musicals live—and are reborn—on the stage, as a rule, although one remembers Columbia's 1950 "Pal Joey" LP, so popular it inspired a highly successful revival, and Goddard Lieberson's decision to record Frank Loesser's "The Most Happy Fella" not only on the usual single disk but musically complete on three records as well. Certainly it was disk that popularized "Porgy and Bess" after its initial failure, and disk that gave the public its first chance to hear the work note-complete, for Victor's Houston set opens up the cuts observed on the stage.

EMI's "Show Boat" may prove to be the form in which we will "attend" this show in the future, since no theatre revival could contain so much music, or would care to furnish so much history. The history matters, for "Show Boat" is the Great American Musical—the one that forced the strategic advance from variety show to narrative as the structural basis in the composition of musicals. We are, after all, a people who have made ourselves known—to ourselves and to others—through our show biz, and this work is the essential backstager.



History is why McGlinn's appendix is so valuable. In the numbers discarded before the first performance (in Washington, D.C., on November 15, 1927, an evening that lasted, like McGlinn's album, nearly four hours), we happen upon Kern and Hammerstein in the workshop, see how they shaped their revolution. "The Creole Love Song," the first attempt at the duet that became "You Are Love," is lively and tuneful, a cachucha on the ins and outs of Louisiana courtship. It would have suited the exotic operettas of Romberg and Friml, and does suggest Ravenal's dash. But it is out of character for Magnolia, a sheltered young woman who, in Hammerstein's lyric, has suddenly become an authority on Creole lovemaking ("Reckless maid is she who scorns to fear/The Creole and his song"), and in language much too mannered and forceful. Similarly, "Out There in an Orchard," presumably the first number for the spot that "Bill" now occupies, is a handsome re-creation of the story ballad. Yet it's a bit measured, too impersonal for a woman who is probably going to be dead in a matter of weeks. As the historian Miles Krueger has pointed out, Julie's Trocadero rehearsal finds her literally pining away. Outside, Chicago has launched its vast winter, so when Julie goes "off on that tear" to sacrifice her job for Magnolia she stands a good chance of being found frozen to death in a gutter. Her song must express all this, must rend the heart. "Out There in an Orchard" wouldn't. "Bill" does.

HOW near is the past? McGlinn has stopped history. Yet he bows to trend, with a crossover cast. Historians will check the archives for groundings and comparisons: with the few tracks laid down by the creators Helen Morgan, Tess Gardella, and Jules Bledsoe; with the 1928 London cast recordings; with The Movie; perhaps with Columbia's album of the 1946 version, which turned "Show Boat" inside out.

As Magnolia, von Stade is totally wrong and perfect: wrong for the bygone Edith Day heroine and perfect for us, all the virtues of her "Sound of Music" Maria being most apt for one of the musical theatre's most sensitive heroines. Her reprise of "Can't

Help Lovin' Dat Man" is spellbinding.

The Ravenal, Jerry Hadley, erases his callow "On the Street Where You Live" in London's "My Fair Lady" with a genuine affirmation of crossover: he is adept in the dialogue and extremely musical, capping "Till Good Luck Comes My Way" with a ringing high B-flat and joining von Stade in a "You Are Love" that catches the beauty of their romance as does no other team on record. The original Ravenal, Howard Marsh, was, like Hadley, a tenor, but later Ravenals have generally been baritones. Doesn't the role need a soft lilt, a flighty ease on high? Ravenal *is* flighty. Casting Hadley is sound history.

Teresa Stratas' Julie marks a departure from tradition. Her soprano corrects the sometime use of a huskier voice, and insiders' reports from the taping sessions, in the summer of 1987, at EMI's Abbey Road studios, tell of McGlinn's constant reminder to Stratas to tone down her opera—to keep Ziegfeld in mind, so to speak. But Ziegfeld's Julie, Helen Morgan, sang with a unique broken-butterfly timbre, and Stratas deals in bolder colors. She is stronger generally. When Queenie remarks on how strange it is that Julie knows "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man," strictly a ghetto number, Stratas fires back, "What's so funny about that?" in a near-snarl. The script of "Show Boat" marks the line to be delivered "almost fiercely." Morgan, in the 1936 movie, tosses it off with a nuance of defiance, and the brilliant Lonette McKee, of the Houston revival, spoke it with an amused laugh, as if Julie were so used to passing for white that she has nothing to fear. Stratas' Julie lacks Morgan's moment-to-moment vulnerability but gives the role stature. Her strength makes her decline all the more touching, and her "Bill"—literally the last thing Julie utters in "Show Boat," her exit aria—is matchless. It's subtle. At first hearing, it is competent and attractive. Coming back to it, one notices the casual swing on "the perfect lover," the wised-up smile on "I always used to fancy then," the stylish use of portamento, and the long diminuendo that runs through the second chorus. She is dying away.

Bruce Hubbard, Karla Burns, and Paige O'Hara, the Joe, Queenie, and Ellie, all hail from the Houston staging, and their presence lends the recording a vivid theatricality that harmonizes with the fervor of the three opera people. Willard White, McGlinn's first choice as Joe, walked out—as did the black chorus—in protest against Hammerstein's use of the word "nigger," which McGlinn, sworn to authenticity, insisted on maintaining. Hubbard reportedly consulted with Eartha Kitt on the politics of the matter before signing on. He is the best Joe since Paul Robeson. Karla Burns sounds oddly like the original Queenie, Tess Gardella, a white woman who worked in blackface under the name Aunt Jemima. (She was so billed in the program, without quotation marks.) Burns does not challenge Hattie McDaniel's grouchy naturalism, but she sings a solid and pleasing Queenie, punching into "C'mon, Folks" as if it were the hit of the show, and embellishing "Hey, Fellah!" as I imagine Tess Gardella might have done. Paige O'Hara, being a fine comic blessed with a secure instrument, corrects history, in that musical-comedy comics often got by on quirkiness rather than voice. Similarly, her Frank, David Garrison, has a more congenial tone than Sammy White, who was Ziegfeld's Frank and is available for comparison in The Movie.

The casting of the smaller roles is spendthrift: Steve Barton (Raoul in Andrew Lloyd Webber's "The Phantom of the Opera" in London and New York) as Steve; Margaret Tyzack (recently Maggie Smith's partner in Peter Shaffer's comedy "Lettice and Lovage" in London) for the Mother Superior's few lines; the West End leading man Kevin Colson (Cliff in the first London "Cabaret") as the Third Barker; the Young Ben and the Young Buddy of the London "Follies" as Trocadero patrons, with barely a line each; and, of course, Lillian Gish, touching simply because of who she is and how many changes of style she has witnessed, as the Old Lady on Levee. McGlinn graciously dropped the "Old" from her billing.

McGlinn is a busy man. He himself excellently plays the spoken role of Jake, the pianist who accompanies "Bill" on the stage, and he conducted the recording. It is not a "showy" reading, not personalized. It is perfectly judged. The tempos are sensible, the balances have clarity, and the tonic chords at the ends of numbers have the thudding snap of the twenties jazz band. The Ambrosian Chorus and the London Sinfonietta work like show people. Listen, for instance, to the zest of the first choral entry in the refrain of "Why Do I Love You?"—the Ambrosians revelling in melody, and the banjo carving out a path for the orchestra as the piccolo whistles out the count. Can even Ziegfeld's pit have been as fine?

Robert Nichols and Nancy Kulp, the Andy and the Parthy, are less successful. Granted, they have to work almost exclusively in dialogue. Andy and Parthy get so little to sing—Parthy has a mere two lines, in the first scene—that all previous "Show Boat" recordings omitted Parthy, and only two cast Andys, one of them for a single speech. Still, these are extraordinary characters, and they seem ordinary here. Kulp, the wonderful Miss Hathaway of the television series "The Beverly Hillbillies," is smaller than life as Parthy, and Nichols is correct but uninspired. He is delicate in the difficult last scene, when he reintroduces Magnolia and Ravenal after their long separation; but he's pale next to Winninger.

What most impresses is McGlinn's exploitation of crossover technique to recultivate the studio-made theatre recording. The old war between the faithful preservation of show-biz style and an anti-theatrical restyling is over for McGlinn's "Show Boat" harmonizes the two. Here is an authentic "Show Boat" and also a new way of performing "Show Boat." Times change, and "Show Boat" must change—back into itself. This "Show Boat," *the* show album of the past, is a show album for the future. It unites the possibilities of reproduction and reinvestigation. Listening to it, we are not ghosts: we come alive. How satisfying that it has happened to the greatest of American musicals. —ETHAN MORDDEN

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

On the River Styx, by Peter Matthiessen (Random House; $17.95). “The Augean Stable is the world” sums up the viewpoint of this series of stories, which is surprisingly consistent considering that the stories were written as far apart as 1950 and 1988. People behave badly to each other, on purpose. Most of the villains are white men of privilege, though often it is only that most artificial privilege of being white. Each story involves what amounts to a small-scale war, in which suspense comes from not knowing how alliances will sort themselves out: a man comes to buy hunting dogs from feuding brothers-in-law; a sane man incarcerated in a mental institution befriends a confused volunteer worker. Six of the ten stories feature hunting or fishing, and all reflect the era of Matthiessen’s coming-of-age, when Faulkner and Steinbeck were kings and “manliness” an unquestioned virtue. The author is at his best when he writes as what he is—a well-educated professional traveller. “Horse Latitudes,” for example, is about the unwilling pairing of the squarest of missionaries with the earthiest of merchants, and it is humorous and wise.

THE BOOK STALL

Lone Stars, by Sophia Healy (Atlantic Monthly; $16.95). At the heart of this appealing and idiosyncratic first novel, set near San Antonio, Texas, are Staś, a Polish émigré who reads Conrad, paints, and speculates in the stock market, and his beautiful Mexican wife, Lupe, who is preparing for a show of her own at a Houston gallery. When Lupe becomes involved with Gosia, the gallery’s owner and Staś’s former lover, the dreamy calm of their marriage is upset. But what happens as the story unfolds matters less than what is acutely seen, thought, and felt, especially by Staś. In spite of his close-knit group of émigré friends, Staś feels distinctly, sometimes comically, out of place. He likes to spend time, for example, among the Tibetan fir and Himalayan pine “and all the other ‘visiting trees’ ” at the botanical garden. And it strikes him one day that he is exactly like the snail a friend brought back from a trip to Greece: “Everyone had admired the handsome shell on the mantelpiece, and then one day, when the creature inside curiously stuck forth its gray-brown head and pseudopodic antennae, everyone had been startled.”

Dead Languages, by David Shields (Knopf; $18.95). From his earliest memory of stuttering (he was a five-year-old trying to repeat after his dominating mother the word “Philadelphia”) to his willingness, in college, to commit himself wholeheartedly to speech therapy, Jeremy Zorn leaves nothing out of this written telling of his tale. Along the way, he’ll expound on the good intentions and the sorrows of his slightly stifling, politically correct family, the not unusual details of his sex life, and the emergence of his desire to be a creative writer. Jeremy is perfectly drawn as the smart neurotic who is both arrogant and insecure; he boasts and laments at once, for example, that in his Critical Theory class at U.C.L.A. he was “too self-conscious about communication to correct the teaching assistant when he got his Schiller wrong.” The book is most eloquent when Jeremy analyzes the agonies of “disfluency,” one of which is the difficulty the stutterer has expressing love, joy, or pain: “First aware not of the naked feeling itself but of the best way to phrase the feeling so as to avoid verbal repetition, you come to think of emotions as belonging to other people, being the world’s happy property but not yours.”

Note: “Ours: A Russian Family Album,” by Sergei Dovlatov, translated from the Russian by Anne Frydman, has been published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson ($15.95). Some of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

The Good Times, by Russell Baker (Morrow; $19.95). In “Growing Up,” the first volume of his autobi-

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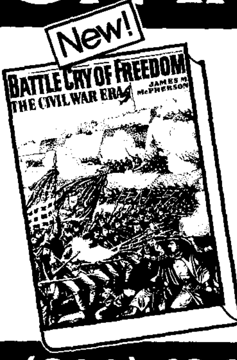

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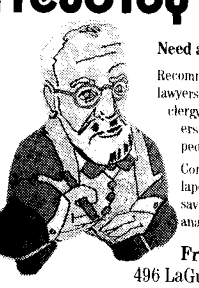

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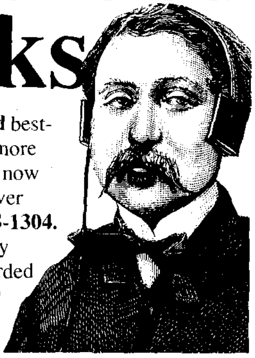

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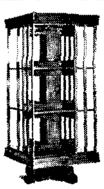

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ography, Mr. Baker recalled with charm and touching good humor his early years of fatherless poverty on the wrong side of the tracks in Baltimore. Here he recalls how his mother's endless nagging ("to quit sitting around like a bump on a log, to quit acting like a good-for-nothing, to show a little gumption, to get out and make something of yourself, to amount to something") goaded him to fame and fortune. It is true that he spent two humbling years as a police reporter on the Baltimore *Sun*, but once he was brought into the city room he soared—feature writer, rewrite man, head of the *Sun's* (one-man) London bureau, White House correspondent; greater glory in Washington, on the New York *Times;* and, finally, in 1962, at the age of thirty-seven, reaching his present eminence as an Op-Ed-page columnist. It all makes good, gossipy newsroom reminiscence (including some sharp political portraits), but there is also a false note. Mr. Baker's quiet, self-deprecating manner doesn't quite harmonize with the reality of his non-stop success.

HITLER: THE PATH TO POWER, by Charles Bracelen Flood (Houghton Mifflin; $24.95). This illuminating study of Hitler's political apprenticeship follows him, almost day by day, from the end of the First World War, which found him in a military hospital, to his release from prison, in December of 1924, after serving a derisory sentence for attempting to overthrow the German government in November of 1923. He spent his time in jail writing "Mein Kampf," entertaining visitors, and solidifying his hold on the Nazi Party, a tiny committee that he had taken over in 1921 and reorganized as a dictatorship backed by a force of hoodlums. Mr. Flood makes excellent use of the testimony of men and women who knew Hitler in these years of obscurity; although one university professor concluded that Hitler preached "fanaticism for its own sake," most of the recollections are those of admirers and followers. These effectively convey the atmosphere of violence, hatred, and credulousness in which Hitler flourished.

TIME AMONG THE MAYA, by Ronald Wright (Weidenfeld & Nicolson; $22.95). The author guides us through the inlands, uplands, and jungles of Belize, Guatemala, and southern Mexico to visit the astonishing monuments of the Mayan past and investigate the present condition of the Mayan people. Mayan civilization, which antedates the Christian era, left one of the world's great heritages of architecture, art, craft, and engineering. Mayan city-states lost their independence to European conquest, but the Maya added Christianity to their own traditions, which survive: modern Maya retain a knowledge of their ancestors' formidably complex calendar and equally complex theology and metaphysics. The Maya's physical condition varies from so-so to abominable; their problems are familiar Third World poverty, exploitation, and racism. Mr. Wright's unpretentious narrative blends anthropology, archeology, history, and politics with his own entertaining excursions and encounters, and, without any visible didactic effort, he teaches us a lot about the ways that a culture endures.

NOTE: "Booth Again," a collection of drawings by George Booth, has been published by Andrews & McMeel ($7.95, paper). Nearly all the drawings first appeared here.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

PLAYMATES, by Robert B. Parker (Putnam; $17.95). The Spenser novels, featuring the Boston private investigator, have been often good, sometimes only fair, and occasionally downright bad. In this one (No. 17), Spenser is, happily, on track. His cooking is arresting, his poetic allusions are restrained, his sweetheart, Susan Silverman, behaves herself, his wits are sharp, his indomitable black friend Hawk coolly accounts for four of the book's five shootings, and the story is one that poses a Solomonic problem: how can Spenser save a naïve but world-class black college-basketball star involved in a point-shaving scam from punishment and at the same time punish the white thug gambler who roped him into the mess? Spenser's solution is masterly.

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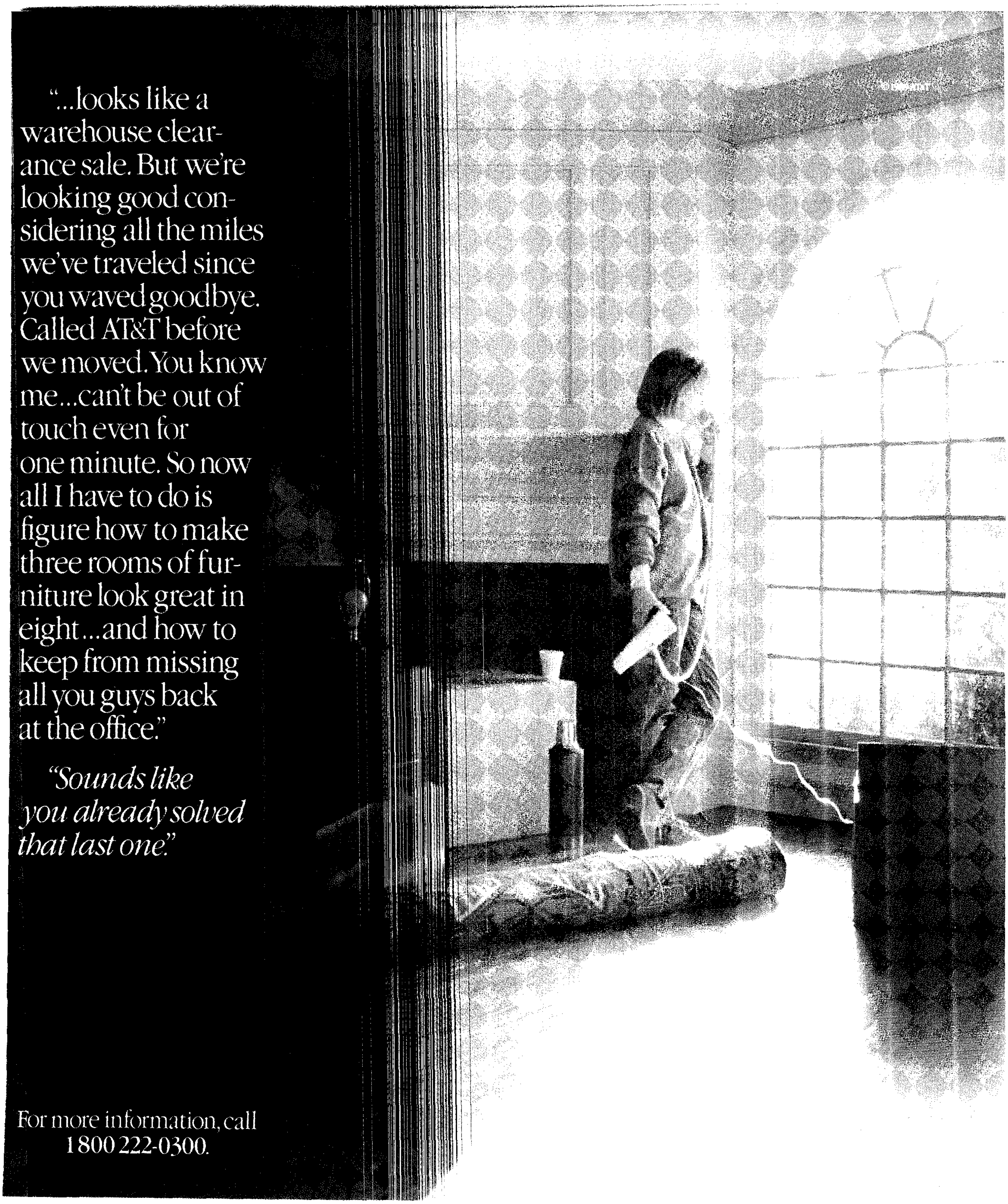

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